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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

LIFE'S LESSER MOODS

ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES

DAYS WITH VELASQUEZ

REMBRANDT

THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST

LANYON QUOIT

DAYS IN CORNWALL

BY

C. LEWIS HIND

56637

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY

WILLIAM PASCOE

AND TWENTY OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN AND CO.

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TO

CHARLES MARRIOTT

COMPANION ON MANY WALKS—PAST, AND TO COME

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DAYS IN CORNWALL

STAGE ONE

THE TAMAR BOUNDARY: SALTASH TO THE NORTH COAST

CHAPTER I

BY THE FIRESIDE: AN INTRODUCTORY SURVEY

Impressions of Past Wanderings—The Old Road—Underground Men and Overground Men—A Day Scene—A Sunset Scene—A Night Scene—Contrasts—Two Shelves of Cornish Books—The Cornish Language—Brittany and Cornwall—Time to be Afoot—Mediæval Saltash, the Old Gateway of Cornwall

HAVING decided to walk round, down and through Cornwall, I fold the map, draw a deep chair to the fireside (the place is London, the month November), and begin by recalling a few impressions of past wanderings in the Duchy.

Once, at dusk, on the old hill road between St. Ives and Penzance, I saw a chance meeting between an Underground man and an Overground man. The locality was propitious for such an encounter—that ancient highway connecting sea with sea, dipping and climbing, roaming across the country, through solitary tracks beyond railways, until it drops sheer into Penzance. Discarded mines, of which the gaunt stacks and engine-houses alone remain to tell of Cornwall's days of prosperity, are its companions. Traffic no longer vexes the solemn hills that flank this

gash of white road. The dust lies still, save when the miller's waggons, huge, white-powdered, and drawn by three powerful horses, lumber up its gradients. The master miller did not change his route when the new flat, dull road was made. Old roads went over obstacl new roads slink round them. Why should he change t route? What if the new road be shorter? What is ti to a miller with a dozen waggons and two score Clyde dales? What are hills to pedigree draught-horses th have long forgotten how to run? On a day's tramp alon this old road across the toe of Cornwall I have met nothin but the miller's waggons and an occasional pedlar's car with tin boxes strapped behind, and a dozen broom-heads nodding over the pony's haunches. Is it not a picture—this old discarded road creeping over the hills, stirring up the valleys, linking ocean to ocean, passing ancient British villages and prehistoric remains to which the boldest antiquary can attach no date?

This is the country of the Underground men. On this old road the meeting between the Underground and the Overground man took place, at the inn called The Miner's Arms.

I sat in the rough bar-parlour. Facing me was a picture of the infant Wesley being saved from the fire at his father's house. Alone I sat until the Underground man slouched in. Lank, dark-visaged, with the remote look of the mystic in his eyes, he came quietly into the bar-parlour and sat bolt upright in a high chair. He ordered nothing. He was just waiting till eight o'clock, when his shift in the mine would begin. He shrank neither from the fire, nor from the draught. Heat, cold, frost, snow, fog, were the same to him. There is no weather in a mine.

Of course he had religion. On Sunday you will find him in the gaunt, granite Methodist chapel that stands at the cross-roads. Yes, he had been granted his share

of preaching, and his son was to be given a trial after the evening service on the following Sunday. This I drew from him, using much persuasion. His words were few and infrequent. Once only did he show a gleam of the Cornish dramatic instinct. He knew of a bit of land upon the hills this side of Castle-an-Dinas. "There's tin there, I tell ye," he whispered, bending forward, while his dark eyes flashed—"tin to be had for the diggin'." Then the ancient pioneer's fire that had flamed in his veins died away, and, leaning back heavily in his chair, he stared moodily at the picture of the rescue of the infant Wesley from fire.

The clock ticked in the silence.

Suddenly from without came shouts, the skidding of wheels and the plunge of horses: then more shouting. Lamps flashed through the windows of the room. The lonely inn was touched to life; a rush of air came through the corridor, heavy footsteps stamped through the passage, a full-throated voice shouted a girl's name, and in another moment the miller's man was shining like Phœbus in the doorway of the bar-parlour. The landlady appeared and the landlady's daughter, both smiling a welcome. The jolly, round, ruddy face of the miller's man beamed above the foaming tankard, and with a "Here's a new husband to you, missis, and a sweetheart for you, my dear!" he drank off the beer, slapped his chest, brought his fist down upon the table, and swore that for two pins he would stay and take a bit of supper. Then he lit his pipe, and rolled out of the room whistling "So did Eve".

The Underground man followed him. I saw the Overground man clamber into the seat in front of his waggon, heard him call cheerily to the horses, and all up the hill the lights of the waggon shone sideways along the Old Road. And in the shadow stalked the Underground man, solemnly, seriously, to his night's work—for a little tin.

As I walked home two visions kept me company. One was of the Overground men, the other of the Underground men.

With the large and thoughtful night around, I could not think of that jolly miller as typical of the Overground men. No! this was Cornwall—interior Cornwall, land of that undying Celtic race who always go forth to battle and who always fail. Something grander, vaster, more permanent was needed than that amorous caroller of "So did Eve". The night helped me. Just then the Lizard light flashed its pencil ray across the darkness, drawing the interior tracts, where many of the prehistoric monuments stand, momentarily near; and I saw in the mind's eye that colossal and desolate monument that the Overground men, ages ago, reared against time.

Lanyon Cromlech, a flat unhewn stone as big as a dining-room table, is poised horizontally upon three huge upright stones. That is all. None know in what dim age it was placed there; none know what kings were laid to rest beneath. It is there, that is enough; there in a bare upland meadow, encompassed by hills, indifferent to the rushing salt wind, to sun and tempest, to wars and strife. It is the eternal monument of the ancient Overground men.

All around, deep below the surface, everywhere, the earth has been tormented by the molelike workings of the Underground men. Ages ago they were working these mines, burrowing in the passages, now disused, where rats scuttle. And above the dark unvisited passages stands Lanyon Cromlech.

. . . . . .

The clock struck eight. The jolly miller was rolling down the hill into Penzance. The Underground man was preparing to descend into the earth.

As I walked the tread of my footsteps sounded hollow, for mines run beneath the road. The lights of St. Ives gleamed far below. Yet it was not of that haven I

thought, nor of that meeting between the jolly miller and the miner, but of that monument called Lanyon Cromlech, that the Overground men raised before history began.

. . . . . .

As I sit by the fireside in London three other impressions of Cornwall, slight but vivid, rise before me.

The first is a day scene.

It was a wild afternoon, with a gusty north-easter blowing in from the sea. The fishing fleet had not yet sailed forth; the sailors—a hundred and more—were leaning over the jetty wall, peering seaward, and I was seated behind the wide-flung doors of a great, bare studio that had once been a sail-loft. When last I looked up the beach was deserted. Suddenly I saw it dark with running fishermen, brown and blue-clad—many of them top-booted—hastening towards the same point. Hurrying down to the beach I followed. They were gathered about the lifeboat house, pressing towards the open door. I looked out to sea, but saw nothing strange. Yes, far out in the bay was a vessel; she did not seem more uncomfortable than a vessel should seem in such a tumultuous sea. But she was flying a signal of distress, and almost automatically with the running up of her signal, the firing of a rocket on the shore had collected the lifeboat crew. Hardly had I realised this when all the men there assembled slackened, knowing that the lifeboat would not be launched. They had seen the smoke of the tug puffing out from the next coasting village. "Jackets off!" At the word of command, the crew flung off their corks, and they, with the hundred or so watching fishermen, slouched back to the jetty wall. But for one instant I had caught a glimpse of the faces of the crew, lined up on each side of the lifeboat, silent, eager. Their eyes were steadfast, defiant, presaging victory, bright as jewels, the eyes of Cornishmen who fight the sea.

The second is a sunset scene.

Walking along the sands suddenly I looked back, and saw the sun shining upon the wall of a small house perched upon the edge of the cliff. It was the house where the Huers (*Fr.* "to shout") watch the sea throughout the autumn in the hope of sighting the shoals of pilchards that may wander into the bay. When the Huers see the purple patch on the sea and the flight of gulls following it, they shout "heva" (found), blow horns, and guide the boats, which are always waiting below, by prearranged signals, towards the spot in the wide bay where the pilchards have dyed the sea. The fish are enclosed in great seine nets, "tucked," salted, packed in barrels, and despatched to Mediterranean ports. There is rejoicing in the fishing villages when the "heva" of the Huers is heard. And the sight of the light flashing on the Huers' house that sunset as I walked along the sands brought back to me an autumn morning when, at the cry of "heva," we all rushed from our houses and scrambled down the cliff to share in the joy and tumult.

The third is a night scene.

I walked warily over the moor through the darkness, passing desolate mines and one lonely farm, dropped down into the road, turned a corner, and saw a lighted building, foursquare, ugly, built of granite, and behind the panes the crowding figures of the worshippers. A lamp jutting from the wall shone on these words: Primitive Methodist Chapel. I passed on, came out upon the headland, and before me was the ocean—solitary, moonlit. I call it solitary, for the stranded vessel and the small boat, dark as the cliff, made the desolation more desolate. She has made her last voyage. There she lies, wedged in the rocks, close to the shore, awaiting the inevitable hour when the waves will break and scatter her.

When one recalls Cornwall there rises to the mind's eye the sea lashing the coasts and the prehistoric monuments; barren moors and luxuriant valleys; little streams and bare hills; pale miners and weather-furrowed fishermen

WRECKED

flowers on the cliffs and bits of wreck in the coves. Fuchsias grow in the open. Rhododendrons and hydrangeas flourish, and exotics bloom in the soft airs of Penzance and Falmouth. While London is still in the bite of winter, the meadows on Lamorna cliffs are carpeted with daffodils, and the steamer *Lyonesse* may be seen forging her way from Scilly to Penzance through a grey sea, and under a wild sky, laden with spring flowers. Farms of violets I see as I sit by the fireside in London, and a rose that I refrained from plucking in the gardens of Launceston Castle one Christmas Eve.

Everywhere throughout the year, in quiet havens, in cottages clinging to cliffs, at St. Ives, at Newlyn, by the wide waters of Falmouth Harbour, at Polperro and Kynance, artists are painting their dreams of sky and sea, or giving pictorial expression to the annals of village life in the grey light of the long Cornish day.

Contrasts too! The cold desolation of the treeless moors, and the warmth of the wooded valleys; the hard ridge of solemn hills, and the spongy bogs where a man may sink to his armpits; the vast estuaries of the queen rivers, and the little streams "that march in music to the sea"; sun-brown children playing on yellow sands and grey weather-stained monuments; fields of daisies in December, and tombstones in Tintagel Churchyard supported by buttresses against the force of the wind. Gales sweeping across the peninsula, the roar of the sea heard for ten miles inland, and elderly botanists in summer clothes peeping in winter for ferns, and taking their bite and sup in meadows of wild hyacinth.

Such is Cornwall! I have allowed myself the luxury of these introductory fireside impressions before facing the business of this book, which is to see all Cornwall with my own eyes, and, as often as may be, on my own legs. Also to delve into the books that have been written about the Delectable Duchy. I glance sideways from my chair and

review their backs. Two shelves of a bookcase cannot contain them.

I take the smallest from the shelf, a tiny faded volume headed *Pinnock's County Histories*, that I bought for sixpence in a Cornish fishing village. It is divided into four parts: a "History of Cornwall" in the form of question and answer; a "Catechism of British Law"; a "Catechism of Medicine," and a "Catechism of Anatomy". The publication date of this jumble of knowledge is not given on the title-page, but the following extract suggests the early nineteenth century:—

"*Question.* What is the state of the roads in Cornwall?

Answer. There is a good mail-coach road enters the county on the east, passes through Launceston, Bodmin, Truro and Penryn to Falmouth, and several turnpike roads through the principal towns; but in general the roads of Cornwall are narrow, intricate, and worn into deep ruts; some of them are mere gullies formed by torrents."

The largest book in my Cornish collection is that remarkable work in three volumes called *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.* "A Catalogue of the Writings, both Manuscript and Printed, of Cornishmen, and of Works relating to the County of Cornwall, with Biographical Memoranda and copious Literary References. By George Clement Boase and William Prideaux Courtney."

To this amazing compilation the industrious authors gave twelve years. The first portion of the work was sent to press in 1869, the last in 1881. Even a Cornishman cannot desire to read many of the books and manuscripts mentioned therein, but the pages have a curious fascination. The authors are so whole-heartedly loyal to the little men, as well as to the greater sons of the Duchy. They have taken the ancient Cornish motto "One and all" seriously and comprehensively. Here is an extract from the preface to the second volume;—

"With the city of Truro the fame of the unwearied evangelist, Samuel Walker, is inseparably associated. If Cornwall recognises with legitimate pride that the list of her illustrious sons includes the name of Dr. S. P. Tregelles, she also claims to have nurtured for many years the labours in biblical criticism of the Rev. F. H. A. Scrivener."

The interest of the entries varies. I cannot find a place in my literary life for this:—

"Herle, Thomas (? Great-nephew of Sir John Herle). Certificate showing that T. Herle, of Cornwall, was mulier, and not bastard, 1 May, 14 Henry VI. (1436)."

But I should like to read the ode that Sir Humphry Davy, a native of Cornwall, composed in honour of St. Michael's Mount.

The works of Carew, who died in 1620, author of *The Survey of Cornwall*, and of that famous antiquary, the Rev. William Borlase, who died in 1772, author of *Observations on the Antiquities, Historical and Monumental, of the County of Cornwall*, are of course set down in detail.

The date of the final volume of *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* being 1882, it follows that there is little mention of the affection of modern writers of fiction and belles-lettres for Cornwall. A full bibliography of modern fiction and essays dealing with Cornwall would fill pages of this book.

Mr. Henry Jenner's *Handbook of the Cornish Language*, which was published in 1904 has this pertinent quotation, from *The Northern Lass* by Richard Brome (1632), on the title-page: "Never credit me but I will spowt some Cornish at him". If Cornishmen buy and study Mr. Jenner's volume it can no longer be said that the Cornish tongue is moribund.

I learn from his pages that the composition of twentieth-century Cornish verse has already begun. Dr. C. A. Picquenard, of Quimper, the Breton poet, has produced several specimens; Mr. L. C. R. Duncombe-Jewell pub-

lished a Cornish sonnet in *Celtia* in 1901, and Mr. Jenner himself has written a sonnet in Cornish, together with translations of the Trelawny Song, the National Anthem, two Christmas carols and the dedication to his *Handbook of the Cornish Language.* A study of that dedication does not make me anxious to learn Cornish, but it may inspire others. Here it is:—

DHÔ'M GWRÊG GERNÛAK

R. L. T.

Karra ow Holon ! Beniges re vo
Gans bennath Dew an dêdh a 'th ros dhemmo,
Dhô whelas gerryow gwan pan dhetha vî,
Tavas dha dassow, ha dhô 'th drovya dî.
En cov an dêdh splan-na es pel passyes ;
En cov idn dêdh lowenek, gwin 'gan bês,
War Garrak Loys en Côs, es en dan skês
Askelly Myhal El, o 'gan gwithes ;
En cov lias dêdh wheg en Kernow da,
Ha nŷ mar younk—na whekkah vel êr-ma
Dhemmo a dhîg gnev an gwella tra,
Pan dhetha vî en kerh, en ol bro-na :
Dheso mî re levar dha davas teg,
Flogh ow empinyon vî, dhô'm kerra Gwreg.

GWAS MYHAL.

Scrîfes en agan Chŷ nŷ,
Dawthegves dêdh Mîs Gorefan
En Bledhan agan Arlelh, 1904.

Dr. Borlase, in his *Antiquities of the County of Cornwall* (2nd edition, 1769), gives a vocabulary fifty folio pages long of the Cornu-British language. Here are a few examples:—

Abell, far off;
Arrez, a path;
Baicwl, a fault-finder;
Craf, covetous;
Dizil, to undo;
Foys, a fable;
Hynadzhan, a sigh;
Maen, a stone;

Penwith, the left hand promontory;
Tol, a hole;
Uter, dreadful;
Zylgueth, Sunday.

Some common prefixes are:—

Tre, town-place or residence;
Bos, a moor;
Col, a small hill;
Bryn, a mound;
Lan, an enclosure;
Chy, a house;
Dinas, a castle.

It is no surprise to learn that a Breton poet has produced specimens of Cornish verse, for Brittany and Cornwall are cousins. Cornwall has awakened, bridged the Tamar, admitted the railway, become civilised, accepted motor-omnibuses and the appellation of the "Riviera of England" to her shores; but Brittany lingers in Celtic twilight. She clings to the old things—the old dress, the old songs, the old tales, the old language, the old sprites, the old goblins, the old religion.

When those men of old time, the saints of the early centuries, wandering proselytisers from Ireland spread Christianity through Brittany, Wales and Cornwall, Pan did not really die. That cunning goat-foot but feigned death. To the Breton peasant to-day, and here and there in outlying districts of far Cornwall, the wild moors and valleys are still peopled with the progeny of the prolific Pan, speaking ever in the wind, among the reeds, and beneath the branches of the swaying trees.

Once Brittany and Cornwall spoke the same language; once St. Michael's Mount, off Penzance, was a dependency of Mont St. Michel off Brittany; the lost race who raised the megalithic monuments in Cornwall, raised them also with greater profusion in Brittany.

Time has not quite broken the ancient chain that links the Breton Celt to the Cornish Celt. Each year fantastic

figures land on the coast of Western Cornwall, bearing yokes around their necks from which strings of onions dangle. They come from Brittany to sell their onions to Cornish fishwives; they talk in their native Breton and they are understood. Breton sailors and onion pedlars are treated like Colonial cousins in Cornwall. Yet, as every one knows, the Cornish language is dead, killed by John Wesley, the Great Western Railway, the incursions of foreigners and the newspaper. Dead, for the Cornish verse of Dr. Picquenard, Mr. Duncombe-Jewell and Mr. Jenner is but the pastime of the cultured twentieth-century philologist.

And yet, perhaps, who knows? in solitary huts on moor and mountain side, when none of the "foreign" English are near, Cornish cronies may still chatter to one another in their ancient language. I have often wondered where those Breton onion pedlars spend their evenings. Perhaps strange tales of Breton and Cornish witches and pixies, and the doings of the little people are told, in a strange tongue, in moorside cottages, on dark nights, in wild Western Cornwall.

In the pages of Renan, the link between Brittany and Cornwall is furbished and made shining. He dwells with loving prolixity on the doings of the holy man, St. Renan, his early Christian ancestor, who lived in Cornwall, near the little town of that name.

Years later, Renan returned to his native place and searched for some of the Breton bards whom he had known in his childhood. He found several living wretchedly at St. Malo. One, a crossing-sweeper, explained to him in Breton—for he could not speak a word of French—the causes of the decadence of the narrative style of poetry. He recited a ballad on the death of Louis XVI., broke down where Santerre beats the drums, and moaned between his tears: "If the King could have spoken, the spectators would have rallied to him". In an efficient

age, what other occupation can there be for a Celt who weeps at the thought of the death of Louis XVI, but a broom on a crossing, or onion peddling?

But it is time to cease fireside musings and to be afoot. I must pack my knapsack and start for that old gateway of Cornwall, mediæval Saltash, clinging to the Cornish cliff and spreading upwards over the hill, whose foundations are washed by the Tamar rolling seaward.

CHAPTER II

SALTASH AND THE TAMAR ESTUARY

Scheme of the Author's Itinerary—Fancies and Facts about Cornwall —A Hill above Saltash—Starting-point of the Tour—Ancient Saltash —An Old Horse-boat—A Cornish Boatman—Brunel's Great Bridge —The Estuary of the Tamar—The Spire of Landulph Church—A Deserted Shore

THE scheme of my itinerary was soon determined. If you will look at the map of the author's wanderings, disclosed on turning the cover of this book, you will perceive how admirably Nature has arranged for the topographical treatment of Cornwall by the pedestrian. He has but to follow the course of the Tamar, the natural boundary between Devon and Cornwall, from mouth to source; to skirt the coast from Marsland Stream round Land's End and back to Saltash; then to zigzag through the inland parts, climbing hills, dipping into dales, crossing moors, making his way from Kit Hill, the eastern sentinel outpost that commands the Tamar and Dartmoor, down to Chapel Carn Brea, the ultimate hill that overlooks Land's End.

Separate and apart, nearly severed from England by the Tamar, Cornwall may be compared to the stalwart leg of England pirouetting in the Atlantic for the opening figure of a minuet. The garter is the Tamar, which rises, a trickle oozing from a moorland bog, in Morwenstow parish. She winds through wooded valleys, beneath great heights, receiving the waters of rivers as she flows on her course of fifty-nine miles to Plymouth Sound. The shin

of this stout foreleg, the wild north coast from Morwenstow to Boscastle and Tintagel, is ravaged by the breakers, advancing in unbroken swell from Labrador.

On the south the warmth of the fleshy part of the limb encourages the flowers of Fowey, Falmouth and Penzance. The toe, culminating in the Land's End district, richer in prehistoric remains than any other part of Cornwall, points to the vanished land of Lyonesse, and to the two hundred isles, islets and rocks of Scilly which, we are told, are the survivals of that lost, lovely land. About the heel glow the serpentine rocks of the Lizard, and in the high instep brim the sheltered waters of Mount's Bay. In the middle of the leg, Brown Willy, the highest hill in Cornwall, lurches up from the bogs and wastes of the Bodmin Moors, and lower down, extending to the toe, tearing and blackening the country side, pushing their dark ways under the sea are the tin mines—Cornwall's ancient industry.

The extreme length of Cornwall from Marsland Mouth to the Land's End is eighty-one miles, the extreme breadth from Hennacliff near Morwenstow to Rame Head is forty-five miles. No spot in the country is more than twenty miles from the ocean, and the larger rivers admit inland towns to the freedom of the sea. The Tamar, meandering round the environs of Launceston, ministers to Calstock; the Fowey river to Lostwithiel; the Fal to Truro; the Helford to Gweek, and the Camel to Wadebridge.

I divide my tour through Cornwall into six stages. Beginning at Saltash, the first and last Cornish town, I propose to follow the Tamar to its source, and end the first stage by the Cornish boundary on the north coast.

December was drawing to a close, when, with my knapsack upon my back, I alighted at Saltash station.

The tour began in a disappointment. I hoped to cross Brunel's great bridge, the railway highway, that here

spans the Tamar, to stand with my back to the Devon shore, and so begin my exploration of Cornwall from the uttermost point. I based this plan on *Murray* (1893 edition, the latest) who says that permission may be obtained of the station-master to walk across the bridge. I was told that leave to cross had long been withdrawn. The station-master was courteous but firm. This was a blow, as I should miss the wonderful view from the middle of Brunel's bridge with the Tamar flowing far beneath, the hills of Devon and Cornwall outstretched on either side, and the great ships looking like small boats in the vast waterway.

While I was regretting this upset of my plan it began to rain. I ran to the waiting-room of Saltash railway station, built upon a hill 100 feet above the level of the Tamar.

Sheltering there I recalled a brief sojourn I made at Saltash two years before; remembered the steep road climbing from the river side, the houses clinging in tiers to the cliff, the busy steam-ferry far below, crossing and recrossing from the outskirts of Devonport, and the picture that Turner painted in 1812 of the Ferry Beach and Inn. This was the work that Ruskin tried to purchase, but he was outbidden by a representative of the United States, and "Ferry Beach, Saltash," is now in America. The Tamar was one of Turner's favourite haunts, and it is said that his studies for the foreground of "Crossing the Brook" were made from the scenery about New Bridge above Calstock.

I remembered when I was last at Saltash, climbing to the heights above the town and standing entranced at the extent and beauty of the panorama. Why should not that hill be my starting-place, the spot to which, after my tour round the coast of Cornwall, I would return? It was fitting. Cornwall is the county of the sea and of hills. The old Cornishmen loved the hills and peopled them with giants, who played at bob-button with masses of

granite. In the frontispiece to Robert Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England*, Cruikshank shows one of the giants stepping from St. Agnes' Beacon to Carn Brea, near Redruth, a distance of six miles.

The rain having ceased, I climbed the hill, gazed again over the wonderful view, and thought of the vicissitudes of this ancient borough of Saltash from the time when the serfs ferried their masters across, pushing off from the spot where the piers of Brunel's bridge now stand. Or they could reach Devon by the lower ferry on the road from Plymouth that crossed the Tamar at Torpoint, and joined the Saltash highway above St. Germans. Mr. Baring-Gould speaks in his *Book of the West* of these serfs managing the fishery, raising oysters and tilling the land for their lord.

"A charter of 1381 exists which is a confirmation by Reginald de Valletort of earlier charters, wherein his ancestors had emancipated these serfs, and had conferred on them considerable liberties."

Saltash was enfranchised in 1553 by Edward VI. The harbour dues were 1s. from an English vessel, and 2s. from a foreigner. After the Armada, the Corporation raised the harbour dues to 7s. for a Spanish ship.

I do not suppose Saltash has watched the growth of Plymouth and Devonport with equanimity. Two lines of an old rhyme jingled in my head as I stood upon that hill-top and gazed down upon the roofs of the houses:—

> Saltash was a Borough Town,
> When Plymouth was a fuzzy down.

Many interesting details about the old borough of Saltash have to be omitted, but space must be found for reference to the Saltash boat-women. Cornishmen, like Scotsmen, are great wanderers, and it is no surprise to learn that a late Premier of South Australia was a Saltash man. Mr. Baring-Gould quotes a portion of a speech that Mr. Justice Boucaut once made in praise of his native place:—

"I won't even dilate on the pluck and endurance of the Saltash women rowers. It was a pretty sight to see half a dozen boats start in a regatta with all the women in snow-white frilled caps and frilled jackets. One crew, of which Ann Glanville was stroke, and which I have seen row, would beat a crew of men of the same number, and would not, I believe, have thought it anything very wonderful to beat a crew of men with a couple of men extra. I read in the *Times* that Ann Glanville, then an old woman, upwards of eighty, was introduced to the Duke of Cornwall when he was down West, and I have often heard that she used to row round the captain's man-of-war gigs in the Hamoaze and chaff the bluejackets."

Ann Glanville was stroke of the crew of Saltash rowing women who beat the men of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Liverpool and Hull. In 1850 she captained a crew of Cornish women to Havre, and won easily against the French team. The women, says Mr. Baring-Gould, were dressed in black skirts, long white bedgowns and nightcaps. One of them was so elated at the victory that on reaching the committee boat, she plunged into the water, dived under the vessel, and came up with dripping and drooping nightcap on the opposite side. The present generation of Saltash women have lost the skill with the oar which their mothers possessed.

A battle was fought here in the Civil War between the Cornish Royalists and Ruthven, Governor of Plymouth, who was driven across the Tamar. Saltash has been represented in Parliament by Clarendon and the poet Waller.

Pray do not think that I carried all this information in my head and spoke it to the winds on that hill above Saltash. My plan is to transcribe my impressions of Cornwall at the close of each day as I walk from place to place, and later to interject historical information from the books in the two shelves by my fireside in London.

One of the best local histories I found on my tour is

Around and About Saltash, by Mr. Philip E. B. Porter. Here are two interesting scraps :—

"The name of this 'very ancient Borough'—so described in the old charter of Queen Bess—is derived from a family named 'Esse,' who in the twelfth century lived on their property near what is now called Ashtor, close to the Ferry. After this family the town was called Villa d'Esse, corrupted to de Ashe, and changed, on becoming a Borough, to Ashburgh. Subsequently, by prefixing the word 'Salt,' to note its situation on the tidal or salt-water river Tamar, the name of the place finally became 'Saltash'."

"The family of Esse or d'Esse in later years took the name of Trecarrel, of Trecarrel near Launceston, the last of the family being Sir Henry Trecarrel, who died without heir in the middle of the sixteenth century."

I presume Mr. Philip E. B. Porter is a descendant of one of the janitors of Trematon Castle, which crowns a wooded hill on the banks of the Lynher, overlooking the Hamoaze harbour. The first of this family, says Mr. Baring-Gould, referred to in a deed of the thirteenth century as gatekeeper of Trematon, was granted a plot of land outside the castle walls, which has remained in the hands of the Porters to the present day. The motto of this ancient family of janitors is "Vigilantibus".

Saltash would seem to abound in old families. The boatman who rowed me up the Tamar casually remarked that his people had been resident in Saltash for 400 years.

Reluctantly I left the hill, and, under the shelter of a hedge, unfolding the ordnance map of Cornwall, Sheet 36, observed that the first village up the Tamar is Landulph. Apparently it is about three miles distant by the shore, but the river bank is broken by King's Mill Lake, that runs, a sinuous creek, up to King's Mill. I foresaw difficulties. What if after I reached the shore at King's Mill Lake there should be no boat to ferry me across

to the Landulph side. It was well to obtain information, so I stopped a cheerful man in gaiters, who was singing down the road, cracking a whip, and told him my need.

He advised me strongly against attempting to make Landulph by the river bank, adding that it was six miles round by road and but two by water.

Manifestly the right way to begin the exploration of the Tamar was by water. Of course I am well aware that the orthodox method is to ascend by steamer from Devonport, but the pleasure steamers do not run in winter. Moreover, my plan was to go afoot when the conditions permitted. The rowing boat would be an excusable compromise.

I descended to Tamar side and all the way that huge bridge of Brunel's dominated my steps. Whenever I looked up it towered above. Below, on the muddy shore, where I found a boatman, one of its piers shot skyward from the place where we bargained.

It is the fashion to call this bridge ugly; but it does not seem to me to be ugly. Perhaps I cherish a sentimental affection for it from the memory of the conditions under which I first saw Brunel's masterpiece. It was on the occasion of my first visit to Cornwall. The train had left Devonport, had steamed slowly across the bridge, had curled round Saltash, and was creeping carefully along the banks of the Lynher when I looked out from the carriage window and saw that great bridge resplendent in the rays of the setting sun, and the vessels in the Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound afire with light. Then felt I the isolation of Cornwall, and that I had come into a new country by the new highway. And far below was the old ferry where a soldier wounded in the French wars was granted, in 1355, the right of ferry by the Black Prince, as Duke of Cornwall.

Brunel's bridge was opened in 1859. It carries the railway at a height of 100 feet across the estuary of the

Tamar, which is here, at its narrowest point, broader than the Thames at Westminster. The Royal Albert Bridge is 2240 feet in length, and it has nineteen spans or arches. It is longer by 300 feet than the Menai Bridge at Anglesey.

I talked with the boatman about the old days when the railway went no further than Plymouth; when the mail coaches were trundled upon the ancient horse-boats, rowed by two men, that crossed the river to Torpoint.

"What were the horse-boats like?" I asked.

He described them, and explained how they were brought broadside to shore, a section of the bulwark removed, vehicles or animals packed into the boat, and carried across, not always without danger. Defoe, writing in 1734, says: "I thought myself well escaped when I got safe on shore".

"Like to see one of the old boats?" asked the boatman.

"Willingly," I answered.

He led me along the muddy banks of the Tamar to a little lagoon where, in the sluggish water, was an old rotting hulk, the last of the horse-boats. The wind had dropped, the air was still, the creek was a picture of desolation. Beyond the river a pall of smoke hung over the dockyards of Plymouth and Devonport; but here, in this secluded spot of old Cornwall, life had oozed into a backwater.

We returned to Brunel's bridge, embarked in a row-boat and pushed off.

Wide, still and desolate is the Tamar by Saltash. Across the water are the green Devon hills. Anchored in the river lie the Mount Edgcumbe training-ship, a superannuated British cruiser, and an ancient French three-decker.

It was my hope (vain hope) to sleep that night at Calstock, and never once lose sight of the Tamar until I reached the lonely uplands of Woolley Barrows, where

Tamar rises almost within hail of the Atlantic. There a child may straddle across the river, one foot in Devon, the other in Cornwall.

The boatman, a typical Cornish mariner, the Celtic melancholy and the Celtic gleam in his eyes, talked Tamar lore and gazed out over the infinite estuary. I felt, gliding slowly along, that we, although but a moving speck, were part of that vast waterway for ever. Water, hills and silence!

He rowed slowly, gazing about him with slow turns of the head, knowing that the sky and water, his lifelong companions, were ever changing, ever new. He spoke lovingly of Cornwall, without excitement, in the manner of one who talks of a thing that is. He was always dignified and reticent. There were long spaces of silence. When I addressed leading questions to him he answered slowly, smiling when I suggested that some called the Tamar a Devon river. He spoke of Plymouth as a father might refer to a young and promising son. Once he used the word foreigner.

"Would you call me a foreigner?" I inquired.

He withdrew his eyes from the houses of Saltash, discoloured like old parchment, clinging to the hill-side, and said, in the manner of one who answers an oft-repeated question, "If I was to put across to Devonshire they would call me a foreigner, wouldn't they?"

We rowed between the hills of Cornwall and Devon. On either side creeks run into the land, and as we glided slowly over the water, I watched a train pass along the Devon bank, cross the creek by the low bridge, and disappear in the direction of Tavistock.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the spire of Landulph Church. The slight signs of life were a shag, black, with outstretched wings, poised upon a buoy, looking like the Austrian eagle, and a man moodily watching us on the shore below Landulph Church. A gun was tucked under

his arm, and at his feet was a duck-punt. He saw us land on the sandy beach without speaking. The lagoon where the old horse-boat lay rotting was lonely, but this shore was still lonelier, washed by that vast sheet of water over which we had come so silently.

I bade farewell to the boatman, and after skirting the water, ascended through a lane and found myself in Landulph village by Landulph Church.

CHAPTER III

SKIRTING THE LOWER TAMAR

Landulph Church—Tomb of Paleologus, Descendant of the last Christian Emperor of Greece—Charles I.'s Letter of Thanks to Cornish Royalists—Pentillie Castle—Tillie the *bon-vivant*—The Pedlar at St. Mellion—A Heartless Landlady—A Digression on Cornish Saints—A Lodging for the Night at St. Dominic—The Postman at the Cross-roads

SOMETIMES, in remote Cornish villages, the houses are difficult to find, but the church is usually plain to the eye. I remember Landulph as a primitive hamlet with a large reposeful rectory, and a beautiful fifteenth-century church, lately restored and reseated. The old oak pews and carved bench-ends, which have been carefully preserved, lean against the wall, mute records of a past when village craftsmen wrought fine work.

The interest of Landulph Church centres in a metal tablet inserted in the old, newly whitewashed wall. So discoloured is the tablet by age that at first I could hardly read the lettering, but after peering closely I was able to decipher the following:—

Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus
of Pesaro in Italye,
Descended from ye Imperyall lyne of ye last Christian Emperor of Greece,
Being ye sonne of Theodoro, ye sonne of John, ye sonne of Thomas, second
Brother to Constantine Paleologus, the 8th of that name, and last of the
Lyne yt raygned in Constantinople until subdewed by the Turkes,
Who married with Mary ye daughter of William Balls of Hadlye, in
Suffolke, Gent.
And had issue 5 children
Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria and Dorothy.
He departed this life at Clyffton ye 21st of January, 1636.

Think of it! A descendant of the Christian emperors of Greece wandering to England, marrying a Suffolk girl, dying in a little Cornish village (the old mansion-house of Cliffton was still in existence in the time of Cyrus Redding, author of *An Itinerary of Cornwall*, 1842) and finding his last resting-place in Landulph Church.

Oh East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

But they meet here, in Landulph Church, standing solitary and almost forgotten by Tamar side.

A hundred years ago the vault in which they laid Paleologus was opened. The coffin was of oak, and revealed the skull and bones of the descendant of emperors with a long white beard reaching to his breast.

In Landulph Church there is another memorial which is common to many Cornish churches—the letter of thanks which Charles I. sent to the faithful Royalists of Cornwall. This document in its white frame, painted on wood, was easier to decipher than the darkening metal letters honouring the fugitive survivor of the emperors of Byzantium.

"C. R.

"We are highly sensible of the extraordinary merit of our County of Cornwall, of their zeal for the defence of our Person, and the just rights of our Crown in the time when we could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance; in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty; of their great and eminent courage and patience in the indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous Cities, and plentifully furnished, and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provisions of all kinds; and of the wonderful success with which it hath pleased Almighty God, although with the loss of some most eminent persons, who shall never

be forgotten by us, to reward their Loyalty and Patience by many strange Victories over their and our enemies, in dispight of all human Probability, and all imaginable Disadvantages; that as we cannot be forgetful of so great Deserts, so we cannot but desire to publish to all the world, and perpetuate to all time, the memory of these their merits, and of our acceptance of them, and to that end, we do hereby render our Royal thanks to that our County, in the most publick and lasting manner we can devise, commanding copies hereof to be printed and published; and one of them to be read in every Church and Chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a Record in the same, that as long as the History of these Times, and of this Nation shall continue, the Memory of how much that County hath merited from us, and our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity.

"Given at our Camp at Sudley Castle, the tenth of September, 1643, His Majesty's Gracious letter to the County of Cornwall after the death of Sir Bevill Grenvill."

There was silence in Landulph Church as I read these lines, an intense silence, broken only by the inarticulate utterances that oak gives out when fashioned into material for human use. It was not the spirit of the old carved oak bench-ends that spoke, but the restless voice of the modern pews.

I left Landulph Church, descended to the water, and again tried to fulfil my intention of walking by the Tamar side. Impossible. I dropped ankle-deep into swamp water, splashed, sighed, and finally returned to the road and set my face towards Haltownquay, the end of one of Tamar's backward curves. Climbing a bank, here and there I caught glimpses far below of the grey river winding through wooded valleys. Separated for a time we might be, but she was always near.

Dusk was beginning to fall, the road along which I trudged was dreary, and a keen wind blew. Reaching the hamlet of Painter's Cross, I turned aside to a smithy and lingered by the fire talking with the rustics there gathered. Near by is Pentillie Castle, beautifully situated upon the steep shore of the Tamar. In the hall stands a statue of Sir James Tillie, a former owner, and a little distance off where a small stream spouts into the Tamar an unobstrusive hill rises called Mount Ararat. It is crowned with a tower associated with Sir James Tillie.

"Some say," writes Cyrus Redding, "that Sir James Tillie was an Atheist, others, that he was a *bon-vivant*. His enjoyments in this world, being of such a cast, he desired that, when he was dead, the recollection of him might be kept up, among the living, by the mode of his interment; and that he might be placed in a chair before a table, garnished with bottles, glasses, pipes and tobacco, in his customary dress, and that he might thus be placed in an apartment under the tower."

There he was placed, but in a coffin, not in a chair.

It was raining and blowing when I left the cheerful forge fire, and as I tramped along the road, a pedlar sidled up to me. He had removed his coat to protect his goods which he carried in a flat basket.

"They're my living," he said, as the rain pattered down his neck. "So long as they keep dry, Boss, I don't care."

At St. Mellion we turned into the inn, he to drink beer, I to sip strong tea with Cornish cream spread over a thick slice of bread. He sold me, not without difficulty, a pincushion, some bootlaces, and a copy of Old Moore's *Almanac*.

The landlord told me that I would never make Calstock without a guide, but that there was an inn at St. Dominic. Thither I turned, leaving the pedlar discussing Free Trade, lost my way on a moor, and discovered that one can use the contents of a matchbox and yet be unable to read a

signpost. Happily the rain had ceased; the stars and the crescent moon shone out in a clear sky. There was Orion low down on the horizon, and near the crescent moon hung Saturn. Watching these silver beacons of the night, I think I must have blundered into a wrong turning, for the lane began to dip rapidly, and St. Dominic stands on high ground.

To descend in a river country is to strike the river. I was content. To doze in an inn is a commonplace; to see the Tamar by moonlight is an event. Through tortuous ways I came down to the little deserted port called Haltownquay, with one black boat alongside. It was very still. The river gleamed. So unruffled was she in that protected hollow, where she spreads her waters, that there were two Orions, one in the sky and the other in the river. I heard no sound; but once the plaintive cry of a curlew cut the silence. A drop of rain fell upon my forehead. Orion faded out. A watery mist floated over the moon. I turned from the Tamar, crossed the quay, and hammered on the door of a cottage that showed a light. Within was a man mending a chair. He could not give me a bed; but he came out with his lantern, and showed me the way to St. Dominic, remarking as we parted that it was "a dirty night". Turning, I saw his swinging lantern.

It disappeared. I missed the friendly gleam, grew wetter and more fatigued as my feet slithered an inch each time they took a step on the slimy roads. It occurred to me that the 29th of December is not the right day to begin a walking tour. I hoped that St. Dominic might be near; but it was ten o'clock before I reached the inn—a large, oblong building, with cheerful, lighted windows.

"We're full," said the gaunt landlady.

"Full!" I echoed. "Full? But you can give me a shakedown?"

She moved her head from side to side, and advised me to walk on to Calstock.

"But it's raining, woman," I cried, "and I'm dog tired."

"We're full," said the pitiless creature.

I dripped into the bar-parlour, where a group of men sat over their beer. No, none knew of a cottage where a bed could be obtained, but they described the short cut through Cotehele Woods to Calstock, and one of them paused with his mug in his hand to advise me to be wary as the path was narrow and wound above steep banks. He informed me further that I might find a boatman to take me from Cotehele to Calstock. As it was pitch dark, and raining hard, the idea of half an hour in an open boat was horrid. I again pleaded for any kind of a bed, but some sort of fear, or the villagers' suspicion of a dishevelled stranger, overawed them, and my request was received in silence.

Bridling but philosophic I departed into the night. Hardly had I gone fifty feet when a step drew near, and a voice in the dear Cornish rhythm murmured: "I know a place where you can get a bed". It was the first time in my life I have ever desired to embrace an agricultural labourer.

"Where?" I asked.

"At St. Dominic. A friend of mine has a bed, but"—looking sideways at me—"you won't find it the kind of bed that you've been accustomed to."

I told him that a rug on the floor would be preferable to making my way to Calstock in an open boat. We trudged forward together. I asked him many questions, and among others if he knew anything of the Cornish saint, St. Dominic. He shook his head, remarked that many of the towns in Cornwall were called after saints. Why, he knew not. Indeed, I have seldom found anybody outside the pages of a book who was informed of the history of any of the Cornish saints.

Therefore I interject here some extracts on the subject from Mr. Baring-Gould's *Book of the West*:—

"The early history of Cornwall," he writes, "is inextricably mixed up with that of the saints who settled there, or who sprang from the native royal family. We have, unhappily, no annals, hardly a Cornish record, of those early times. Irish, Welsh, Bretons have been wiser, and have preserved theirs, and it is to them we are forced to appeal to know anything of the early history of our Peninsula."

Mr. Gould considers that the saintly names in Cornwall belong to certain well-defined groups. The first includes members of the royal Damnonian family that ruled Cornwall and Devon. The second is of Irish-Welsh origin. The third is likewise Irish, but unmixed with Welsh elements, and consists of a swarm or succession of swarms that descended upon the Land's End and Lizard district about the year 500.

The fourth group includes those saints, half Welsh and half Breton, who made a short stay in Cornwall on their way to and fro. The fifth consists of fugitive Bretons to whom Athelstan, passing through Cornwall to Land's End and Scilly in 935, gave asylum.

The process of consecration was this:—

"A Saint went to a spot where a bit of territory was granted him, and fasted there for forty days and nights, and continued instant in prayer, partaking of a single meal in the day, that plain, and indulging in an egg only on Sundays. At the conclusion of this period the *llan* or cell was his for ever inalienably, and ever after it bore his name. Moreover, among Celtic saints there existed quite a rage after multiplication of foundations, *daltha* churches, as they were called. Unless a saint could point to his baker's dozen of churches founded by himself, he was naught. But not all churches bearing a saint's name, say that of Petrock, were founded by him in person. A saint was supposed never to die, never to let go his hold over

his territory. And when in after years a chief surrendered land to a monastery, he gave it, not to the community, but to the saint; and the church built on that land would bear the name of the saint whose property it was.

"The saint having been given a bit of land, at once constituted his sanctuary. He put up stones or crosses marking his bounds, a thousand paces from his cell, in a circle.

"Throughout Cornwall a number of sanctuaries remain, under the name of 'sentry fields'. If we could find out how many and where they are, we should know what were the mother *llans* of the early saints."

I spared my friend this information. As we walked down the hill I gleaned information from him about the fruit crop, for which the Tamar valley is famous. He told me that in the long evenings some of the residents of St. Dominic increase their incomes by making strawberry baskets at 10d. a gross, and that the best market for the Tamar strawberries is Newcastle.

His friend was willing to provide me with a bed. The cottage was small, but clean and cosy. They gave me a Cornish welcome by the kitchen fire, where I dried my wet clothes, and shared their supper of tea, bread and butter, "heavy" cake and home-made jam.

Later—dry, warm and refreshed—I inquired as to the possibility of tracing the Tamar to her source by way of the banks. My host withdrew his intent gaze from the strawberry basket his deft fingers were constructing, smiled and said, "You'll have to swim and cut your way through woods".

I decided against that heroic method. Moreover, it was necessary for me to be at Kilkhampton on the following night, where I was to meet a friend whom I will call The Explorer. He is not a real explorer, indeed, I doubt whether he has ever travelled farther west than Scilly, or south than Paris. But with his keen eyes and an

ordnance map, in an unpeopled district he is a genius. If anybody could find the source of the Tamar he could. It had already baffled me. I had not forgotten the long afternoon two summers before, which I had spent on Woolley Downs, seeking the source. Sunset found me still peeping for the moist bit of moor where Tamar and Torridge rise.

My amended plan was to travel by roads adjacent to the Tamar, to cross and recross the river at every opportunity, finding as I travelled north the stream growing narrower and narrower until I stood looking down upon the actual source. With maps outspread upon the deal table I decided to see Cotehele House upon the morrow, to linger at Calstock, to drive to Launceston and then take train to Whitstone. There I would alight for the seven miles night walk to Kilkhampton, and from Whitstone to Kilkhampton the Tamar would be flowing east of me, nearly parallel. All the way I might see its silvery gleam half a dozen times by making a slight detour.

"I hope you won't mind the postman sleeping in the same room," said my hostess, as she handed me a candle. "He gets up at four to meet the mail at the cross-roads."

I should not have minded an ichthyosaurus.

The postman was snoring when I entered the bedchamber. He was a true gentleman and a heavy sleeper. At 4 A.M. I heard him rise, stop the alarm clock with his finger, dress in the dark, and creep downstairs to meet the steaming horses at the far cross-roads. I saw in dreams the flash of lights, the hurried toss of mail-bag to ground, and my companion of the night start out in the dark on his long, early walk back to St. Dominic.

CHAPTER IV

COTEHELE TO KILKHAMPTON

A View of Kit Hill—Cotehele House—Unattractive Calstock—The View from the Churchyard—A Drive to Launceston—Bridges over the Tamar—A Walk to Kilkhampton—The Tamar by Night—Sir Bevil's Country—Anthony Payne and Cruel Coppinger—A Wakeful Night at Kilkhampton

WHEN I left the cottage at eight the following morning in a white, damp mist, I met the postman stepping blithely down the road from his fourteen-mile walk. It was I who limped.

Turning I watched him enter the cottage; as he disappeared, suddenly the mist opened, rolled away as if moved by some supernatural agency, and I saw Kit Hill, soaring towards the sky, bathed in sunshine.

Oh to be on a hill in the sunshine! On such a height as Kit Hill, isolated between the moors of Bodmin and Dartmoor, commanding the windings of the Tamar and the English Channel. Why descend into a mist-wreathed valley, when you can climb and see all the world outstretched. But it was not to be. The Tamar valley had the prior claim. I turned my back upon the first hill in Cornwall, and descended through the damp fog, comforting myself with the thought that on some fine, clear day of summer Kit Hill would be near my point of departure for the exploration of Inland Cornwall.

The next halting-place was Cotehele House, the mediæval seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, an embattled mansion of the time of Henry VII., which is said to be, and I can well believe it, the most perfectly

preserved ancient house in England. It was down hill all the way from St. Dominic; at the end of an hour's walking the steep road descended parallel with the river. I caught glimpses of Tamar through trees, silvery and silent.

Crossing an old stone bridge I came out upon Cotehele Quay, small and tidy, against which two ketches, the *Myrtle* and the *Martin*, were moored. The place still bears the impress of the feudal days when Cotehele Quay ministered to Cotehele House, and the requirements of the household were all brought by river from Plymouth, and carried up the steep ascent to the height where the old mansion hides in trees. Indeed, as the nearest railway station is miles distant, I suppose Cotehele still receives her supplies by boat. It is a stiff walk up the drive to the old house, which became a possession of the Edgcumbe family when Hilaria de Cotehele, heiress of William de Cotehele, married William Edgcumbe in the reign of Edward III.

Past and present meet in Cotehele House, as in Landulph Church. At the end of the comfortable study, a pleasant modern room with books and magazines, hangs a red curtain. Withdraw it and you stand in the doorway of a dungeon, into which a faint flicker of light falls from an opening in the roof. Five hundred years have made little change in Cotehele House except to add to the relics, arms, armour and trophies of the chase that hang upon the walls of the hall, and to age the oak table which requires the united strength of six men to carry it. Cotehele House is not a showplace; things remain as they were not to excite curiosity or admiration, but because they "belong". Wood only burns in the great fireplaces; the flames flicker upon the old furniture and the dim tapestry. To enter a room you must lift the tapestry. Heavily it falls back into its folds. The old needlework hangs around the old beds. In one of them Charles II.

slept, and the furniture he used stands in the bedroom to-day. To visit ancient Cotehele, high above the Tamar, is to possess for evermore a picture of an ancient house that time and change have passed by.

The descent from Cotehele is by a winding path through the woods. Far below gleamed the Tamar; but before seeking the river I wished to find a small chapel perched upon an overhanging rock. It is a memorial building erected in gratitude for the escape of a former owner of Cotehele from imprisonment and death.

In the reign of Richard III. a party of soldiers had been hurried to Cotehele to arrest Sir Richard Edgcumbe, who was suspected of favouring the claims of Richmond. With his pursuers hot upon his trail, Sir Richard escaped into the woods, and had reached the overhanging rock upon which the chapel now stands, when his cap, some say by accident, some by design, fell into the water. The soldiers, seeing the floating cap and concluding that their quarry had fallen into the stream, gave up the pursuit. Later Sir Richard escaped into France, and on his return built this chapel in grateful remembrance.

It is an easy walk from the woods of Cotehele to the long unlovely Tamar shore by Calstock, where inns and lodging-houses stretch along the bank. Calstock is not a dream of loveliness, it is just a pleasant steamer expedition for Plymouth and Devonport toilers.

When the tide serves, the summer steamers from Plymouth proceed a few miles higher to the Morwell Rocks and Weir Head, the chief tourist attractions of the Tamar. The rocks rise precipitately on the Devonshire side, the river winds round their base, and a little lower foams over the Weir. Morwell Rocks and Weir Head look charming on picture postcards, but they are not essential Cornwall. You may see as fine spots on the Thames. The rocks are in Devon; they proclaim the beauty of Devon, not grey Cornwall.

A delightful old Calstock woman with whom I discussed the pros and cons of driving to Launceston, and who settled the matter by saying that her son would accompany me, and that I was not to trouble my head about anything until we reached Launceston market-place, told me that if I climbed to the hill top, and stood upon the churchyard wall, I should have a brave view of the windings of the Tamar with the Morwell Rocks and Weir Head.

There are two routes from Calstock to Launceston—the high road over Hingston Down round Kit Hill, and the low road that crosses into Devonshire, and returns to Cornwall a few miles below Launceston.

"Which road will you take, my dear?" she asked.

"The road by which I shall see most of the Tamar."

"Then it is the low road," said she.

So the low road was chosen. I should cross the Tamar twice, leaving Cornwall by Newbridge near the mining village of Gunnislake, the first stone bridge above Plymouth, on the old highway from Tavistock to Liskeard, and return to Cornwall by Greystone Bridge.

The old lady sped me up the hill, and promised that in half an hour's time her son would be waiting with a vehicle by the churchyard gate.

It was a stiff climb. How a wet and windy day affects the attendance in Calstock Church I know not; but the survivors must arrive drenched, blown and panting, The ascent is worth all the trouble. Standing on the churchyard wall I saw outstretched far beneath my feet the wide Tamar valley. Blinking the wind tears from my eyes, I sought vainly to trace the windings of the river. It was like seeking to trace the folds of a coiled serpent. Many gleams of water peeped from the meadows, but it was impossible to formulate them into a serious river.

I wandered round the churchyard, hailed a boy who was working in a neighbouring field, and asked him, for a consideration, to unravel the Tamar.

He was an intelligent youth, and I endeavoured to follow his chubby finger as he pointed out the turns and twists of the river. He certainly made clear the position of the towering Morwell Rocks, and old Harewood House, now a ruin, but once the office of the Duchy of Cornwall and the scene of Mason's play of "Elfrida". He indicated Morwellham Quay with the remains of a fifteenth-century manor house, and told me that the Duke of Bedford has constructed a road from Morwellham Quay, along the bank of the Tamar, to his romantic country "cottage" at Endsleigh, some miles higher on the Devonshire side.

Clearly, the way to see the Tamar easily is by steamer from Plymouth to Morwellham, followed by a swinging walk along the Duke's riverside road to Endsleigh.

In Calstock Churchyard I noted a rough carving of Weir Head on a tombstone in memory of one who loved the place; also this epitaph inscribed upon a blacksmith's tomb:—

> My sledge and hammer, lie declined.
> My bellows pipes have lost their wind.
> My fire's extinguished, coals decayed
> And in the dust my vice is laid.
> My iron is wrought, my life is gone,
> My nails are driven, my work is done.

The vehicle, with the son on the box-seat, met me to the minute at the churchyard gate. We drove down the hill, passing Weir Head on the right, and paused by Newbridge. This old highway from Devon to Cornwall, that still retains its name of Newbridge, marks the end of the navigable Tamar. Below pass and turn the summer steamers, and occasional market boats; above the grey waters are unvexed by keel. I stood upon the weather-stained bridge, overgrown with ivy, and mused upon the happenings that this old highway into Cornwall has witnessed. Cyrus Redding, the author of the *Itinerary*, and the companion of Turner, was delighted with Newbridge.

He was easily pleased. The authors of Itinerarys usually are.

The sun shone throughout our excursion into Devonshire. Occasionally we had glimpses of the Tamar, and throughout the journey the Cornish side was dominated by Kit Hill. For two hours our drive through Devonshire lasted, and then began the long descent to Greystone Bridge, beautifully situated, ivy grown, grey like its name, very old, the most beautiful bridge over the Tamar, connecting Tavistock with Launceston, with wooded hills on either side. The Tamar runs swiftly by the piers of Greystone Bridge. It is a solitary spot; the angler who longs to cast a fly in these waters is annoyed by the sight of a staring board announcing that fishing is prohibited. The drive through the environs of Launceston into the ancient town was not enlivening. It was New Year's Eve. The narrow streets were crowded with townsfolk, and all the shops aglow.

I did not propose to make any stay in Launceston. There would be opportunities of visiting the ancient capital of Cornwall later on during my tour of Inland Cornwall.

Leaving Launceston by the afternoon train for Whitstone, we again crossed the Tamar two miles outside the city. It flashed beneath us some twenty feet wide. Near Werrington Park, the Tamar ceases for some miles to be the boundary between the two counties. Devon filches a tract of land that plainly does not belong to her. It is as if she had lurched two pastoral fingers upon the map and said "That is mine". The river Attery, running through Werrington Park, assumes the boundary, and the Tamar does not return to the guardianship until near Boyton some miles north.

We again crossed the Tamar just outside Whitstone; there I left the train, and started out upon the seven miles' walk to Kilkhampton. It was quite dark, and the moon

GREYSTONE BRIDGE OVER THE TAMAR

gave little light; but the road is straight and well made, the ground high, and the Tamar flows nearly parallel at no great distance.

On the railway bridge I said to a porter:—

"The train crossed the Tamar just below. How wide is it?"

"They jump across it when hunting," he answered.

In that tramp of seven miles I met only one wayfarer lumbering along on an old horse, who gave me good-night. Although the road was lonely there was comfort in the thought of the river flowing downwards through the night close to my steps. It is strange, when one is in the mood, how comforting the near presence of a river can be.

A mile beyond Whitstone, at the cross-road, I paused. Had it been daylight I would have turned to the right and lingered upon the bridge that crosses the Tamar at Bridgerule, whither fishermen journey in the spring to tempt the little Cornish trout. But the night was too black for such a divagation, so I tramped on till I came to a place called Red Post.

There I entered a shop, bought something I did not need, and examined the map by the light of an oil lamp. Here again I could strike the Tamar by walking a mile down the Holsworthy road, and again refrained.

The air was keen and fresh, and the salt sea wind blowing from the Atlantic was tonic after the enervating lower Tamar valley. A bare and desolate country this, wind-blown, storm-swept. The few trees starting from the high banks that bordered the road were all bent inland, under the force of the strong sea winds. The ground rose higher and higher, and as I breasted the top of the hill, suddenly far ahead to the east a sea beacon shone out. Then the road turned sharply to the left, cottages appeared by the road side, and soon I entered the long street of Kilkhampton.

This is the country of Sir Bevil Grenville, whose deeds

are for ever associated with northern Cornwall, and especially with Kilkhampton, Stratton and Stowe. Wander from Kilkhampton seawards to Combe Porth and you pass the site of old Stowe House where Sir Bevil lived. From Stowe it is an easy walk to Stratton, whither Sir Bevil would ride to transact business at the manor house, now the Tree Inn, where his giant servant Anthony Payne was born. Above Stratton rises Stamford Hill, the scene of the battle in the Civil War, which resulted in the defeat of the Roundhead Earl of Stamford with 5,400 men entrenched on the hill, by Sir Bevil Grenville and Hopton with less than 3,000. The battle was fought on the 16th of March, 1643. Mr. Quiller-Couch describes the end of the fight in *The Splendid Spur* :—

"The attacking Royalists had already been beaten back six times, when a messenger, his face smeared with dirt and dust, rode up to Sir Bevil to say that the powder was all spent but a barrel or two.

"'Very well, then,' cries Sir Bevil, leaping up gaily, 'come along, boys—we must do it this time.' And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a *sursum corda !* to all of us.

"Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne, and his business to act as body-servant to Sir Bevil. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all ; and Sir Bevil tost his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

"For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back ;

another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

"But, good lack! What use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first red-coat that encounter'd me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was pass'd; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugg'd my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevil, a little to the left, beaten to his knee, and carried towards me. Stretching out a hand I pull'd him on his feet again, catching as I did so a crack on the skull that would have ended me had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next I remember gripping another red-coat by the beard and thrusting at him with shorten'd blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seem'd caught off my feet and swept forward—and we were on the crest.

"Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevil caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroider'd with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!' he cried. 'God be prais'd—the day is ours for certain!'"

Sir Bevil Grenville is buried in Kilkhampton Church, brought thither from the battlefield at Landsdown, near Bath, where he died. North Cornwall resounds with his name, but it is his grandfather, Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the *Revenge* in the time of Elizabeth, who is better known in England through Tennyson's poem. Readers of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* are also familiar with Sir Richard:—

"'Must I, then, ask to stand back from your own doorway, my dear sir,' said Sir Richard to Mr. Leigh of Chapel. And then changing his voice to that fearful lion's roar, for

which he was famous, and which it seemed impossible that lips so delicate could utter, he thundered, 'Knaves, behind there! Back! What? Swords out, you sons of cliff rabbits!' And in a moment Sir Richard's long blade flashed out also, and putting Mr. Leigh gently aside, as if he had been a child, he walked up to the party, who vanished right and left; having expected a cur dog, in the shape of a parish constable, and come upon a lion instead."

The long and pompous inscription on the tomb of his grandson, Sir Bevil Grenville, in Kilkhampton Church, begins:—

"Here lies all that was mortal of the most noble and truly valiant Sir Beville Granville, of Stowe; in the county of Cornwall, Earl of Corbill and Lord of Thorigny and Granville in Normandy, descended in a direct line from Robert, second son of the warlike Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, who, after having obtained divers signal victories over the rebels in the West, was at length slain, with many wounds, at the battle of Landsdown, July 5th, 1643."

There is much more of the inscription.

In the warm and cheerful parlour of the London Inn at Kilkhampton I found the Explorer seated by the fire, looking like a shipwrecked mariner, with the landlord's thick stockings and thicker boots upon his feet, and a rug across his shoulders. The elements had been unkinder to him than to me. After supper we talked of Sir Richard, of Sir Bevil and of other heroes and worthies of the district, including, of course, the giant Anthony Payne. The Explorer recalled one of his legendary exploits, which Hawker describes in his *Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall*:—

"One Christmas Eve the fire languished in the hall at Stowe. A boy with an ass had been sent to the woodland for logs, and the driver loitered on his homeward way. Lady Grace lost patience, and was displeased. All at once a sudden outcry was heard at the gate, and Sir

Bevil's Giant appeared with the loaded animal on his mighty back. He threw down his burden in triumph at the hearth-side, shouting merrily, 'Ass and fardel! Ass and fardel for my Lady's Yule'.

"Another time Payne strode along the path from Kilkhampton to Stowe with a bacon-hog of three hundredweight thrown across his shoulders, and merely because a taunting butcher had doubted his strength for the feat."

We talked also of Cruel Coppinger, smuggler and pirate, one of the "wild, strange, lawless characters" that roamed the north coast of Cornwall during the middle and latter years of the eighteenth century. Hawker has written and sung of this terror of North Cornwall:—

Will you hear of the bold, brave Coppinger?
How he came of a foreign kind?
He was brought to us by the salt water;
He'll be carried away by the wind.

For thus the old wives croon and sing,
And so the proverbs say,
That whatsoever the wild waves bring,
The winds will bear away.

Will you hear of the Cruel Coppinger?
He came from a foreign kind;
He was brought to us by the salt water,
He was carried away by the wind.

Then we quoted, in turn, what we remembered of Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge". It was an age since either of us had read the poem; but after a while we recaptured a few lines:—

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men,
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet".
Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roar'd a hurrah and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe. . . .
And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with the broken sides lay round us all in a ring,
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting.

We retired to bed mid the threatenings of a bout of real North Cornwall weather. During the night a fearful storm arose, windows rattled, the wind blew a hurricane, and in the warm comfort of my bed I thought of the mariners fighting the waves in the darkness. The violence of the storm kept me awake, and while the wind shrieked, and the storm raged, the end of the ballad of "The Revenge" suddenly came to me pat. I tried to banish the swing of the lines from my head, but without avail. They framed themselves upon my lips:—

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

I tried to ease my weary and excited brain by dwelling upon Hervey, who composed his *Meditations Among the Tombs* in Kilkhampton Churchyard, but without success. Even Hervey failed as a soporific. Then I thought of the narrow, friendly, silent Tamar flowing through the valley, patiently pursuing her placid course, hardly affected by the storm. That, I think, brought sleep; at any rate I knew no more until I was conscious of a knocking at the door, and a voice crying, "It's seven o'clock".

It was the hour we had arranged to rise, for to find the source of the Tamar on a short winter day it is necessary to start betimes. We dressed by candlelight, and by the time we had finished breakfast dawn was breaking in the sky, and we were able to spend a quarter of an hour poring over the map without the aid of a lamp.

CHAPTER V

THE TAMAR SOURCE

Kilkhampton Church—We start forth to seek the Source of the Tamar—A Cornish Bog—The Boundary Post—We Hire a Guide and find the Source of the Tamar—"Shivering we gazed out over the Sodden Country"—A Bee Line to Morwenstow

THE storm was still raging when we left the hostelry and stepped out into the lonely street of Kilkhampton. We were glad to escape from the icy blasts by entering Kilkhampton Church, a majestic building, with a lofty tower and a fine Norman south door. In a vault beneath are deposited the coffins of the Earls of Bath, whose monuments, says Hervey, "lie ranged in mournful order, in a sort of silent pomp". Kilkhampton, like so many churches in Cornwall, is renowned for its old carved bench-ends. It has been well restored.

I should like to have ascended the church tower, from which one can see the Cornish "mountains," Brown Willy and Roughtor and the coast onward to Trevose Head, but it was not a day for a panoramic view.

The gale increased in force before we left the outskirts of Kilkhampton. At Taylor's Cross we paused to consult the map, resting it on the most primitive letter-box I have ever seen: a tarred wooden receptacle nailed to the stout branch of a tree.

It was plain that by turning to the right we should strike the Tamar east of the hamlet of Braxwater, so we broke away from the road, and dipped down a lane to a cluster of cottages; there while sheltering in a porch from the drizzle, I suggested that we should engage a guide.

The Explorer is averse to guides, preferring to ferret the way himself; but being wet and downcast he consented. I knocked at the door of a cottage—knocked again; there was no response. While we waited the Explorer peered at the map.

"Why," he asked, "try to strike the Tamar east of Braxwater? Why not walk a mile or so up the road and strike it there?" laying a dripping finger on the map and effectually hiding all the surrounding names. "The fewer miles we wade through water-logged meadows the better."

As the cottagers seemed all abed, or at church, we resumed our glissade over the miry road.

Walking rapidly, and warming to the work; we soon recovered our spirits in this fine country, wild and bare, with great stretches of moorland, dotted here and there with farms.

Soon the road made a sweep to the right and we saw the Tamar gleaming in the valley. At the foot of a long hill the stream flows under the road beneath a slightly raised bridge. There we paused and spread open the map on the iron post making the boundary between Devon and Cornwall.

The moment had come to track the Tamar to her source, and the prospect was not inviting. Eagerly we traced the stream across the moor until it disappeared in high, overhanging woods that towered above the banks. The Tamar here is a mere brook. I could jump it.

We climbed the bank and dropped down into the marsh. At the first step the water covered the soles of our boots, at the tenth it reached our ankles, and soon the ground gave and yawned. We stood upon the marge, recalled the stories of men and oxen who had been engulfed in Cornish bogs, raised our hats to the unconquerable Tamar and returned, with downcast heads, to the road.

No doubt, in a dry summer, a man can walk over the Tamar bogs as jauntily as upon golf links; but not in mid-winter.

I examined the Explorer's face, and was glad to detect symptoms of the rising pioneer fever. He seized the map again, rested it upon the iron boundary post, and shouted, for the wind which had lately dropped, was now increased to half a gale:—

"See! The Tamar flows midway between the villages of East Youlstone and West Youlstone. Let us make our way to East Youlstone, which stands on high ground, and then trust to our stars."

A short walk through Devonshire and a stiff climb brought us to the outskirts of East Youlstone. The way lay through a lane with high banks on either side, and on the crest of one of them a path had been beaten. When the lane is submerged after a storm, the villagers climb the bank and proceed tolerably dry-footed on their way.

East Youlstone consists of a farm and a few scattered cottages. The Explorer was disposed to make straight for the source along the banks of the stream, but I, wilily, hailed a dripping boy in big boots, and asked him if for half a crown he would conduct us to the source of the Tamar.

He grinned an affirmative, and added: "It's only a gutter".

"It rains often here, doesn't it?" I said, as we ascended the upland.

"Iss."

"And what do you do when it rains?"

"Nothing."

We passed the remote hamlet of Handsworthy, emerged upon the moor, and bent our heads from the blasts of the rough wind. A quarter of a mile further the boy stopped and ground his heel into the earth.

"It runs under here," he said. Then, crossing the road,

he climbed the stone hedge and led us over the moor till we came to a small, swampy knoll.

"Is this the source of the Tamar?" I asked.

"Iss." Then, indicating another swampy knoll about three feet away, he added: "That's the source of the Torridge".

This, then, was the Mecca of our journey, this twin trickle of water oozing from the moor, the chance birthplace of the Tamar that flows southward for fifty-nine miles to Plymouth Harbour, and the Torridge that curves fifty-three miles northward to Bideford Bay.

In themselves, at birth, rivers are nothing. The Tamar is infinitesimal as she trickles down the valley from Woolley Barrows. She and her sister, the Torridge, exist because the land about their birthplace chanced to decline to south and north. But all the Cornish streams in the neighbourhood of Tamar have from the beginning of time conspired to aid her. They rush to her service, and finally, far, far south, the Tavy and the Lynher join the great renunciation, acknowledge the Tamar's supremacy, surge into her waters, and mingling with them, lightly bear in Plymouth Sound the great ships.

Then comes to Tamar, as to all rivers, her moment of renunciation, and she meets her master in the indifferent sea.

The four miles or so of county boundary line between the source of the Tamar and the coast is undertaken by the little Marsland stream that flows westward down the valley to Marsland Mouth, the extreme northern point of Cornwall.

"We must now follow the Marsland stream," I said to the Explorer. "We will scale great Hennacliff and lunch at Morwenstow."

Shivering we gazed out over the sodden country. He remarked casually that it would take hours to reach Morwenstow by way of the Marsland stream and Hennacliff,

that we had forgotten to bring our luncheon, and that the chances of obtaining bite or sup at Marsland Mouth were infinitesimal. Then he smiled: "It's your affair," he said. "You must decide."

"Would it not be wiser," I suggested, "to postpone the Marsland Mouth expedition until the spring?"

"I suppose that means," said the Explorer, "that you propose now to make for Bude railway station, lunching on the way at Morwenstow."

We said no more. Having dismissed our small guide we started resolutely on the seven-mile tramp to Morwenstow.

CHAPTER VI

A WALK TO BUDE THROUGH MORWENSTOW

The Hawker Country—The "Song of the Western Men"—St. Morwenna—Combe Valley—The Site of Stowe House—The Earl of Bath's "Palladian Pile"—Week St. Mary on the Hill—Thomasine Bonaventure—The Approach to Bude—A Haven in Name

WE did our best, but I cannot say that we made a bee-line from the source of the Tamar to Morwenstow and Bude. The roads and lanes climbed hills, descended precipitously into valleys, turned sharp corners and wandered erratically.

We beguiled the tedium of the journey by talking of Hawker, poet, writer, man of action, with the heart of a mediævalist and the physique of a fisherman, Vicar of Morwenstow from 1834 to 1875, who has made this bleak parish, stretching from the Atlantic cliffs over a large tract of country, known throughout England.

The Explorer had never seen Morwenstow; but I had rambled the parish before. In the summer of 1904 I walked out from Bude and wandered to Morwenstow.

I was invited to tea at the vicarage and sat next to the Rev. J. Tagert, who succeeded Hawker as vicar. Mr. Tagert died in 1905. I met him for the first and last time that summer afternoon when he was ninety-two years of age. He had long finished with the chatter and affairs of this world. Although loth to disturb his peace, I was really anxious to learn his view of the story that Hawker was received into the Roman Catholic Church the night before his death, and that it was through

the efforts of his second wife that the priest was brought to his bedroom. I addressed this question to the old gentleman in very loud tones, as his hearing was indifferent. The answer came to me as from the grave, in a voice so deep that it hardly seemed to proceed from a living diaphragm. "They are both in Abraham's bosom: there let them rest." Silence fell upon that tea-table. Eternity had rebuked Time.

There is not the slightest doubt that Hawker was received into the Roman Catholic Church the night before his death. Mr. C. E. Byles, Hawker's son-in-law and author of *The Life and Letters of Hawker*, concurs. Although Hawker was a priest in the Anglican Church, it is incontrovertible that throughout his life Roman tradition appealed greatly to him. He was in correspondence with Cardinals Manning and Newman not long before his death. To each he sent his "Canticle for Christmas"; in Mr. Byles's volume is given a representation of the medal worn by Hawker in honour of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by Pope Pius IX. in 1854.

But Hawker was Hawker. The newspaper controversy as to the sincerity of the religious beliefs that preceded his death shall remain undisturbed in dusty files. We think of him not as a theologian, but as a poet, a writer, and, above all, as a man who lived—a burly, humorsome, domineering, full-blooded, pugnacious, erratic, lovable personality, a child who never grew up, a character that an Elizabethan dramatist would have gloried in. He maintained that it was perfectly allowable for a man to hold two conflicting opinions at the same time if he permitted five minutes to intervene. He believed in angels, demons and witches; he took the words of the Bible in their literal meaning, and never explained them away; and he bought his tea direct from a famous London house at 5s. 4d. per pound.

His youth was as full of practical jokes as any chapter of *Jack Harkaway's Memoirs*. These boyish pranks were merely the result of high spirits, and uncommon good reading some of the stories make. But underlying his rich capacity for fun and his poetical fervour was a deep and wise seriousness. His first task when he was appointed Vicar of Morwenstow, in 1834, was to build a bridge over the dangerous Combe stream. He erected his vicarage on a spot where he had seen the sheep shelter, not, as some suggested, because he meant the vicarage to typify the refuge of his flock, but because he reckoned the sheep knew where the wind was least violent; he succoured shipwrecked sailors; he gave dead mariners suitable burial, and he always wrote letters to the owners of the vessels, and the relatives of the drowned.

I never visit this magnificent coast without recalling an unrehearsed incident that happened one wild winter afternoon. A vessel had broken up a few days before. One of the bodies had been recovered from the waves, and the procession, headed by the vicar, was slowly climbing the steep cliff paths to bury the body decently in the little churchyard. Suddenly a great shouting out at sea was heard. A vessel was passing; the crew had manned the yards; they saw; they understood what Hawker and his companions were about, and they had used the only method at their service—sailor cheers—to acknowledge their appreciation of a landsman's respect for seamen.

With all his great goodness of heart Hawker was pugnacious, suspicious and intolerant. The *Guardian* newspaper "grossly insulted" him because it published what he considered to be an untrue criticism on a poem; he describes a notice of his "Quest of the Sangraal" in the *Church Review* as "a degraded and lying notice"; he believed that "there is a deadly hatred nurtured against me by all the Press".

He sealed his letters, which were always written on

thick yellow-tinted paper, with two seals, one the mystic fish, the other the pentacle of Solomon. And he wore always a small red cross woven into the side of his jersey to mark the entrance of "the Centurion's cruel spear".

Hawker longed to be recognised as a poet; but that in any large measure was denied to him.

His best-known poem is "The Song of the Western Men":—

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do!

And have they fix'd the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their Captain, brave and bold;
A merry wight was he:—
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land;
The Severn is no stay;
With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! Come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold;
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!"

In a revision made by Hawker for his *Cornish Ballads* in 1869 he appends this note to "The Song of the Western Men":—

"With the exception of the choral lines—

And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

and which have been, ever since the imprisonment by James the Second of the seven bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall, the whole of this song was composed by me in the year 1825. I wrote it under a stag-horned oak in Sir Bevil's Walk in Stowe Wood. It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper, and there it attracted the notice of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad. It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott, who also deemed it to be the ancient song. It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay and by Mr Dickens, who inserted it at first as of genuine antiquity in his *Household Words*, but who afterwards acknowledged its actual paternity in the same publication."

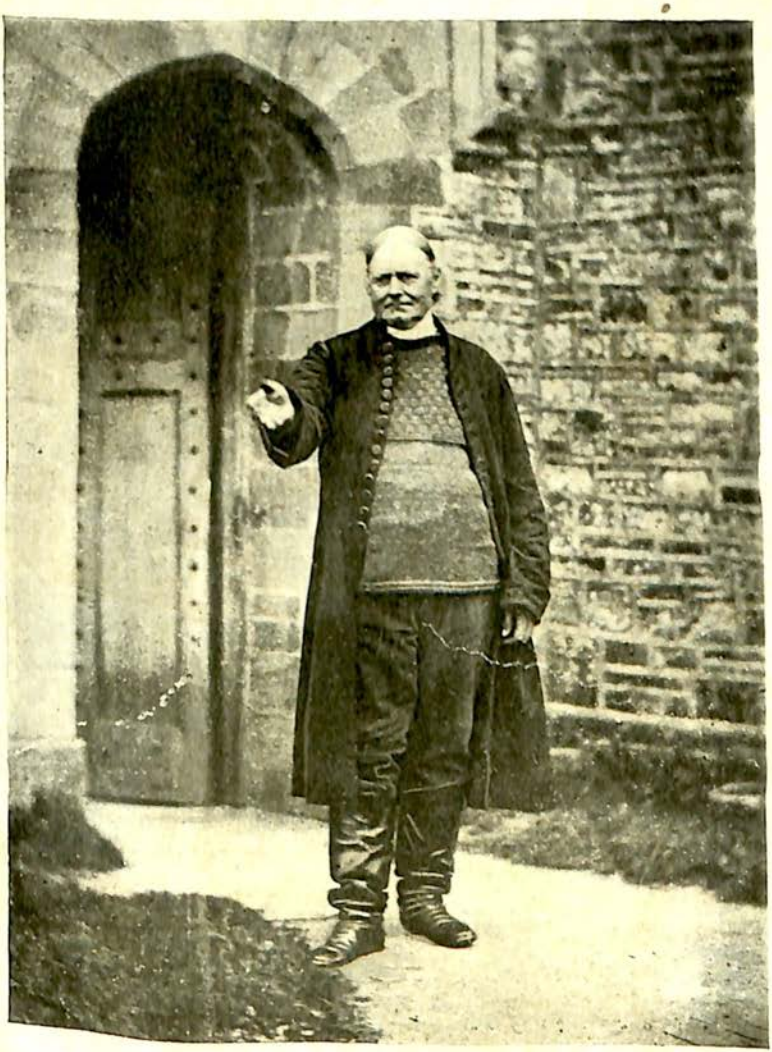
Probably the most memorable episode of Hawker's life was the visit of Tennyson to Morwenstow, who did not disclose his name until the poets had been together some time. Says Hawker:—

"I found my guest at the entrance, a tall, swarthy and Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword. He sate down and we conversed. I at once found myself with no common mind. All poetry in particular he seemed to use like household words. . . . He is about to compose a poem—the hero King Arthur, the scenery in parts the vanished land of Lyonesse. . . . He said he usually made about ten lines every day, multitudes of which were never written down, and so were lost for ever."

The following is an old servant's account of Hawker's private devotions:—

"He was a bit High, sartainly. He had a little room upstairs where he used to pray. Us maids could see him from another window, with his candles and suchlike, crossing himself in divers ways."

And here is a final picture of Hawker the humorist.



R. S. HAWKER AT HIS VICARAGE DOOR

Not long before his death he went over to Barnstaple with his wife and her aunt to consult Dr. Budd. They entered a confectioner's shop for refreshments. Nobody was there to serve them. Hawker laid aside his hat, tied an apron around his great waist, and gravely supplied tarts and buns to the customers.

The Explorer and I beguiled that long walk in talking of Hawker, and at last reached Morwenstow to find a few cottages on the margin of a village green, and a small inn, upon the front of which were inscribed the ominous words—Six Days' Licence. "To-day is Sunday," I murmured to the Explorer. We hammered on the door, it was not opened; we tapped at a cottage, there was no response. Vainly we sniffed for the pleasant odour of cooking. We descended a lane to the grey-towered church that stands at some distance from the village at the mouth of the glen against a background of sea "half-way up the sky". We examined the memorials in the churchyard, which include the graves of the crews of three ships that were lost on this iron-bound coast. The church, which was Hawker's pride and into the carving and architecture of which he read recondite symbolism, is excellently preserved. This fine Norman building contains memorials of old Cornish families, such as the Waddons and the Kempthornes, and a memorial window to Hawker which was unveiled in 1904 by the Rev. John Tagert. In the smaller lights various objects are represented which are especially associated with the poet vicar. We see the interior of the church, the Well of St. John with Hawker and his dog standing by, the lych-gate, the shield of David on a boss in the chancel roof, the churchyard cross, the Manning tomb, the font, the piscina, the pentacle of Solomon, the figure-head of the *Caledonia* in the churchyard and the Well of St. Morwenna, the patron saint of the church. The well, half-way down the

cliff, is reached by a rough path. It was the wish of Morwenna to convert the people of Wales to Christianity, and when she was sent to England to instruct the Princess Edith, daughter of Ethelwolf, the desire to bring all to the Christian font became stronger than ever.

"On a certain day," says Hawker in his essay on Morwenstow, "thus said Morwenna to the King: 'Largess! my Lord the King, largess for God!' 'Largess, my daughter,' answered Ethelwolf like a Prince, 'be it whatsoever it may.' Then said Morwenna, 'Sir, there is a stern and stately headland in far Cornwall, rugged and tall, and it looks along the Severn Sea; they call it on that shore, Hethnacliff, that is to say the Raven's Crag, because it hath been, for long ages, the haunt and the home of the birds of Elias. Very often, in wild Wales, have I watched across the waters until the sun fell red upon that Cornish rock, and I have said in my vows, "Alas! and would to God that a font might be hewn and an altar built among the stones of yonder barbarous hill!" 'Give me, then, I beseech thee, my Lord the King, a stowe for a priest in the scenery of my prayer, that so the saying of the seer may come to pass: "In the place of dragons, where each lay, there shall be grass with reeds and rushes."'" Her voice was heard, her entreaty was fulfilled: they set up yonder font, with the carven cable coiled around it in stone, in memory of the vessel of old anchored in the Galilean Sea. They built an altar there of grey and native rock, and they linked it with Morwenna's name, the tender and the true, and so it is that notwithstanding the lapse of ten whole centuries of English time, at this very day, the bourne of many a pilgrim to the West is still the station of Morwenna, or in simple and Saxon phrase "*Morwenstow*".

On the hillside above Morwenna's Well is the wooden hut that Hawker built of timber cast ashore from wrecked vessels, where he would sit, read and make verses with the

thunder of the breakers in his ears. "The Quest of the Sangraal" was composed in this eyrie.

The inscription that Hawker placed over the door of the vicarage still remains :—

> A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
> A pleasant place to watch and pray.
> Be true to Church, be kind to poor
> O minister, for evermore.

There the Explorer and I stood trespassing in the vicarage grounds, very hungry, very cold, dreading the long walk to Bude, when a piece of extraordinary good fortune befel us. I do not feel at liberty to enter into details; but not since the ravens brought Elijah bread and flesh has such unexpected bounty descended upon famished wayfarers. Suffice it to say that two hours later we started forth on the way to Bude refreshed and keen, eager to explore the site of old Stowe House before nightfall.

We passed the gateway of the ancient manor house of Tonacombe, where Charles Kingsley wrote *Westward Ho!* and were soon descending into Combe Valley, a characteristic Cornish "bottom" that opens to the sea between high cliffs. On the wall of the bridge crossing the mill-stream you may decipher the following inscription on a slate slab placed there by Hawker :—

> Towards the erection of this Bridge, built by subcription in the year of Human Redemption, 1836,
> His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV.
> gave the sum of twenty pounds.
> Fear God, Honour the King.

At one of the cottages nestling in Combe Valley we stopped to inquire the way to Stowe House; perhaps it was the very cottage where Rose Salterne lived, described by Kingsley in *Westward Ho!*

The hamlet of Combe is far from the ways and signs of modernity; yet on the music stand of the cottage piano

was a work by Tchaikowsky, and on the mantelpiece stood a box of Slazenger's lawn-tennis balls.

We climbed the hill, ascended through the wood, and turning a corner suddenly came upon the site of Stowe House, and paused outside the old wall that fronts the road. The two houses that stood here have long been destroyed; nothing but the foundations remain and the shell of the stables, which have been converted into a farmhouse. The tennis court is now a sheepcote, and the great quadrangle is used as a rickyard.

Writing of old Stowe House, Hawker says:—

"No mansion on the Tamar side ever accumulated so rich and varied a store of association and event. Thither the sons of the Cornish gentry were accustomed to resort, to be nurtured and brought up with the children of Sir Bevil Grenville and Lady Grace; for the noble knight was literally the 'glass wherein' the youth of those ancient times 'did dress themselves'."

Old Stowe House is described as "a huge, rambling building, half castle half dwelling-house, with quaint terraces, statues, knots of flowers, clipped yews and hollies, and all the pedantries of the topiarian art".

John Granville, Earl of Bath, demolished old Stowe and built a mansion a little farther from the shore. In the diary of Dr. Yonge, a seventeenth-century physician, the following entry occurs under the date 1685:—

"I waited on my Lord of Bathe, then Governor of Plymouth, to his delicious house Stowe. It lyeth on ye ledge of ye North Sea of Devon (Dr. Yonge was wrong in his geography, Stowe is in Cornwall)—a most curious fabrick beyond all description."

Kingsley did not approve of the Earl of Bath's new building.

"Old Stow House stands, or rather stood, some four miles beyond the Cornish border, on the northern slope of the largest and loveliest of those coombes of which I spoke

in the last chapter. Eighty years after Sir Richard's time there arose there a huge Palladian pile, bedizened with every monstrosity of bad taste, which was built, so the story runs, by Charles the Second, for Sir Richard's great grandson, the heir of that famous Sir Bevil who defeated the Parliamentary troops at Stratton and died soon after, fighting valiantly at Landsdowne over Bath. But, like most other things which owed their existence to the Stuarts, it rose only to fall again. An old man who had seen, as a boy, the foundation of the new house laid, lived to see it pulled down again, and the very bricks and timber sold upon the spot."

New Stowe House was pulled down in 1739, and the materials were sold by auction. The carved cedar wood of the chapel was bought by Lord Cobham for his mansion of Stowe in Buckinghamshire. The staircase was removed to Prideaux Place, Padstow, and many articles were purchased by the Corporation of South Molton, taken to Bude, shipped to Barnstaple, and thence carted to South Molton.

We were allowed to pass through the farm kitchen, and out upon the vast tract of land where the foundations of Stowe House may still be traced.

When Sir Richard and Amyas walked here—

"At one turn they could catch, over the western walls, a glimpse of the blue ocean flecked with passing sails; and at the next, spread far below them, range on range of fertile park, stately avenue, yellow autumn woodland, and purple heather moors, lapping over and over each other up the valley to the old British earthwork, which stood black and furze-grown on its conical peak; and standing out against the sky on the highest bank of hill which closed the valley to the east, the lofty tower of Kilkhampton Church, rich with the monuments and offerings of five centuries of Grenvilles."

We wandered over the old foundations in the twilight

and pictured the two Stowes. The Earl of Bath's "Palladian pile" is preserved in a picture in the possession of Mrs. Waddon Martyn of Tonacombe. Then we crossed the uneven meadows and left Stowe by the old lodge gate through which Sir Richard and Sir Bevil often galloped up the valley to Kilkhampton. At Stibb we turned into the Bude road.

Night had fallen. "We shall sleep at Bude to-night," said I. The Explorer nodded. We plodded along in silence, and presently overtook a wayfarer with whom we walked. Suddenly a light appeared far away on the crest of the hill, and below on the seaward side a glimmer of many rays told of a town on the low-lying ground.

These were the lights of Bude, and the beacon on the hill, we were told, shone from Week St. Mary, known in *Domesday Book* as Week (the Saxon *wic*, a dwelling-place) a high-lying village that has won a page in Cornish history as the birthplace of Thomasine Bonaventure. She was a labourer's daughter, beloved by a wealthy London merchant, who carried Thomasine to London and married her. When he died the lady entered the holy estate again, and on the death of her second husband she married Sir John Percival, Lord Mayor of London. When he died Dame Thomasine Percival returned to her native place and acted the part of Lady Bountiful to Week St. Mary and the district until her demise in 1510.

She endowed a charity called The College, traces of which still exist, and, says Cyrus Redding, "repaired highways, built bridges, endowed maidens, released prisoners, and clothed the poor". He also speaks of a castle that once dignified Week St. Mary.

We passed the lighted windows of Poughill Church, wherein are two frescoes more Sienese than British in their design, that have attained the pictorial postcard stage of popularity, and proceeded down the hill towards

Bude, through the uninteresting environs, composed mainly of streets and terraces of lodging-houses.

The attraction of Bude lies in the splendid stretch of sea that breaks against the coast, the rocks and high cliffs that flank the haven, and Summerlease Downs. Although called Bude Haven it is impossible for vessels in rough weather to make the sandy break in the rocks and enter the tiny mouth of the Bude River.

Bude had its mite of commerce before the era of railways when the Bude and Launceston canal, thirty-four miles long with its branches, was working. Sand was conveyed in barges from the seashore to manure the fields. There were three inclined planes on the canal, the principal one being on Hobbacott Down near Stratton. The extension of the railway to Bude brought the tourist, and ended the days of the canal. It is a straggling place, popular in the summer. We passed interminable rows of houses, and the Explorer protested that he would never visit Bude again; but I advised him to wait until morning, and not to judge the place until he had stood upon the crags beyond the breakwater and watched the seas raging and foaming at his feet. As we appeared to be walking inland, I stopped a seafaring man and asked him to direct us to the Falcon Hotel, an old coaching centre, and still the house of departure for Boscastle and Tintagel.

He walked with us and enlarged upon the hard lot of a sailor's life. Five weeks ago his captain had made Bude with a cargo of coal from Swansea, and there they had remained ever since, waiting for a day when the weather would permit them to leave the haven. He told us of a vessel that had been detained at Bude by adverse winds for thirteen weeks.

At the Falcon Hotel we foregathered with an election agent, and discussed Cornish affairs, Cornish superstitions, Cornish books and writers until close upon midnight, when the agent rose and announced his intention of attending

the watch-night service in Bude Church. After bidding us good-night he paused with his hand upon the door knob, scanned our faces, and said: "May I ask if either of you is 'Q'?"

He concealed his disappointment cleverly, and I hope he was equally undisturbed when he found how unlike is the modern and uninteresting Bude Church to the edifice described in George Macdonald's *Seaboard Parish*, wherein Bude takes the name Kilkhaven.

In the morning, when we walked down to the breakwater, and, climbing the rock where a lifebuoy and a rope are always in readiness, clung to the crag and watched the Atlantic breakers sweeping, curling and crashing all around the giant cliffs towering away up to Morwenstow, the Explorer confessed that, in spite of the lodging-houses, he had changed his opinion about Bude.

There, in that wild spot, with the spray sprinkling upon our faces, the waters raging at our feet, the vast, empty sea around us, and the beetling cliffs stretching northward into the haze, I was well content to end the first stage of my tour through Cornwall. Glad also to think that I should be here again in the spring, passing through windy Bude on my way down the north coast.

STAGE TWO

THE NORTH COAST: MARSLAND MOUTH TO ST. IVES

CHAPTER VII

THE CLIFF WALK FROM MARSLAND MOUTH

The Approach to Cornwall from Bideford and Hartland—Marsland Mouth and Kingsley—West Country Combes—Horses in the Smuggling Days—The Real Cruel Coppinger—An Experience in Stanbury Mouth—Morwenstow Church from the Coast—Cornish Cronies—Summerlease Downs—Civilisation Again

IN the first week of March I set forth on the second stage of my Cornish tour from Marsland Mouth, the Devon-Cornwall boundary, to St. Ives.

Marsland Mouth, where on occasion a boat can be beached, is beyond railways. It may be reached from Bude; it may be approached from Bideford. I chose the Devon town.

It was five of the afternoon, and the mid-nineteenth-century battered omnibuses that ply beyond railways were waiting for custom on Bideford Quay. When I asked one of the drivers how to reach the Cornish border, he offered to convey me as far as Hartland that night, and to drive me in a jingle-cart to Marsland Mouth in the morning. I preferred to sleep at Bideford, and take my chance of a seat in the mail-coach that leaves at 7 A.M.

The situation of Bideford is not unlike that of Florence; but the Torridge, where cunning fishermen net salmon

beneath the hotel windows, is not the Arno, and the new marble statue to Charles Kingsley is the sum of Bideford's art. He is still the hero of the little white town. *Westward Ho !* is sold for sixpence, and for a penny you may buy a coloured picture postcard of the room at the Royal Hotel where he wrote that fine novel of the West. But I was for the Cornish border, and could not dally in Devon.

At half-past six on the morrow the post office was alight and busy. The mail bags for the outlying villages, with bundles of newspapers and parcels were stowed between the two passengers and the driver, and punctually at seven the horses strained up the hill.

How different is the life of a mail-coach driver from, say, that of a tax-gatherer. When he calls cottagers hide in washhouses ; but the mail-coach driver is welcome as spring. Even at the local post offices, where he discards his bags, there is a smile for him.

It was a typical west of England March morning. The land was wreathed in mist, through which the sun sometimes gleamed, but the strident rain came oftener than the sun. When a village loomed from the mist the driver blew his whistle, and a glad woman always hurried to the garden gate. Up the long hills he talked to the horses and to me, saying, with a smile, for your true air and wind man never grumbles, that he rose each day at five, that Sundays were as week-days, and that he had no vacation. When we rattled into Hartland, I, numbed with cold, asked him what he would drink. He knew his mind as perfectly as he knew the road, "Brandy!" he answered. I fumbled with the landlady about the brand, but she poured out her own selection. "'Tisn't worth while opening a fancy bottle for one customer," she said.

Why did I not walk to Marsland Mouth? Because when a man is bound for the coastguard path along the cliffs of North Cornwall, he is impatient of muddy Devon

lanes. That drive of an hour and a half in the jingle-cart had its moments. One came when we began to descend to Bursdon Moor—bare and bleak—and saw the road, miles ahead, a gash in the brown solitude, with no sign of life upon it but a vast herd of cattle—mild eyes in shaggy heads—who paused and stared as we passed.

When we drew near Welcombe, of which Hawker was curate, I descended to ask the way at a forge, for this was a new country even to the jingle-driver. The blacksmith was delighted to see a human being, and so loth to part company that he accompanied us on foot for a quarter of a mile. Following his instructions, we skirted Welcombe House, and then—well, as no pony could possibly descend that hill, I dismissed the jingle, and ran down into the valley.

The Cornish combes, or "bottoms," are designed on a plan to provide the maximum of physical discomfort—and happiness—to the pedestrian.. The steep sides are obstructed by furze, brambles and entangling shrubs; racing through the valley there is always a stream a foot too wide for a standing jump, and the ascent of the facing hill makes the head swim. Seaward there are the terrible cliffs, the black rocks huddled far below into fantastic shapes, virgin pebble beaches, lines of surf stretching a quarter of a mile from the shore, and that vast sea without a sail. You hear a report like the firing of a big gun, and, looking quickly up, see that it was caused by a breaker, born mysteriously from a smooth sea, lashing at the outrunning reef of rock, and exploding in a night-dark cave.

March is the time to walk the Cornish coast; you never meet a biped; you may see a raven; all the world is yours, new-created for your astonishment.

But I have left myself running down the hill to Marsland Mouth. Perhaps because Charles Kingsley has immortalised the Mouth in *Westward Ho!*; perhaps because some nature-loving Cornishman has chosen this inacces-

sible glen to build a mill, there is a sort of road, steep, winding, deep-rutted down to the stream.

A plank bridge crosses it, and there I stood feeling that I had achieved one desire of my life—to be where coast Cornwall begins. The Tamar nobly defines Cornwall all but a few miles, when the Marsland stream, a little life, takes the burden on her slender bosom. She is but one of the myriad streams that spill down from the hills of Cornwall to the sea; but brief though her life be, it is very active. I stood on the plank bridge, and thought of a talk I had the night before with a stranger at Bideford. You know those intimate talks with strangers, nameless, and gone on the morrow. We sat at the open window of the inn looking at the onflowing Torridge, while he summed up the desires of man under four heads: (1) The love of nature; (2) the love of good; (3) the love of women; (4) ambition. Well, the ambition of the Marsland stream is plain, single and soon won—to reach the ocean and make a sporting end. I climbed the hill to see how she did it. What a place! What a valley! With a sleeping sack one could be happy in this green haven for ever, or a week, so sheltered, so winning is it. Boscastle has been called a miniature Balaclava. Marsland Mouth is a miniature Boscastle. The river zigzags at the base of miniature precipices, green meadows all around, a lark singing overhead, then suddenly appears the coal-black beach, the snarling sea, and good-bye stream.

I turned to climb the hill, and saw a herd of cattle, led by three horses, stampeding towards me. The leading horse, an enormous roan, bearded like the pard, advanced and beamed. I believe he thought I was a new kind of mare. At any rate, he blocked the path, and did not move when I shouted. Was this a warning? In Cornwall one is always superstitious. Did the mist that was driving up the valley mean that Morwenstow Church tower, the landmark of sailors and shepherds, my landmark,

would be blotted out? Was that a crow or a raven on the cliff edge?

Suddenly the mist cleared and rolled seaward as quickly as it had gathered, the sun shone out, the horse kicked out his heels and scampered away. I ascended the path and near the summit paused to eat my luncheon and feast my eyes on that magnificent and lonely valley.

Probably not one visitor in a hundred to Cornwall has seen Marsland Mouth, and not one in a thousand has roamed it in the early days of March. On either side rise the steep enfolding hills, bare stretches, lightened by patches of yellow gorse, with here and there a reclaimed fertile field. Up country the valley is narrow and wooded, widening as it nears the sea. There was nothing to disturb the feeling of primordial desolation, save the mill and a few outhouses far below, that might have begun with the stream before history. They have grown old while the stream has kept young.

I do not suppose the appearance of Marsland Mouth has changed since Kingsley pictured it in *Westward Ho!* Chapter VI. opens with a description of the combes of the far West:—

"Which cut the high tableland of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and opening each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark-green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires and wings of jagged ironstone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where the salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each

autumn flood: its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's-fingers; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles towards the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes;—such is the 'Mouth'—as those coves are called; and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner."

Very still and primitive was the valley as I gazed down upon it from the hillside. Even the sight of three donkeys laden with sacks, and an ancient Adam following them, did not dispel the illusion; but the animals set me thinking of Hawker's description in *Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall* of the part played by animals in the old smuggling days. He tells of—

"The rough sea-captain, half smuggler, half pirate, who ran his lugger by beacon-light into some rugged cove among the massive headlands of the shore, and was relieved of his freight by the active and diligent 'country-side'. This was the term allotted to that chosen troop of native sympathisers who were always ready to rescue and conceal the stores that had escaped the degradation of the gauger's brand. Men yet alive relate with glee how they used to rush at some well-known signal to the strand, their small active horses shaved from forelock to tail, smoother than any modern clip, well soaped or greased from head to foot, so as to slip easily out of any hostile grasp; and then with a double keg or pack slung on to

every nag by a single girth, away went the whole herd, led by some swift well-trained mare, to the inland cave or rocky hold, the shelter of their spoil. There was a famous dun mare—she lived to the age of thirty-seven, and died within legal memory—almost human in her craft and fidelity, who is said to have led a bevy of loaded pack-horses, unassisted by driver or guide, from Bossinney Haun to Roughtor Point."

Picturing such scenes I finished the luncheon with which a cottager at Hartland had provided me. It was time to be starting, for though the hour was not much past noon, it was necessary to be afoot if I meant to reach Bude by nightfall.

An inland friend had told me that the cliff walk from Marsland Mouth to Bude was easy. "You have but to follow the coastguard path," he said.

I found no coastguard path, no track of any kind, and soon ceased to trouble about seeking one. It was simpler to climb a cliff, clinging to rocks and undergrowth with hands and toes, to mark the narrowest point of the rushing stream far below, and to scramble down towards it. Wet feet were a trifle; but it was uncomfortable to slip on the fording stones and fall shoulder first into the stream.

I avoided the edge of the cliffs, black as coal and dizzily precipitous. Great boulders of rock litter the shore and are lashed by the boiling surf. Rocks run seaward in parallel ridges, sometimes rising abruptly from the waves as if a leviathan had been cast up by some tidal wave and had petrified. Gull Rock, alive with birds, is the name of one of these leviathans; but Gull Rock II. should be its appellation, for there is another close by, a third off Welcombe, and I know not how many more rise on the Cornish coast. The Gull Rock off Welcombe is the scene of Hawker's imaginative account of the departure of Cruel Coppinger from Cornwall.

He describes how a wrecker, who had gone to watch the shore, saw as the sun went down a full-rigged vessel standing off and on. Presently a rocket hissed up from the Gull Rock, a gun from the ship answered it, and a well-known and burly form stood on the topmost crag of the Gull Rock.

"He waved his sword, and the light flashed back from the steel. A boat put off from the vessel with two hands at every oar—for the tide runs with double violence through Harty Race. They neared the rocks, rowed daringly through the surf, and were steered by some practised coxswain into the Gull Creek. There they found their man. Coppinger leaped on board the boat and assumed the command. They made with strong efforts for their ship. It was a path of peril through that boiling surf. Bending at the oar like chained giants, the man watched them till they forced their way through the battling waters. Once, as they drew off the shore, one of the rowers, either from ebbing strength or loss of courage, drooped at his oar. In a moment a cutlass gleamed over his head, and a fierce stern stroke cut him down. It was the last blow of Cruel Coppinger. He and his boat's crew boarded the vessel, and she was out of sight in a moment, like a spectre or a ghost."

Hawker, like Geoffrey of Monmouth, was more romancer than historian. He could not resist embroidering his facts. The real Coppinger has been identified by Mr. Baring Gould with an Irishman of that name, married, who lived at Trewhiddle, near St. Austell. Mr. Pearse Chope considers there can be little doubt that the Coppinger Hawker had in his mind lived nearer at hand in the adjoining parish of Hartland, where several of these tales, together with others of a similar nature, are still told about him.

Beyond Yeol Mouth rises great Hennacliff, the highest sea hill on this part of the coast, 450 feet above the level.

Hennacliff is easily reached from Morwenstow, but the approach from Marsland Mouth is to be preferred, as ascending its sides Hawker's sea-washed parish gradually unfolds itself from the hills.

The eye travels up the green valley and sees, on the slope, the grey church tower, and near by, on lower land, the vicarage. You search for the houses and finally are able to distinguish a small cluster of roofs far above the valley. As I climbed and dipped on my way to Bude Haven the church tower of Morwenstow Church was long visible. This is a walk that every Cornishman should take once in a lifetime. Back towards Hartland point, forward beyond the wide sweep of Bude Bay to distant Tintagel, the jagged headlands intrude themselves into the sea, which rages at their base, forming lakes of boiling water swirling around and between huge boulders that, in some far past time, fell headlong from the cliffs. He who has not walked this section of the north coast cannot imagine the lonely and angry majesty of the sea ; but the wayfarer must keep to the cliff and resist the temptation, about tea-time, of trekking inland up one of the valleys.

About four in the afternoon I yielded to this temptation, left the cliff path and struggled up a valley which I imagined was Combe, where, as readers of a former chapter may remember, there is a mill cottage arranged for refreshments. It was Stanbury Mouth, not Combe Porth, that attracted me; but I did not learn that until later.

The gorge became narrower, the overhanging trees denser, the stream broader. Soon it began to flow through a defile in the rocks, which I could not cross even by jumping. There was no path. I found a gate that seemed to lead into a field, but it was impossible to approach it, owing to a lake formed by the recent rain. I climbed a wall and perceived a track over a meadow; it appeared to lead to a wood and there to stop; but a path is a path; it may not have been used for a year, but there

is probably a farmhouse at the other end. Pushing my way through this wood, I saw the path trailing upwards to a farm, and there in the cottage I found the usual lonely Cornish woman engrossed in her household duties, kindly, but regarding strangers with an ill-concealed suspicion.

Wayfarers off the beaten track in Cornwall must often wonder, when they leave the lonely cottage on moor, or at valley mouth, what were the inward thoughts of the woman who gave them refreshment. Pale, overburdened with work, alone for hours at a time when her man is in the mine, or on the farm, she receives strangers, who to her are "foreigners" or "up-alongs," with a sort of negative courtesy. She is neither glad nor vexed to see them. She brews the tea, and places bread, cream and heavy-cake upon the table. Or, if it be midday, she may produce a pasty (excellent feeding) or a hot trotter-pie (horrible). And she will stand watching her guest, withholding her comments from this foreigner beyond the Tamar who is not of her kin. Tempt her to talk and she may use racial words such as "cosey" or "housen," or such a phrase as "do belong to have"; but she never drops into the old Cornish speech. That is dead.

The Cornish cottager is usually uncommunicative and suspicious of "foreigners"; but imaginative sympathy and years of friendly intercourse open doors, and so Mrs. Havelock Ellis, author of *My Cornish Neighbours*, has been admitted to domestic intimacies with her Cornish neighbours that are denied to the knapsack traveller. She has lived for years in a Cornish village; it has been her delight to foregather with the cottagers, and she has acquired or inherited a photographic faculty of reproducing conversations. The sketches in her book deal almost entirely with domesticities. They are village gossip, seldom touching themes above the heads of two old cronies chatting over the garden hedge.

In the last sketch in the book, where Mrs. Pengilly bids the author good-bye, the Cornishwoman says: "You've been one here against all, in a manner of speaking, for it do take years with we to treat a stranger like one of our own. We've been reared to look on all uplongs as natural foes, and though we all likes you, my dear, still it 'ave been a matter of principle wi' some, and wishing you no harm neither, just to show they could frustrate you in any undertaking. It's not malice, mind you, any more than wrestlin' or that sort."

Another of the papers called "Useless Tools" well expresses the strong clannish feeling which still lingers in the Duchy, the "one and all" offensive and defensive alliance against up-along authority.

A watch had been lost, and Martha was asked if the police should be informed. Says Martha: "They'm useless tools hereabouts. . . . We'm a people whose motto is 'One and all,' and we ain't going to let no neighbours be put upon or hurted in no ways, law or no law. Their very orders from uplong do make the police more like foreigners and strangers than those who do belong hereabouts. Even if a man be reared in the place, as soon as he claps that there uniform on, and his helmet and belt, he looks more like a dressed-up enemy than a man with a human heart inside him."

After this digression I return to the woman in the cottage above Stanbury Mouth. I failed to engage her in conversation, but she put me on the way to Combe—and tea.

Half an hour later I passed the site of Stowe House, which I had explored at the end of the first stage of my tour. This time I did not take the dull inland road, but struck across country in the direction of the sea, through orchards already beginning to whiten, over a heathery down, and so came to Long Rock, a healthy place of wide sands, which by the presence of a rough road leading

to the shore would seem to be beginning a career as a seaside resort.

Northcote Mouth possesses a cottage. There was ginger-beer for sale outside the door, heralding the region of civilisation. Man began to appear.

On the cliffs above Northcote Mouth I passed a caddie carrying a club, who could hardly be searching for a lost ball, as the club-house on Summerlese Downs was still far, far ahead. I watched him descend the cliff by a path that needed a steady head.

Inland was Poughill, and in the distance, nearer the sea, stretched the unattractive roofs of Bude town, looking like the beginning of a suburban London seen from Hampstead Heath. Presently a white-haired clergyman passed me taking his late afternoon constitutional, and soon I was striding along the cliff path, looking down upon the wide, but dangerous, mouth of Bude Haven. The life-boat was out for practice; the breakwater connecting the jagged rocks stood bravely forth. A stranger golfer stopped me to ask the way to the club-house. Truly I had wandered into civilisation. Below was windy Bude.

ENTRANCE TO BUDE HAVEN

CHAPTER VIII

BUDE TO BOSCASTLE

Compass Point—Widemouth Bay, the Future Eastbourne—Tintagel seen through the Mist—The Simple Life—A Reading of the *Morte Darthur*—Dizzard Gorge—St. Gennys—Hawker's Ride from Bude to Boscastle—Crackington Haven—A Night Drive—Boscastle out of the Season

ON the morrow, when I stepped out into the garden of the Falcon Hotel, Bude wore her morning smile. The air was soft, warm and redolent with the scents of spring. It was more like June than March. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, the sea was blue and unruffled; but although the sky was gracious, the waves lashed and foamed over the rocks beyond the breakwater.

I climbed the cliff to Compass Point. The path wound over springy turf, and from the green headlands one looked down upon small bays, wild and inaccessible, where no child has ever played. Beyond is Efford Beacon, a mound on the edge of the cliff, from which there is a magnificent view of the coast line, with the sea rolling in upon the splintered and battered rocks. Larks sang overhead, and I began to think that if the cliff walk was all as easy as this I should be at St. Ives long before the time that I had appointed. I descended into Widemouth Bay, famous for the Black Rock, a dark pillar of schist, where, according to a modern legend, Featherstone, the wrecker, is doomed to twine "cordage of the sand".

But it was not a day to dwell upon wreckers; grey, desolate Cornwall had vanished, and in its place had been wafted this sunny fragrant morning that had strayed into early March.

Widemouth Bay is sometimes mentioned by hopeful natives as the future Eastbourne of Cornwall. The development of this sandy waste into an Eastbourne will take a prodigious time. At present the visitor to the beautiful bay with the long stretch of yellow sand is not encouraged to enjoy its charm. The grass-grown cliffs are enclosed by a barbed-wire palisade, and the very road is barred by a massive gate, heavily padlocked. The future Eastbourne of Cornwall is fresh and spacious, but somewhat tame compared with other parts of the coast. It consists of a few small houses, a segregated sea-front, a rock-strewn shore, and a restless sea, where white-crested waves race one another over the yellow sands.

At the westward extremity of the beach there is another padlocked gate, and a notice-board which explains the cloistral character of Widemouth Bay. The notice runs thus :—

"This road, particularly the part of it between Salthouse and Widemouth Villa, having been undermined in places by the sea is dangerous to traffic. Passengers are cautioned to keep to the end of the road on the sea side."

The authorities have made another and a safer thoroughfare in the rear of the sea-facing cottages, a rough track suitable for a bullock waggon. The hinterland is bare and hilly, and the nearest railway station is miles distant; but those who appreciate the simple life for a month or two, to whom wide skies, tumbling seas and invigorating air are sufficient for a holiday, could be happy enough at Widemouth Bay.

I climbed the cliff, and at the end of half an hour rested my knapsack upon a gate and paused to enjoy the sight of this sweep of coast in sunshine. Far away Lower Sharpnose Point thrust its jaws into the blue sea; ahead, uphill, whither my steps were directed, loomed Dizzard Point. The western boundary of Widemouth

Bay, where I stood, was a mighty green upland stretching to the sky.

Far away beyond Dizzard Point, just discernible in the haze, rose King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, dim, mist-haunted, shadowy in the haze of day as the legends that have gathered around "grim Dundagel, thron'd along the sea". This stronghold of Cornwall's mythical hero, looming through the heat haze of that day in the twentieth century, turned my thoughts to antiquity and romance. Taking a small book from my knapsack, a pocket edition of the *Morte Darthur*, I read the last chapter of Malory's superb prose :—

"And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the quire of Joyous Gard, he alit and put his horse from him, and came into the quire, and there he saw men sing and weep. And all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector, and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Launcelot, dead; and then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword and helm from him. And when he beheld Sir Launcelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. Ah Launcelot, he said, thou were head of all Christian knights, and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrad horse. And thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest. Then there was weeping and dolour out of measure. Thus they kept

Sir Launcelot's corpse on loft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion."

I turned to the close of this little book, which Scott called "the best prose romance the English language can boast of," and which every one who is journeying to Tintagel ought to carry.

"Here is the end of the book of King Arthur, and of his noble knights of the Round Table, that when they were whole together there was ever an hundred and forty. And here is the end of the death of Arthur. I pray you all, gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth this book of Arthur and his knights, from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am on live, that God send me good deliverance, and when I am dead, I pray you all pray for my soul. For this book was ended the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, by Sir Thomas Maleore, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

"Thus endeth this noble and joyous book entitled *Le Morte Darthur*. Notwithstanding it treateth of the birth, life, and acts of the said King Arthur, of his noble knights of the Round Table, their marvellous enquests and adventures, the achieving of the Sangreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all. Which book was reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory, knight, as afore is said, and by me divided into twenty-one books, chaptered and imprinted, and finished in the abbey Westminster the last day of July the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV.

"Caxton me fieri fecit."

The patter of many feet disturbed my reverie; raising my eyes I perceived that a herd of the roving Cornish cattle, tawny, shaggy beasts, that use the roads as freely as the moors, had discovered my presence, and were now grouped around, gazing at me with mild curiosity as if saying: "This thing Man has quaint ways". I urged

ROAMING CATTLE ABOVE WIDEMOUTH BAY

them to pass downward to Widemouth Bay, lying outstretched in the sunlight, and again pursued my course in the direction of Pencannow Point, a headland 400 feet above the sea, from whose summit, I had been told, is the finest view of the coast. But guide-books and enthusiastic travellers say as much about a score of Cornish cliff headlands. Beneath Pencannow Point lies Crackington Cove, which I hoped to reach by luncheon time.

Soon I was dropping down to Wanson Mouth, a toy Porth with a plank bridge across a stream, curving like the letter S from the uplands, that a million years hence may carve the valley into another Marsland Mouth.

The easy descent into Wanson Mouth was followed by the uneasy climb up the other side. The day was hot, the hour past noon, the going difficult, and after a winter in London one's feet are not hardened to rough walking. I began to protest that this section of the coast was monotonous, and to resent the hard road that usurped the cliff path and wound over the headlands within a stone's throw of the edge.

But a walk round the Cornish coast is a succession of surprises. The wayfarer never knows what exhilarating experiences are in store for him. I had just breasted one hillock and was mildly ready for another when a twist of the path that dodged round an outcrop of rock revealed, lying far below, one of the most delightful glens that I had yet seen. Issuing from the recesses of a spinney, the stream raced down it seaward, turning, twisting and spirting over boulders. Two boats were drawn up above the beach, crabbing-pots were scattered around, the cliffs rose sheer on either side, and the rising meadows, through which the stream coursed, were dotted with cottages. "Crackington Cove!" I cried, and hastening joyfully down the zigzag path, crossed the stream, and seated myself in one of the boats for a leisurely luncheon. Excellent! I had covered much ground. At this rate I

should reach Boscastle early in the afternoon, and Tintagel possibly before nightfall. But while munching my second sandwich, my eyes fell upon the following words painted upon the stem of the boat: "*Rose*, Millok Haven". Confound it! This then was not Crackington Cove. Far from it. I opened the map, found that I was still on the Bude side of Dizzard Point, and Pencannow, beneath which Crackington Haven lies, was far, far along the coast. It did not matter; but I could never boast of my walking powers. It had taken me three hours to cover five miles.

Millok Haven has a special interest for entomologists; here is found a butterfly called the "Plymouth Blue," which comes to life on the hills above the cove, and never strays far from its birthplace. In a month's time a society of entomologists was expected in this remote glen lured by the "Plymouth Blue".

Having finished my luncheon I was lazily wondering if yonder silky thing in the water was a seal, when a man, bronzed with wind and weather, clambered round the headland, and stopping by a plank that had been washed ashore proceeded to measure it with the knuckle-length of his closed fist. A man who uses his fist instead of a footrule is worth knowing, so I hailed him, and we spent an hour together. He had reduced existence to its elementals, and there in that secluded haven, beyond railways, he was living the real simple life. His house, a low log hut on the cliff, with a garden overlooking the sea, he had built with his own hands and a little assistance. The logs of wood had come to him miraculously two years before, part of a deck cargo washed ashore in a single tide. He had hauled them above high-water mark, and in six months his house was ready, thatch-roofed, tarred outside, white painted within, as snug a dwelling as man could desire. He had his flower garden and kitchen garden, some rough shooting up in the spinney, good

pollock fishing, a farm parlour or two for company, and a shelf of books.

"What do you eat?" I asked.

"Oh, garden produce and lobsters! I dig them out of holes in the rocks with a pole."

A daily diet of lobsters! But there was no need to ask the question that one would have addressed to a confirmed lobster-eater in town. No fox-hunting squire has brighter eyes or a fresher complexion than this practitioner of the simple life.

I climbed the hill beyond his haven, and turning to wave farewell, marked him sitting on his garden wall, swinging his leg, smoking his pipe and flicking morsels of mortar towards the sea. But it was a fine day. How would he wear in a wet week, with a twinging tooth and an influenza cold?

Drawing near Dizzard Point I perceived that it is not, like so many of these headlands, a precipitous rock, but slopes gently upward from the sea. For a time I followed the cliff path, then beguiled by a track through a field, which looked like a short-cut to the next headland, I struck inland. This primrose way of walking the Cornish coast is entirely wrong. The pedestrian must never wander more than a stone's throw from the sea. Time should be nothing to him. He must take the travail of the journey as it comes, and never allow an apparently easier path to tempt him. Once turn inland and you are in the toil of monotonous miles, with all manner of obstacles between you and the sea.

An hour passed. The road still crept inland. "Enough!" I cried. Taking a bee-line across meadows, presently, about a mile from the sea, I was stopped from further progress by the steep side of Dizzard Gorge. It might have been possible to descend nearer the sea, but not from where I stood. There were woods to force through, a river to cross, and an ascent on the other side

as steep as the wall of a house. So I sought the road again, and trudged for one hour and a half through muddy lanes, wandering with every step farther from the sea. There was one glorious moment—a view from a white gate crowning a hill. In the near foreground was a field of amber earth, and stretching from it a golden upland. Far in the distance was grey Sharpnose Point, and between that and the golden upland stretched the blue sea with a thin line of foam breaking on the sands, and all this rich panorama was bathed in sunshine.

I left it with regret, regained the road and soon came upon some scattered houses. A man who was breaking stones by the roadside told me that this was St. Gennys.

"How do I get to Crackington Cove?" I asked.

"Turn round by the Baptist Chapel," he mumbled, "and then walk straight down the road to the sea."

A woman washing clothes outside a cottage, of whom I also inquired, gave me a similar direction, "You turn round by the Baptist Chapel".

This information would have been useful if the Baptist Chapel had flanked the road on which I was travelling. But I discovered later that it was half a mile down a side lane; probably I should never have found it had I not stopped at a farm to ask for more explicit direction, one of those venerable farmhouses marked on the ordnance map. There I rested, and there I found an interesting collection of books, including Hawker's account of his ride with a college friend from Bude to Boscastle, which contains a description of Warbstow Barrow, north-west of Otterham railway station. This sepulchral mound, known as King Arthur's Grave, is one of the largest British camps in Cornwall. Although tradition associates it with Arthur, there is no historical evidence for the attribution. Here is Hawker's description of Warbstow Barrow, as it looked in his day:—

"The start was from Bude, and we made our first

halt at a place twelve miles towards the south-west, a scene of general local renown, and which bears the parochial name of Warbstow Barrow. It stands upon a lofty hill that soars and swells upward into a vast circular mound, enthroned, as it were, amid a wild and boundless stretch of heathy and gorsy moorland. The view from this mountain top was a wonderful thing, but wild, desolate and bare. Beneath, on three sides, spread the moor, dotted here and there with a grey old church that crouched toward the shadow of its low Saxon battlemented tower, as if it still sought shelter, after so many ages, from the perils of surrounding barbarism. On the south side swelled the sea. But the brow of this hill, like that of many others in the west, dropped into the shape of a mighty circular bowl—a kind of hollow valley turfed with grass, and surrounded by a rim; an amphitheatre, however, large enough to hold 5,000 people at once. On the flat level floor of this round crater, and in the exact midst, still swells up uninjured the outline of a viking's grave. The shape of the great hillock at Warbstow is neither oval nor round, but survives the exact image of the dragon ship of northern piracy and war. Moreover, not the shape only, but the size of the ancient vessel of the dead is perpetuated here. Measured and graduated by scale, this oblong, curved and narrow grave would yield the dimensions of a boat of fifty tons, which would be about the weight of a Scandinavian serpent of the sea.

"We saw that an effort had been made to open this barrow at one of the ends; but an old woman, whom we found at a cottage not far off, assured us 'that they that tried it were soon forced to give up their digging and flee, for the thunders came for 'em and the lightnings also'. We endeavoured to sound the local mind of our informant as to the history of the place and the origin of the grave, but all we could drag out of her, after questions again and again, was 'great warriors, supposing, in old times'. Such

was the dirge of the mighty dead, and their requiem, at Warbstow Barrow."

Late in the afternoon I left the farmhouse, descended a lane, found the Baptist Chapel, and realised that at last I was really approaching Crackington Cove. The road, quickly losing the monotonous appearance of the dull district about St. Gennys, curved above the side of a deep gorge, well wooded, with a stream racing through the valley. The approach to Crackington Haven revived my spirits and gave a lilt to my steps. It is a romantic spot, promising all manner of climbs and wanderings over rocks. On the east rises Pencannow Point, a mass of dark slate 400 feet high; to the west is Cambeak (also called Carnbeak) 330 feet high, and between these two headlands lies Crackington Cove. I walked down to the rocks and sat there amid the silence of the unspoilt haven. Twilight began to fall, and had I not promised to meet a friend, a Cornishman, at Boscastle, I think I should have stayed the night at Crackington Cove and tramped in the morning along the cliff to Boscastle—a familiar and delightful walk. Midway is High Cliff, a vertical precipice which is said to be the loftiest wall of rock in Cornwall.

A farmer offered to drive me in his dogcart to Boscastle. We started after dusk, and the drive was well worth taking, as on Resparvell Down the fresh moorland air of Cornwall swept over us, and I learnt to appreciate the tingle of the salt sea wind. We paused on the height, and saw far below in the valley the lights of Otterham Station. The wind blew shrewder; it bit; and as we crossed the moor and descended into Boscastle, I sunk deep into my coat collar. Imperceptibly a frosty night had followed the sultry day. The heavens were of an intense and cold blue; high above Crackington Cove shone the Great Bear, and overhead Orion gleamed.

In former visits to Boscastle it had been high summer,

the narrow streets crowded with tourists, the inn yard packed with vehicles, and there had been a constant and wearying movement of traffic. It was a new experience to descend by night into a silent and empty Boscastle. The place seemed strangely unfamiliar when I dismounted from the dogcart at the top of the hill.

The music of the Valency stream murmured in my ears. I followed its course for a little way, lost my bearings, and stared into the darkness, hoping to see something there. A communicative man, seeing my bewilderment, emerged from a recess and conducted me to the inn. The light shone cheerfully from the entrance hall, where stood my burly friend, the Cornishman. He had driven from Camelford Station, walking being distasteful to him. He asked me how I had found my way over Resparvell Down in the dark.

"With the help of a dogcart," I answered.

He smiled and said: "Come in to the fire. Supper's ready! I suppose you haven't a spare pair of slippers?"

CHAPTER IX

BOSCASTLE TO TINTAGEL

Boscastle Harbour—Leland on Boscastle—The "Silent Tower" of Forrabury—The Economical Stranger—A Rough Walk to Tintagel—Cervantes and the Raven—Tennyson in Cornwall—King Arthur in Cornwall—Tintagel Churchyard

I AWOKE at Boscastle to the murmur of the Valency stream, the brook that runs from the Bodmin Moors and twists seaward. Shafts of sunlight streamed into the valley, and in front of my bedroom window were beds of wild daffodils.

Boscastle is like no other seaside resort in the world; there is neither beach nor sea-front, only rugged cliffs towering on either side above the stream which winds through this deep fissure in the cliffs. The few vessels that make for Boscastle are warped in by great hawsers, or towed through the opening into the harbour by a boat with seven rowers.

When Walter White published his *Walk to the Land's End* the Crimea was a household word. White likened Boscastle Harbour to Balaclava, and the comparison has been repeated in every guide-book since.

The cliff path wanders over the snouted headland called Penally, with the projecting Profile Rock guarding the harbour entrance. Far below is the winding inlet some 500 paces in length, and an easy stone's throw in breadth. On the other side is Willapark Headland, and seaward, close to the land, lies the island rock called Meachard the resting-place of thousands of gulls.

BOSCASTLE HARBOUR

Boscastle is the most picturesque place on the coast. Residents have been known to call the Valency neighbourhood and the wild valleys of Minster, Treworld and Lesnewth the Cornish Switzerland. Here the badger and fox are common, the kingfisher may often be seen, and sometimes the Cornish chough, in whose body, according to legend, the soul of King Arthur haunts these shores.

"Both male and female," says Mr. Izant, "are of the same glossy jet-black colour. The bill measures about two inches in length, is strongly deflexed, and very pointed. The bill and legs are of a brilliant red hue. The district between Tintagel and Crackington supports four pairs at the present time (1903), and this number has never been exceeded for twenty years past. The increased number of the winter pack is presumed to arise from the accession of birds coming from more distant parts of the coast. It has been observed that, directly the young choughs are able to thrive alone, they invariably disappear from the neighbourhood. There is no reason to suppose that choughs were ever more numerous at Boscastle than they now are. The number of the winter pack fifty years ago is estimated by old inhabitants to have been about the same as it is at the present time."

Boscastle is a corruption of Bottreaux Castle, which formerly stood in the upper part of the Jordan valley, but all that now remains of Bottreaux Castle is a grassy mound.

Leland, the antiquary, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives in his *Itinerary* the following description of Boscastle:—

"The Toun of Boscastelle lyith upon the Brow of a rokky hille by South Est and so goith doun by lenght to the Northe toward the Se, but not even ful hard to it. There is a Chirch in it, as I remembre, of S. Simpherian. The Lorde Botreaux was Lord of this Toun, a man of an old Cornish Linage, and had a Maner Place of smaul

Reputation, as it is now, far onworthe the name of a Castel. The People ther caulle it the Courte.

"Ther cummith down a little broke from South Est out of the Hilles therby, and so renning by the West side of the Towne goith into Severn Se betwixt 2 Hylles, and ther maketh a pore Havenet, but of no certaine salvegarde."

How certain phrases cling. All day there lingered in my mind that line of Leland's: "Ther cummith down a little broke from South Est out of the Hilles therby".

Forrabury is the parish church of Boscastle. With its "silent tower," from which they say no bells have ever pealed, is associated a legend. The captain of a vessel, which was bringing a new peal of bells to Forrabury, to rival those of Tintagel, refused to render thanks to God for his successful voyage. That night a storm arose; the vessel foundered; captain and crew were drowned and the bells lost; but the pilot who strove to persuade the captain to offer up his prayer of gratitude was, of course, saved. The story goes that the bells of Forrabury, like the bells of Is, may be heard in rough weather, tolling at the bottom of the sea. Hawker made a characteristic ballad from the legend:—

Still when the storm of Bottreau's waves
'Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peel their deep notes beneath the tide:
"Come to thy God in time!"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
Storm, whirlwind, billow past,
"Come to thy God at last".

Boscastle in a gale is a fine and fearful sight; but I was there on a day of early spring. The sun shone, the Atlantic was like a still, blue plain, and seafaring men, with daffodils in their buttonholes, were slouching up the cliff path to the Look-Out. A group was gathered at the extreme point, staring seaward, so engrossed that each

man stood rigid, forgetting to pace backwards and forwards five steps, in the manner from time immemorial of mariners on shore.

I followed the direction of their eyes and saw, far out to sea, a ketch (when in doubt I always call a vessel a ketch) in full sail making for Boscastle "port".

"Bound here?" I asked.

The mariner nodded, shifted his pipe, and said: "She's the first vessel of the season".

"Will she make the harbour?"

"Surely, with this wind. Coal, I do think! We go out in a row-boat, seven of us, and tow her in. How long? She'll take two hours. Eh, Joe?"

"I give she an hour and a half," said Joe.

Not caring to wait an hour and a half, I left the salts, descended, crossed the bridge, and sauntered up the facing cliff path to Willapark Point. Standing around the halfway seat was another group. Two fisher lads, who had been trying to catch a heifer on the upland, left the animal in peace and joined us. The eyes of Boscastle were fixed on that sail, drawing in from the unknown. The men did not talk; they watched; but when I remarked to an elderly man with blue eyes, a shaven upper lip, and a stubbly beard, that it was strange to find the sea at Boscastle calm as the Thames at Richmond, he shook his head and said gravely, for your Cornishmen always speaks of the sea with respect, even on a calm day:—

"There's been a frightful set of weather lately. I see the seas last week come over the rock yonder and fall down this side like a river. Lyin' in bed I've heard the blow-hole going like a gun. It runs underground for fifty feet to the sea, big enough to suck a man through, and when the water rushes in it'll blow out to where we're standing. The sea do have her way with the cliffs. It's all caverns 'bout here."

The strange vessel having drawn perceptibly nearer he

began to edge down towards the pier, and I, shouldering my knapsack, climbed on towards Tintagel. An hour later I came out upon a headland and saw the strange vessel close in to Boscastle, and a row-boat, with seven men at the oars, putting out to meet her from the harbour.

Obliged to descend into Rocky Valley, I missed the meeting between the Boscastle men and the first vessel of the season; but when I emerged on the high ground again, I saw with surprise the row-boat returning, and the vessel scudding before the wind. Had she refused help, confident that after much manœuvring she could, unaided, make the cleft in the rocks they call a harbour?

That evening, from the broken ramparts of King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, I saw her still wandering about the bay in full sail. And on the cliffs, although I could not see them, were those Boscastle mariners scornfully watching the gyrations of the economical stranger. She looked like a great white bird sailing out of the sunset; Arthur come again—at last.

The gyrations of the economical stranger, who would not incur the expense of a tow into Boscastle Harbour, has tempted me to slur over that delightful but toilsome walk from Boscastle to Tintagel; so I return to Willapark Point, to the seat on the cliff path, where the old salt talked about Boscastle weather, and the power of the blow-hole on the opposite cliff.

Ordinarily a walk of four miles is an agreeable exercise on a Sunday morning; but Boscastle to Tintagel, by the rough cliff path, when the rains have swollen the streams in the valleys, is equal to a long day's tramp over level ground. I say nothing of the descent into Black Pit, or the scramble round the cliffs over the loose slates of the quarries, but a time comes when, between the pedestrian and the roofs of Tintagel village far away on the sky-line, there lies the formidable gorge called Rocky Valley. Being a biped, I decided that it was impossible to descend

the steep cliffs near the sea; so I struck inland, and after a while clambered down to the stream that weeks of rain had converted into a torrent. Had I followed this roaring brook some distance up the valley, I should have reached St. Nighton's Kieve, a waterfall tumbling forty feet into the "Kieve," one of the showplaces between Boscastle and Tintagel. But St. Nighton's Kieve did not tempt me. So I wandered downwards towards the sea, hoping to find a ford in that raging stream, or at least boulder stepping-stones by which I could skip to the opposite bank. Hopeless. I doubt even if one could have waded, so tumultuous was the rush of water. There was no alternative but to seek a ford higher up the valley, so I crushed through undergrowth, scaled rocks, and at last found a place where a half-submerged stone in the middle of the stream invited a flying leap. Preparatory to making the jump, and to steel my courage, I threw over my knapsack, hat and stick; then, after much athletic preparation, funked the leap.

Higher up, in the direction of St. Nighton's Kieve, I found a ford. It was two o'clock ere I succeeded in retrieving my property, and another half-hour had gone before I had climbed the cliff and reached the brow of the hill on the Tintagel side of Rocky Valley.

Soon I struck the main road, and paused at the gate leading to a gloomy recess in the cliffs called Bossiney Hole, enclosed by lofty precipices and renowned for its donkeys. The hamlet is built round a large ancient barrow, where the writ for the election of members of Parliament was read before the borough was disfranchised. Leland has the following about Bossiney:—

"This Bossenny hath beene a bygge thing for a Fischar Town, and hath great Priveleges grauntid onto it. A Man may se there the Ruines of a gret numbre of Houses. Here also cummith down a Broke, and this Brook and Tredewy Water resort to the Se at one Mouth bytwixt ij

Hilles; whereof that that is on the Est side lyith out lyk an Arme, or Cape, and makith the Fascion of an Havenet, or Pere, whither Shippelettes sumtime resorte for socour.

"A Frere of late dayes toke upon hym to make an Haven at this Place, but he litle prevailed theryn."

The approach of Tintagel is not inviting; one sees only a bare and ugly village meandering along the brow of the hill, but it was plain that I was in King Arthur's country. A placard on the side of a house advertised "King Arthur boots," and an adjoining poster warned the visitor of the penalty he would incur by taking the eggs of the Cornish chough. The raven is equally sacred in this part of the country. I should like to have hung a third placard. It would have taken the form of an extract from Book II., chapter v., of *Don Quixote*:—

"Have you not read, sir, . . . the famous exploits of King Arthur? . . . of whom there goes an old tradition that this king did not die, but that by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that in process of time he shall reign again and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that, from that time to this, any Englishman has killed a raven."

Tintagel is the most popular place in the Duchy. Many visitors carry with them a copy of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, some Malory's *Morte Darthur*, a few prefer a volume of Hawker's *Poems*, containing his "Quest of the Sangraal":—

> Ho! for the Sangraal! vanish'd Vase of Heaven!
> That held, like Christ's own heart, an hin of blood!
> Ho! for the Sangraal!
>
> How the merry shout
> Of reckless riders on their rushing steeds,
> Smote the loose echo from the drowsy rock
> Of grim Dundagel, thron'd along the sea!

Probably the best-known lines of this unfinished poem are the quatrain with which it ends:—

He ceased; and all around was dreamy night:
There stood Dundagel, throned: and the great sea
Lay, a strong vassal at his master's gate,
And, like a drunken giant, sobb'd in sleep!

It is, of course, to Tennyson that the popularity of Tintagel is due. However historians may whittle away Arthur's connection with Cornwall, and they have whittled much since Tennyson published his *Idylls of the King*, the story of Arthur will remain with the many enshrined in Tennyson's verse. But it is to Malory that one oftenest returns. I have already quoted the end of his *Morte Darthur*. It is not unfitting to give here the beginning:—

"It befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, and so reigned, that there was a mighty duke in Cornwall that held war against him long time. And the duke was named the duke of Tintagil. And so by means king Uther sent for this duke, charging him to bring his wife with him, for she was called a fair lady, and a passing wise, and her name was called Igraine. So when the duke and his wife were come unto the king, by the means of great lords they were accorded both: the king liked and loved this lady well, and he made them great cheer out of measure, and desired to have had her love. But she was a passing good woman, and would not assent unto the king. And then she told the duke her husband, and said, I suppose that we were sent for that I should be dishonoured, wherefore, husband, I counsel you that we depart from hence suddenly, that we may ride all night to our own castle. And in like wise as she said so they departed, that neither the king nor none of his council were ware of their departing. All so soon as king Uther knew of their departing so suddenly, he was wonderly wroth. Then he called to him his privy council, and told them of the sudden departing of the duke and his wife. Then they advised the king to send for the duke and his wife by a great charge: and if he will not come at your

summons, then may ye do your best; then have ye cause to make mighty war upon him. So that was done, and the messengers had their answers, and that was this, shortly, that neither he nor his wife would not come at him. Then was the king wonderly wroth. And then the king sent him plain word again, and bade him be ready and stuff him and garnish him, for within forty days he would fetch him out of the biggest castle that he hath. When the duke had this warning anon he went and furnished and garnished two strong castles of his, of the which the one hight Tintagil and the other castle hight Terrabil. So his wife, dame Igraine, he put in the castle of Tintagil, and himself he put in the castle of Terrabil, the which had many issues and posterns out. Then in all haste came Uther with a great host, and laid a siege about the castle of Terrabil."

Under the year 1848, in Tennyson's journal of his *Tour in Cornwall*, when he thought of again taking up the subject of Arthur, are the following bald notes:—

"Tuesday, May. Arrived at Bude in dark, askt girl way to sea, she opens the back door. . . . I go out and in a moment go sheer down, upward of six feet, over wall on fanged cobbles. Up again and walked to sea over dark hill.

"2nd June. Took a gig to Rev. R. S. Hawker at Morwenstow, passing Combe Valley, fine view over sea; coldest manner of vicar till I told him my name, then all heartiness. Walk on cliff with him; told of shipwreck.

"Sunday. Rainy and bad; went and sat in Tintagel ruins; cliff all black and red and yellow, weird-looking thing.

"5th. Clomb over Isle, disappointed; went thro' the sea-tunnel cavern over great blocks. Walls lined with shells, pink or puce jellies. Girls playing about the rocks as in a theatre.

"6th. Slate quarries, one great pillar left standing; ship

under the cliff loading; dived into a cavern all polished with the waves like dark marble with veins of pink and white. Follow'd up little stream falling through the worn slate, smoked a pipe at little inn, dined, walked once more to the old castle darkening in the gloom.

"7th. Camelford, Slaughter Bridge, clear brook among alders. Sought for King Arthur's stone, found it at last by a rock under two or three sycamores, walked seaward, came down by churchyard. Song from ship.

"8th. Walked seaward. Large crimson clover; sea purple and green like a peacock's neck. 'By bays, the peacock's neck in hue.'"

Tennyson visited Cornwall again in 1860. In his diary is the following:—

"23rd August. Arrived at Tintagel, grand coast, furious rain. Mr. Poelaur would be a good name to direct to me by.

"25th August. Tintagel. Black cliffs and caves and storm and wind, but I weather it out and take my ten miles a day walks in my weather-proofs. Palgrave arrived to-day."

Now for a few historical items. After the Conquest the Earls of Cornwall lived at Tintagel. Some time in the twelfth century, before the present building existed, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who has been described as the "first of our historical novelists," wrote thus of Tintagel: "It is situated upon the sea, and on every side surrounded by it; and there is but one entrance to it, and that through a straight rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole power of the kingdom". In 1245 Earl Richard was accused of harbouring in Tintagel his nephew, David Prince of Wales, who was in rebellion. The castle became a state prison in the fourteenth century, and within its precincts John of Northampton, ex-Lord Mayor of London, was confined on account of irregularities committed during his term of office. In the reign of Elizabeth the castle was allowed to fall into ruin.

Those who are interested in the latest researches re-

garding Arthur's connection with Tintagel and the district may be referred to an excellent little book by Dr. W. Howship Dickinson called *King Arthur in Cornwall.* Dr. Dickinson holds that Arthur was a British chief, who lived in the dark interval between two civilisations: between the departure of the Romans from the island and the establishment of the Saxon polity. He divides the Arthurian localities into four groups (1) North Cornwall from Boscastle to Wadebridge; (2) Brittany, probably a mere offshoot from Cornwall; (3) Wales, chiefly in the south, with Caerleon-upon-Usk as a centre but involving the north to a lesser extent; (4) Scotland and the north of England.

As to King Arthur's supposed connection with Tintagel Castle, which is now a crumbling ruin, Dr. Dickinson remarks that Arthur "never saw an arch or stone of the existing building, and could not have been begotten in a hall that was not made till many centuries after his death".

"If Arthur was the lord of Tintagel, as is indicated by an immemorial tradition, which we may, without violence to probability, accept, nothing remains of this his dwelling-place excepting the immortal ramparts which will be for ever associated with his name."

Arthur's last battle "glorified in English literature from Geoffrey to Tennyson" is ruthlessly dismissed from history.

"It seems like sacrilege to hint that the only fight on the Camel of which we have sure information took place long after Arthur's death; and that if he and Mordred encountered, as there is reason to believe they did, the place of that event was not Cornwall but Scotland."

Dr. Dickinson associates three places outside Tintagel with Arthur: Damelioc Castle, which still exists as a huge earthwork in the parish of St. Kew, about eight miles from Tintagel; Kelly Rounds, the ancient Kelliwic, another earthwork a few miles from Damelioc, and Cardinham, supposed to be the Cardigan where Arthur

held court. The earthwork called Cardinham Castle stands in a field by Cardinham Moor, about five miles from Bodmin. All these places I hoped to visit during my tour of Inland Cornwall.

Dr. Dickinson thus sums up his study of the thorny subject of Arthur in Cornwall:—

"We may look upon Tintagel as the birthplace of Arthur, and believe that he was the son, or putative son, of a petty Cornish king. The exact fitness of Tintagel and Damelioc for the story of which they are the scene lends probability to it: not that we need accept the narrative precisely as related. Time, verbal transmission and Celtic imagination have to be allowed for; but we may, without undue credulity, believe that Gorlois was slain at Damelioc and Arthur born at Tintagel."

The historian leaves gentle Arthurians something they will prize. Writing of the wayside crosses of Cornwall, he says:—

"The oldest of these crosses are supposed to date back to the sixth century. It is more than probable that a Cornish chieftain at this period would have been a Christian, and possible that Arthur himself may have knelt before some of the crosses which still exist."

The summer visitor to Cornwall finds Tintagel overrun with tourists; but in early spring there are very few strangers. I was the only guest at the hotel. The waiter, with whom I had some conversation, was not an Arthurian enthusiast, and, coming from the north country, he was loyal to his birthplace, and confessed that he had not been impressed by Tintagel. He was amusingly ignorant. When I spoke of Tennyson, he said:—

"Mr. Tennyson? Yes, sir! I have heard that he was knighted here. I shan't be sorry to leave Tintagel. Give me Bolton Habbey—a much finer place."

The "Island" on which part of the castle ruins stand is an island only in name, being connected with the

mainland by a narrow isthmus. Some suppose that the chasm was once spanned by a drawbridge connecting the two parts of the castle. The Island is now reached by a winding stairway cut in the cliff which leads to the castle. The door is always locked. You obtain the key from a cottage in the valley. The ruins are of no importance, but it is a fine experience to wander over the grass-grown mass of rock, to watch the sea roaring against the cliffs, and to reflect on the dignity that the romance of history has given to this region. Welsh bards, Breton minstrels, British chroniclers, have through the ages glorified Tintagel and Arthur, and this book would not contain all the poems that have been composed on "grim Dundagel, thron'd along the sea".

A huge and luxurious hotel has been built on the headland facing the castle, high above the cove where Merlin's cave is shown to eager visitors.

From Tintagel, or Trevenna village (its correct name), it is a short walk to the church, rising from one of the bleakest situations in Cornwall, on the edge of the cliff above the sea. So violent are the winds at times that many of the tombstones are supported by buttresses. Here is buried John Douglas Cook, once editor of the *Saturday Review*, who was born at Camelford; but the tomb that is most in keeping with this windy sea-graveyard is a plain granite cross, and on it hangs a lifebelt with two enigmatic words painted thereon.

The sad beauty of Tintagel Churchyard, with its grey tower and grey gravestones, facing the grey ocean, left an impression on my mind more lasting than the ruins of King Arthur's Castle. There, within sound of the sea, the bones of mariners rest. Also the mortal part of a late editor of the *Saturday Review*. Strange conjunction! Inapposite mingling of dust! And yet is it strange? Cornwall was the *Saturday Reviewer's* native land, and dying he was carried back to his nurse.

TINTAGEL.—COVE AND RAMPARTS OF THE CASTLE

CHAPTER X

TINTAGEL TO PADSTOW

Real Cornish Weather—The Slate Region—Deserted Trebarwith Strand—Port Isaac—A Drive to Delabole Slate Quarry—An Afternoon at Delabole—Wadebridge—The Camel Estuary—The Approach to Padstow

IT was a wonderful evening! As I walked back from Tintagel Churchyard, through the long village street, the after-glow lingered in the sky, touching the headlands, rocks and bare fields to romance. Under that mystical light one felt that anything might have happened at Tintagel.

When I opened the hall door of the hotel near midnight, the heavens were ablaze with stars, and the tender blue of the night revealed the village lying silent and still on its upland.

With daylight came a spell of real Cornish weather. The landscape was blotted out by a hurrying mist and a driving rain, and the spray beat up from the sea.

Battling with the wind, I returned to the churchyard and set my face to Trebarwith Strand, the first halting-place on the way to Padstow. The charm of Trebarwith Strand in summer time is the colour of the water as it breaks upon that long yellow beach. Creswick, the artist, often visited this spot, fascinated by the delicate emerald tints of the sea, and the spray illumined by the sun; but the storms that rage on this coast appealed to him more than the lighter moods of nature.

On I plodded through the bustling Cornish weather.

Golf links stretch over the headland above the sea; but the aggressive features of this coast are the slate quarries. It is the region of slate. Fences, walls, roofs, gates, are made of slate, and the herbage has assimilated the grey hue that infects everything in a slate country. Far away in the distance I saw through the mist Pentire Point that protects Padstow Bay, with giant Trevose Head beyond. Nearer, but some ten miles off, gleamed the roofs of Port Isaac.

It was a grand day for walking, and long before I expected to reach Trebarwith Strand I found myself descending rapidly into the Porth.

Trebarwith Strand wore its wildest winter aspect. Waves dashed into the cove, the lodging-houses looked forlorn, and the only sign of life was a lonely dog, who stood disconsolate by a quarry. I descended to the Strand; it was high tide. The cliffs above me dripped moisture, and the sea surged into the caverns bored by the rush of water in the walls of rock that sweep round the bay. Returning to higher ground, I met a man leading an old horse, and suggested to him that Trebarwith Strand was not as lively as Margate.

"'Tis a sad place in winter months," he croaked. "But you should come here in summer time; it's sand all along for a mile, and you can get as brave a gallop on a horse as in any place in Cornwall. There are hundreds bathing. Machines? No. They dress in the coves 'Tis a mighty fine place in the summer time."

He asked me what I proposed doing. I replied that it was my intention to walk by the coast to Padstow.

He shook his head, and protested that it was not worth while, that there was only one place of interest on the coast, Port Isaac. And if I reached Port Isaac after sunset there was a tidy chance later on of not finding a boat to ferry me across to Padstow.

While we talked the rain fell heavily. I listened to the

voice of this charmer, who strove to persuade me that the wise course was to allow him to drive me to Delabole, where I could inspect the famous slate quarries, and then travel on comfortably by train to Padstow.

Referring to my guide-book, I read that the route "to Port Isaac involves the passage of many combes, none very picturesque, but sufficiently fatiguing"; also that the coast has no striking features. To which was added the probability that the rain proposed to continue all day. Moreover, I had already visited Port Isaac, a typical Cornish fishing village, straggling around and above a small creek, approached by winding lanes that finally merge into a steep hill leading to the little pier that was built in the reign of Henry VIII. Since the opening of Port Isaac Road railway station the fishing village has become mildly popular with visitors. The name has nothing to do with a saint. It is supposed to be a corruption of Porth Izic, the "corn port," or perhaps Port Issyk, the "lower port".

My friend evidently took it for granted that he was to drive me to Delabole, for he appeared on the box-seat of the conveyance while I was still debating and studying the ashen sky. It was a long drive, and uphill most of the way. I was glad to have taken it, because it showed me how grey, desolate, depressing and ugly a slate-mining village can look. Delabole may have a more cheerful aspect in the sunshine, but the village on that rainy afternoon remains for me the quintessence of monotony and unrelieved ugliness. Slate is common between Tintagel and Trebarwith; here it is everywhere. The garden paths are made of it, even the clothes-pegs which fasten the garments on the lines, when it is not raining, are of slate. But a journey to Delabole should be made for the sake of the view from the brow of the vast excavation, open to the sky, about 450 feet deep, from which the slate is obtained. The Delabole quarries are mentioned by Carew,

in the reign of Elizabeth, and I believe they have been worked ever since. From the depths of the excavations masses of slate many tons in weight are seen slowly ascending up the incline to the Poppet Head from which the guide-ropes are stretched.

Far below, at different elevations, you see the miners at work, looking the size of chessmen. Once an hour the rocks are blasted. The first hoot from the syren signifies, prepare; the second hoot, take shelter; the third warns all that the fuse has been fired. At the second hoot you see miners leaving their workings to take shelter. Then follow the explosions, sometimes a dozen of them; puffs of smoke start from all parts of the excavation, followed by the rumble of falling rock. The men emerge from the shelters and the business of despatching the slate to the brow of the excavation begins again.

Another interesting sight is watching the skilled workmen splitting the slabs, which they hold on their knees, into thin roof-slates, each section breaking off from the main piece perfectly evenly. The various sizes of roofing slate, for which Delabole is renowned, are called Ladies, Countesses, Duchesses, Queens, Rags and Imperials.

What to do with the rubbish has always been a difficult problem at Delabole. Some of the Cornish slate quarries which have no waste land on their confines where rubbish may be shot have been closed. Delabole is fortunate in this respect; but the pleasant fields, which surround the excavation, suffer. The daily accumulation of refuse is run out in trucks on rails and cast on the surrounding meadows which are gradually being hidden under hills of refuse. The mass now exceeds a hundred acres.

This colossal heap of rubbish has provided a means of living for old miners past active work who are called Olla Bobbers. They build little huts on this tableland of rubbish or on the green fields at the base, and spend

their days searching for good pieces of slate that have been thrown away with the bad. They cut and fashion them, and when they have collected a respectable quantity, sell them to their masters. The Delabole slate lasts well. I was shown the roof of a cottage that was laid in Wesley's time, still weathertight and even.

Methodist chapels abound in Delabole village. I remarked upon their number to a woman in a small shop, who had been trying to sell me a picture postcard of the latest ugly erection.

"Yes," she said, with a happy smile, "we have a deal of chapels here. Isn't it beautiful?"

The railway from Delabole to Padstow passes through Wadebridge, which stands at the head of the estuary of the river Camel. The glory of Wadebridge is the bridge of seventeen arches, which was built in 1485, chiefly through the efforts of Thomas Lovibond, Vicar of Egloshayle, who had been distressed by the dangerous nature of the ferry across the Camel at this point. The old railway connecting Wadebridge and Bodmin was the second line to be opened in England. My route skirted the Camel River on the way to Padstow. Sand, sand, sand everywhere; wide, still water; green fields, and seaward the waves breaking on the Doombar.

CHAPTER XI

PADSTOW TO NEWQUAY

Padstow unlike Cornwall—A Church Reclaimed from the Sand—The "Hobby-horse" Festival—Neolithic Man at Harlyn Bay—Bedruthan Steps—Lanherne Nunnery—Coastguards at Mawgan Porth—Graves on Trevalgey Head—Newquay Transfigured—A Pessimistic Clergyman

AN air-voyager dropped from a flying-machine upon the roof of a Padstow house would never think that he was in Cornwall. If he walked out to Stepper Point, or strode some miles westward to Trevose Head, the first land sighted, in old days, by Canadian timber vessels trading to Padstow, the majestic sweep of coast, the jagged headlands and scattered rocks would certainly suggest Cornwall; but the estuary of the Camel River from Wadebridge to Padstow, although beautiful, has no claim to the epithet wild. The panorama induces reflection, moves one to a mood of gentle melancholy; but it does not stimulate. Nowhere in Cornwall have I seen such sand—gold, grey and yellow, equally lovely at all tides. Looking across the river the eye is soothed by these wastes of blown sand stretching inland from the sea to where the little hamlet called Rock rises from the shore.

Padstow is some distance from the sea, and the harbour is the only place of shelter on the north coast; a poor shelter, for a bar of sand called the Doombar (*Dunbar*, *Dune-bar*) impedes the entrance, and during north-westerly winds makes the passage very dangerous.

On the day of my visit there were but three vessels in

the river bound for Wadebridge, waiting patiently for a favourable tide. It was another glorious morning. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, a fresh breeze cooled the air, and skiffs skimmed to and fro on the wide waters of the Camel estuary. Before visiting Harlyn Bay, which since the discovery of the prehistoric graveyard in 1900 has become the principal attraction of the neighbourhood, I proposed to cross the river and inspect St. Enodoc Church, now recovered from the shifting sand that once nearly overwhelmed it.

From past experience I knew that one may spend hours searching for half-buried oratories, bee-hive villages, Arthurian camps and inscribed stones, so I utilised the breakfast hour in gathering information from the hotel waiter as to the exact locality of the sand-buried church. An advantage of visiting Cornwall in the off season is that you can glean, without fear of interruption, as much local knowledge as you desire. One guest in a large coffee-room is a personage; among forty others he is a nobody.

The willing waiter bade me look across the river to a path skirting a distant rock and winding through the sands. This lonely little path, he assured me, led direct to the reclaimed chapel.

I walked along the quay, descended to the shore, hailed the ferryman, and eyed, with some misgiving, the choppy waves. A red sail was hoisted; we shot across the estuary, and within six minutes I was ashore and toiling ankle-deep through the soft sand. Such sand! Acres of it! Seaward gleamed a line of foam sunlighted, marking and mocking the Doombar; and, far beyond, Pentire Point rose boldly from a blue sea.

Centuries ago St. Enodoc landed on this coast from Wales, and built an oratory under the shadow of Bray Hill. Nothing of it now remains, although traces of the oratory were revealed by the shifting of the sand on Bray Hill in 1822. The present church was built about 1430,

restored, and excavated from the sand in 1863, which was piled around it to the level of the roof. So deep in the sand, now protected by a trench, is the edifice that an agile man could jump from the churchyard to the roof. Only the tower, a crooked spire of slate stone, shows above the desolate towans. It is said that in former days the parson was accustomed to enter the half-buried church by the roof and hold the service, sometimes in solitude, so that he might retain his tithes.

The door of this church in the sand was locked. I walked round the trench that encircles it, high as a man's shoulder, and, looking through one of the windows, saw new pews highly varnished, cruelly unharmonious with a fifteenth-century building. The authorities should take an example from the pews of Zennor Church, which, although of modern oak, are simple in design and unvarnished.

Prideaux Place, the ancient seat of the Prideaux family, built in 1588, standing high above the town, is as fine a specimen of the castellated mansion as one would wish to see, yet it also looks homelike and comfortable. Why did not the architect of King Arthur's Hotel at Tintagel take this noble Elizabethan building as a model? Opie, who was a Cornishman, many of whose pictures hang in Cornish houses, painted the Prideaux family, their dependants and dogs with something of the profusion with which Valasquez painted the family, dependants and dogs of Philip IV. The old staircase of Stowe House was removed to Prideaux Place when the Earl of Bath's "Palladian Pile" was razed and scattered.

Padstow is a corruption of Petrock's stow, a name which was also applied to Bodmin. Says Leland: "I take it that it has its name from the famous St. Petrock, an abbreviation of Petrockstow, St. Petrock's place, to whom the church is allowed to be dedicated, and who most probably was born here, as more certain it is that he was

buried in St. Petrock's Church in Bodmin, as may be seen there".

Padstow has a sort of renown for its "Hobby-horse Festival" which falls on May Day. Mr. Sandford Allport, whose description I quote, calls it the "Padstow Saturnalia":—

"On the 1st of May of every year, unless it falls on a Sunday, is observed what has been handed down from very remote ages, a very rough and coarse pastime—'The Hobby Horse'. This relic of barbarism lingers yet, simply because the principal actors get a little money out of it, and the youngsters who follow an abundance of fun and frolic. The early morn is ushered in by singing or screaming the May Song, a doggerel without rhyme or reason, but it has at least the merit of antiquity, and love of old institutions and old literature and old architecture dies very hard, if it ever really dies.

"Here are the first three stanzas:—

Unite, all unite! it's now all unite,
For summer is a come in to-day,
And whither we are going it's all now unite
In the merry morning of May.

With the merry singing and the joyful spring—
For summer is a come in to-day,
How happy are those little birds that merrily do sing
In the merry morning of May!
Chorus—Unite, all unite! etc.

Young men and maidens, I warn you every one,
For summer is a come in to-day,
To go into the green woods, and bring the May home
In the merry morning of May.

"About 10 A.M.—the hero of the day—'the Hobby Horse,' fresh from the stable and duly caparisoned, makes his appearance with rude music, singing and dancing to the great delight of his followers of both sexes, proceeding at once to the country and returning to the town just

after midday. The man who carries the 'Hobby Horse,' as it is termed, is dressed up in headgear which very inaptly passes for the head of a horse, as ugly as its form, aided by black and red can render it; an enormous hoop encircles the animal's waist supporting a tarpaulin drapery which reaches from the neck to the ground, a hairy tail hangs from behind, and in front he presents a snaffle, with which he now and again pretends to hit at or push at some one near, or otherwise disports it; the scene in its entirety is ludicrous beyond description.

"It is not altogether peculiar to Padstow—Sir Walter Scott refers to it in the *Abbot*. In the notes thereto he says: 'One fellow with a horse's head painted before him, and a tail behind, and the whole covered with a long footcloth which was supposed to hide the body of the animal, ambled, carolled, pranced and plunged as he performed the celebrated part of the Hobby Horse'. Returning, he parades the town for about three hours, and for the time being is all-engrossing even to those who deplore it and would like to see it discontinued. The whole affair is gradually dying out, to the honour of the town, and ere long may be consigned to the limbo of the past."

The native of Padstow who drove me out to Harlyn, a sequestered and delightful bay, with a fine sandy beach, about midway between Pentire Point and Trevose Head, remarked that it was the "beautifullest bay" between Hartland and Land's End.

The Harlyn shore is indeed a pleasant spot, and I do not wonder that in 1900 Mr. Reddie Mallet chose the hill overlooking the bay as a site for a house. Little did he think that in making the excavation he would unearth skulls, skeletons, flint implements and jewellery of pre-Roman man. The Harlyn Bay discoveries aroused great interest in archæological circles. Mr. R. Ashington-Bullen has given a detailed account of the finds in an illustrated pamphlet.

Some years before, in 1866, Mr. C. G. Prideaux Brune, of Prideaux Place, had called the attention of the members of the Royal Institution of Cornwall to the discovery in a barrow at Harlyn Bay of two gold lunettes. They were claimed by the Duke of Cornwall, now King Edward VII., as treasure-trove, and were deposited in the museum of the Royal Institution of Cornwall at Truro.

During the digging for the foundations of Mr. Mallet's house a slate kist was found, at a depth of about fifteen feet, and within it was a skeleton with characteristic ornaments and implements of the neolithic period.

The first difficulty was the removal of the blown shell sand which had accumulated to a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet, and no less than 2,000 tons had to be carted away before a small part of the burial-place was laid bare. Up to the present more than a hundred interments have been examined.

Mr. R. Ashington-Bullen, the author of the Harlyn Bay pamphlet, continues:—

"The graves are placed methodically in regular lines, and in some cases four kists have been put one above another. Probably through the centuries during which the place was used for interments, the sand encroached, and covered up the lower tiers. One place, almost to be called a prehistoric charnel-house, seems to have been used for the promiscuous reception of human bones taken from other kists previously existing, the kists of those thus dispossessed seemingly being again devoted to the use of fresh tenants. The bones in the 'charnel-house' occur pell-mell as though thrown in carelessly.

"One of the interesting points about this find of prehistoric things is that there is evidence of a long occupancy of the district by neolithic man; for, while in the earlier and lower interments only the simpler forms of flint, slate and shell implements are found, in the upper and latest the discoveries comprised bronze ornaments

and Roman pottery. Of course these articles may have been procured by trading, and therefore would not be very conclusive as to the date of the occupation of Harlyn Bay by some primitive British stock.

"We have seen so far that Harlyn Bay was the burial-place of a tribe of pre-Roman Britons; the question is, Did they live on the spot? Careful observations by Mr. R. Mallet tend, in his opinion, to show that they did. But so far, no traces of their dwellings have been found on the spot—although he has lately explored an unquestionable hut in the neighbourhood. However, as these would probably have been either of the nature of skin tents, or of wattle-and-daub, and therefore of a perishable nature, this is not surprising. For even in the interments, the garments in which the dead were buried have disappeared, the human bones being stained with the verdigris of the bronze fibulæ that fastened such coverings, where they rested against them.

"It may be, however, that the neolithic men who made these graves lived in the neighbourhood seaward, and that the place of their habitation has been destroyed by the sea, and that the patches of implements discovered above the kists were left there for memorial and decorative reasons, just as the civilised inhabitants of Tasmania at the present day cover their graves with abundance of the brightest and most beautiful shells they can procure. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the actual settlement where the neolithic men lived has not yet been discovered, although it should be borne in mind, as possibly against my deduction, that the excavations have at present revealed but the fringe of a vast discovery."

A museum has been built on the site. There is also a bungalow in the garden available for those who desire to meditate among the tombs of their pre-Roman ancestry. Harlyn Bay in the summer time is as popular in its degree as Hampstead Heath; but in the winter the skulls and

skeletons are left undisturbed. On the day of my visit it had again become a city of the dead. The door of the museum was barred, the house was empty, silence brooded over the neolithic cemetery. Exposed in the sand are four padlocked wooden cases, each containing a skeleton in a kist: when the wooden lids are raised in the tourist months, twentieth-century man, on his way to a picnic at Trevose Head, may examine pre-Roman man in the exact position of his sepulture.

Rounding Trevose Head you reach Constantine Bay, another site of prehistoric remains; then Porthcothan Beach and so on to Bedruthan Steps. There are no houses, only a few cottages on the cliff, where the visitor can obtain mild sustenance. The shore, reached by a steep path that zigzags down the side of the cliff, is strewn with masses of rock that, ages ago, fell from the heights. The sea roars into this desolate creek. Two life-belts hang by rusty nails to the face of the cliff, and near by is a memorial to one who was drowned at Bedruthan Steps. The inscription runs: "Placed here by his friends, whose lives were mercifully saved, as a warning to visitors of the danger of bathing from these sands". Overhanging Bedruthan is an ancient entrenchment known as Red Castle. A patriotic pedestrian, G. F. J., has thus described the view:—

"Across the beds of sea-pink, our feet sinking deeper in its soft cushions at every step we take . . . till we stand at the cliff-edge. . . . I grant the most patriotic Cornubian at once that nowhere, at no time, had we looked on a scene like this. Twenty miles of cliff, a hundred of rolling water, outspread before us—a score or more of lesser bays, each with its own golden sands and gleaming promontory, indented within the embrace of the one noble bay."

If you will look at a map of Cornwall you will see that south of St. Eval, a village three miles inland from

Bedruthan Steps, the vale of Lanherne opens to the sea from the village of Mawgan. As the noon sun was becoming troublesome I thought it would be pleasant to make straight for Mawgan and then walk down the valley to Mawgan Porth, visiting on the way the old Manor House of Lanherne, now a Carmelite nunnery. This sisterhood, driven from France to Antwerp by the Revolution, emigrated to England when the French entered Belgium.

Visitors see nothing of the inmates; but they are shown the chapel with a curtained grating to the right of the altar behind which the nuns kneel. The convent is a peaceful place surrounded by tall elms, separated from Mawgan Churchyard by a stone wall. When the windows of church and chapel are open, the strains of prayers and petitions from Protestant and Catholic hearts mingle and ascend. The garden of the convent contains an ancient cross with a Latin inscription in Anglo-Saxon characters. This cross once stood in the parish of Gwinear.

Another ancient cross stands in the adjoining churchyard described by Blight as the most elaborate in Cornwall: its date is 1350. Close by is a monument in the shape of the stern of a boat erected over the grave of ten fishermen who, on a winter's night in 1846, drifted ashore at Mawgan Porth all frozen to death. Caranton, a house in the neighbourhood, was the abode of Noy, the notable and niggardly attorney-general of Charles I., who, according to Fuller, "was wont pleasantly to say that his house had no fault in it save only that it was too near London".

The vale of Lanherne did not rouse my enthusiasm: it is a pretty walk over meadows; there are a hundred such rambles in England. But the approach to the sea atones for the unremarkable character of the vale. Suddenly I was plunged again in real Cornwall, a desolate opening valley of drifting sand with a stream overflowing the road through which horses must splash with their burdens. The pedestrian is allowed a footbridge.

Near the Porth I crossed another bridge, and paused at the coastguard cottages which are the only buildings at Mawgan Porth. But the locality was cheerful with life. The coastguards were practising signalling. Their flags flapped in the breeze through the heat haze that hung over the blue sea above the curves of foam that swept gently into the cove. The wet sand mirrored the rocks, and hundreds of gulls reposed on the smooth moist surface.

I sat on a grassy knoll and idly watched the coastguards waving their flags. Then the bronzed and stalwart men trooped down to the sand and busied themselves in practising throwing the line. A stake, representing a boat in need of assistance, stood some fifty yards away, and each in turn tried to cast the rope so that the end encircled the stake. The instructor performed the feat admirably; the efforts of the others were not so successful; but the lesson went with a lilt, and the deep laughs that followed the misses were good to hear.

It was a day of calm and uneventful beauty, and with a companion I might have visited the caverns that pierce the cliffs of Mawgan Porth. The largest has an entrance 300 feet high and extends 800 feet inwards.

So still was the sea, so temperate the breeze, so sunny the hour, that a child could have navigated the waters. It was difficult to realise that where the stream trickles gently into the blue water, one winter's night, sixty years ago, a boat's crew, frozen to death, drifted ashore.

When the coastguards had finished amusing themselves with the line, I hailed one of them and asked his opinion about the cliff walk to Newquay. Was I never to learn not to take advice?

He cautioned me against the undertaking, adding, after eyeing me from head to foot, that the path was much too rough for walking.

So I took to the road, a hot dusty road winding inland,

and after footing it for a mile upbraided myself for accepting the coastguard's advice. Country folk despise walking except as a means of journeying from one place to another when train or vehicle is not available. They cannot understand that a townsman enjoys a walk for its own sake, even though it may take him circuitously to his destination.

After I had trudged for half an hour two coastguards passed me on bicycles. They were jolly men, riding atrocious machines, and when I asked them if I was on the right road to Newquay, they shouted, "Keep well inland".

I declined their advice, made for the cliffs, and found to my joy that the lane soon turned seaward and descended. In a quarter of an hour more I came out at a breezy place called Watergate Bay, with a few houses and a large hotel. The hotel was not yet open for the summer, but wanderers could obtain refreshments.

The walk from Watergate to Newquay by the cliffs is delightful. Westward, under Towan Head, I could see the blur that marks the houses of the ugliest and most popular coast-town in Cornwall. But Newquay in the distance that gorgeous evening looked like some fairy palace. The red sun, a round ball, was sinking, and I was sorry to descend into St. Columb Porth and lose the sight of that transfigured town blurred into a glowing smoky mass rising from the sea to cloudland.

Visitors to Newquay know the attractions of St. Columb Porth well, its bridge to Trevalgey Head, its caves, caverns and blow-hole. But all may not know that in 1872 two barrows were opened about a mile east of the entrenchment known as Trevalgey Cliff Castle. In one a quantity of brownish mould and a skull were found; in the other a skeleton, the legs bent, the arms stretched out, so that the hands must have touched the knees or nearly so; also a small perforated axe hammer, beautifully fashioned out of a granitic stone, containing felspar, quartz and shorl.

Commenting on these finds, Copeland Borlase wrote :—

"There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, if of native origin, they belong to an earlier date than can be fairly assigned to any other interment mentioned in this book (*Nœnia Cornubiæ*, 1872). It is not, however, impossible that they are not of native origin, but are the traces of an intruding people, a party perhaps of the earliest Norsemen, whose galleys sailed forth in quest of adventure in the sunny southern clime. . . . Whatever these speculations may be worth, the discovery of a contracted interment, in a megalithic grave, in company with a stone hammer, in Cornwall, is an archæological fact well worthy of record."

The Harlyn Bay interments had not been discovered when Copeland Borlase wrote the above.

The approach to Newquay by road from St. Columb Porth is dull and uninteresting ; but those who are familiar with the district cross the sand, and make their way over the headland—a delightful walk. The hour being late I took the road, and passed by villas and through streets of lodging-houses to an hotel by the station. I had been to Newquay before, and therefore was not disappointed at the aspect of the town. He who arrives at Newquay by train must be prepared for disillusionment. I was cheerful ; but an elderly clergyman, ordered to Newquay for his health, who sat next to me at dinner, was very pessimistic.

"Where are the shops?" he muttered, between the courses. "Where are the sands? Where is the sea? And this is Cornwall! Dear me!"

CHAPTER XII

NEWQUAY TO ST. AGNES

Prosperous Newquay—Crossing the Gannel Estuary—A Glorious Heath called Cubert Common—Two Men and a Pig—A Cornishman without Superstitions—St. Piran's Oratory—Miracle Plays and Perran Round—The Sands of Perranporth—St. Agnes Beacon—Legends of Giant Bolster—Mining Cornwall on a Wet Evening

NEWQUAY is the most popular watering-place in Cornwall. It has fine sands, and on Beacon Hill luxurious hotels, with spacious views of sea-girt cliffs. There are good golf links, and between Towan Head and Pentire Point walks and views, that I hope the pessimistic clergyman soon discovered. Newquay is also the starting-off place for the cliff walk to Perranporth with the chance, a sporting chance, of finding the oratory of St. Piran among the sand hills.

But the modern town of Newquay is not attractive. Half a century ago, before the houses and shops were built along the edge of the cliff, hiding the sea, it must have been a stimulating walk above the old harbour on to Fistral Bay. The railway, the jerry builder, and the heedlessness of those in authority who allowed the town to grow without artistic direction, have between them spoilt a site that might have been one of the finest watering-places in the kingdom.

Newquay has one antiquity, the Huer's House on Beacon Hill, where, in the days when pilchards visited the coast, the Huers would stand to watch for the patch of colour on the sea that marked the presence of the fish. Carew, three centuries ago, wrote of "newe Kaye, a place

in the north coast of Pydar Hundred, so called because in former times the neighbours attempted to supplie the defect of nature by art, in making there a kay for the rode of shipping".

Early the next morning I started forth between the ugly rows of houses and shops, and discovered the harbour, by chance, when I looked over a wall at the end of a side street. Below me was the small haven of "newe Kaye," protected by two short piers. The foreshore was untidy, but to the right stretched the fine sands with sweeping headlands casting great shadows on the beach, which glistened with the shallows of water left by the outgoing tide. Beneath and around me clustered the old fishing village, and beyond, perched boldly upon the cliff, was the sign-mark of prosperous modern Newquay —the Atlantic Hotel.

Glad to escape from crowded Newquay, I struck away to the left, crossed the golf links, descended a steep hill, and came to the estuary of the Gannel River. Fortunately the tide was out. At high water one must cross in a boat; but at low tide the pedestrian finds a plank bridge over the trickling stream.

I toiled over the sand to the facing headland, splashed through a swamp, and climbed the cliff.

Higher up the estuary, vehicles bound for Crantock and Cubert, which are on the main road to Perranporth, were slowly ploughing through the sand. The ruts made by the vehicles, long, sinuous furrows in the smooth surface, were visible from where I stood. If, I reflected, that primitive route is the direct way to Perranporth, what degree of rough going will the cliff walk offer.

It was plain that already I had missed my way, for although I was taking a bee-line I could find no track through the meadows encircled by stone walls. Wall after wall I climbed, ever toiling upwards, until a man driving a waggon across a field hailed me and asked

politely but forcibly why I was trespassing. He accepted my apologies and explanations, and gave me leave to cross his land to Crantock Bay.

The view was magnificent—a vast stretch of rolling towans, with no sign of life but the birds and two frisky donkeys. Beyond were the sweeping yellow sands of the bay, and the white-crested waves stretching away through the haze to Trevose Head, with its lighthouse, a gleam of white.

My route was towards the village of West Pentire. I made the descent into Porth Joke, searched for a ford, got wet to the ankles, and dry again in the exertion of climbing the steep cliff on the other side.

Far away on the horizon I saw my objective, the chimney of Wheal Golden mine, now closed—the outpost of the mining district which extends, with breaks, right away to the Land's End, with Redruth and Camborne as the core.

But there was no hint of the scarred and grimy country that mining produces on that glorious heath called Cubert Common rolling inward from the sea. For an hour I saw no sign of man, only innumerable rabbits that scurried away as I approached, and overhead all the way the larks were singing.

Soon the turf gave place to glaring sand, hillocks, pits and bunkers catching and reflecting the sun, till the eyes were dazzled, and I was glad to rest them on the black rocks against which the blue sea lashed.

The track became more difficult, my feet lagged, my head began to swim, and I realised that if there were many more valleys to cross with the accompanying cliff ascent on the other side, there was a prospect of my days in Cornwall being fewer than I had anticipated. The cheerful larks became a nuisance, the scampering rabbits a worry, and those interminable hills and pits of sand a nightmare. I stopped and scanned the distance. It was

a critical moment. On the horizon line far inland was a church spire; in front of me, along the waste of sand bathed in sunshine, I could just discern a track leading upwards between two hills to a house. That building, I reflected, may be an inn, but it may also be the ruined count-house of a deserted mine.

It was two o'clock. I was famished, fatigued to the point of stumbling, and painfully conscious of that dull ache in the back of the neck that comes from carrying a knapsack under a hot sun.

I decided upon making for that lonely house between the two hills. It was nearer than the church spire on the horizon; but not until I had climbed several walls, forded a stream and scrambled through a sand pit, did I reach the place. It was a remarkable house to find in that unpeopled district, freshly and nicely painted, and decorated with considerable taste. I rang the bell and knocked at the door; but it was as void of life as Cubert Common. I peeped through the window and saw, with a sinking of the heart, that the furniture was swathed in brown holland. It was plainly a summer resort which the owner had not yet opened for the season.

There was nothing to do but to push on over those interminable sand-dunes to Perranporth. I had just slipped my last piece of chocolate into my mouth when I heard the squeal of a pig. The squeal of that pig was as pleasant a sound in my ears as the shouts of a rescuing party to entombed miners, for when a pig squeals it means that man is near. I turned down a lane, following the direction of that painful-pleasant sound, and in a shed found two men engaged in thrusting a ring through the nose of a large pig. When they had finished we talked. I said that bread and butter would suffice. The addition of a couple of eggs would earn my lasting gratitude, and I would give half a crown for a guide to the buried chapel of St. Piran.

The elder man, flicking the pig's blood from his thumb, led me to his dwelling, and his wife, kind soul, proceeded to boil two eggs and to make tea. She begged me to sit in the parlour while she was preparing the meal. It was furnished exactly like a cottage room in an early Victorian picture. The prominent ornament was a view of the Crystal Palace painted on china and enclosed in a plush frame.

My hostess was courteous and attentive, but while I munched my meal she stared at me as if I was some rare animal that had escaped from the Zoological Gardens. She stood with hands on hips, and watched. Her difficulty was that she could not understand why, when there was a good road from Newquay to Perranporth, I should choose to travel by the cliff path.

She begged me to have a third egg, but I could endure her scrutiny no longer, and escaped from the room. The younger of the two pig-ringers, who was waiting outside, proved an accomplished guide and a most entertaining companion. It would have been easier for me to ring a pig than to find my way unaided over that rabbit-populated waste to St. Piran Oratory. We were never free from rabbits. All the way the little things in hundreds scampered away at our approach and disappeared in their holes.

My companion's occupation was to catch them.

"I set one hundred and fifty traps a night," he said, "and when dawn is peepin' I go round and kill 'em. The average is a hundred a night. We send 'em to Birmingham, and get sixpence apiece."

"Sleep? I sleeps when I can. I've known three men, big strong men, knocked up by the life. It don't hurt me. Yes, I am a Cornishman."

"Can I find my way over the towans at night? Sure. In the darkest of the hours. I know where every gin is set, and don't miss one of 'em. I have drove a waggon over

here when you couldn't see your hand before your face, and not missed the track once."

This Cousin Jack clearly had the true countryman's sense of direction by night. He, if any one, should also have the Cornishman's fear of ghosts and pixies. I had long wanted to know if the Cornishman of the twentieth century was superstitious. I put the question boldly.

He laughed. "No, I have never seen a ghost or pixie, and never shall. Folk fancy they see them, that's all. My mates once told me that the pixies laugh and sing round Perranzabuloe Church at midnight, and they dared me to surprise 'em. I waited there once for half an hour and heard nothing. It's Methodists believe such things."

"Are you not a Methodist?" I asked.

"Me a Methy? No! I'm a Churchman. I don't believe in they Methodists. I don't believe they're right."

We did not pursue the argument, but plodded steadily on, up and down, over that pathless waste. We had just climbed to one of the higher sand hillocks when he clutched my arm, and pointed to a white post springing from a knoll. "The oratory is below that post," he said, and stooping, picked from the ground a fragment of some white substance like a piece of hard mortar. "That's human bone," he added, holding it between finger and thumb against the light. "Lots were buried here in olden times."

On a notice-board was this warning: "Any person found disturbing the soil or the remains of the dead in this land will be vigorously prosecuted".

Below, in a depression of the ground, was the oratory of St. Piran, or rather all that is left of it—just a rough gable rising from the pit, with a few stones marking the foundation of the walls, and a slab, half buried in the earth, with the name of St. Piran carved upon it in early Roman characters. Loose stones are scattered over the floor of the oratory, which is enclosed by an iron railing.

Buried for centuries, the oratory was rediscovered about seventy years ago.

In 1835 the shifting sand disclosed the oratory on the spot which local tradition had always indicated as the site of the lost sanctuary of St. Piran. Digging operations followed, and soon the little building stood forth in nearly perfect condition; but within the space of a few weeks the oratory was rifled and the stones carried away.

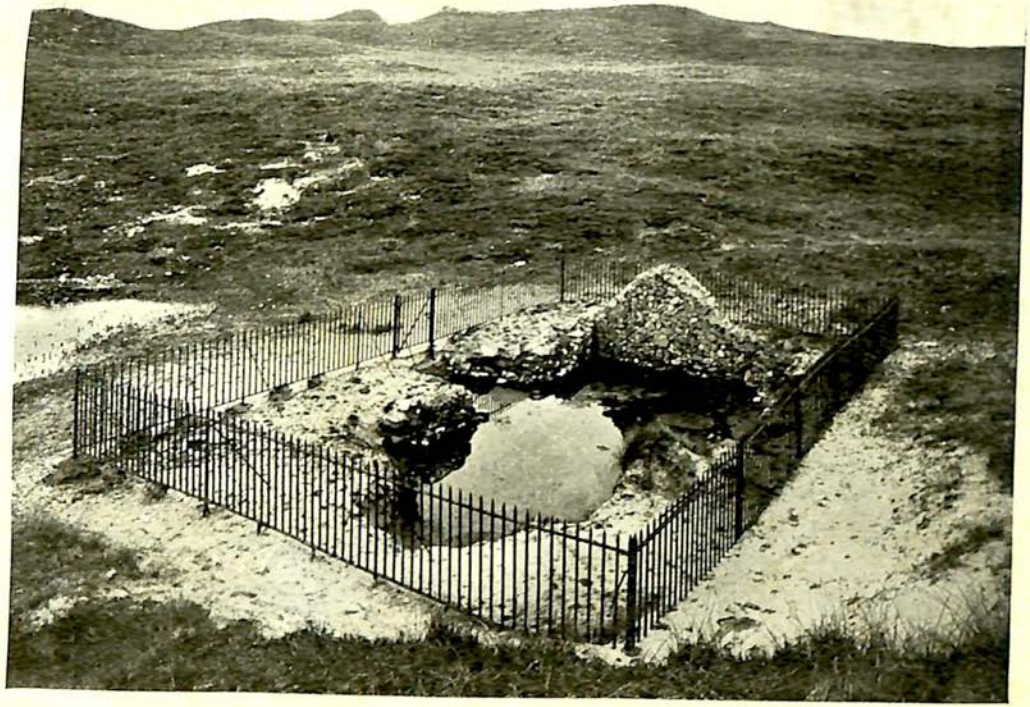
Legend says that in the fifth or sixth century St. Patrick either visited Cornwall himself or sent missionaries to convert the inhabitants. St. Piran was one of the number. He landed at St. Ives, wandered to this spot, built his cell, and began his ministry.

When St. Piran died, a church, according to the custom of the Celtic Christians, was built over his tomb. It is supposed that this building was used for about two hundred years, and sometime in the ninth century was overwhelmed by the sand. A second church was then built near the spot, which in 1420 was re-erected on a larger scale. According to Borlase, this second church was also threatened by sand. In 1803 it was again rebuilt at Perranzabuloe. There is no doubt that the oratory revealed in 1835, of which a few fragments now remain, is the original structure.

A cross marks the site of the second edifice which was pulled down in 1803. The existing church of Perranzabuloe, where my friend the rabbit-catcher watched at midnight on the chance of seeing a ghost or pixie, is two miles away across the towans. It was consecrated in 1805 and restored in 1878.

St. Piran, the guardian saint of tin miners, is annually fêted on the 5th of March in each year. I take the following references to St. Piran from the *Cornish Telegraph* of March, 1906:—

"The feast of St. Piran fell due on Sunday in three Cornish parishes—Perranzabuloe, Perranarworth and Per-



ST. PIRAN'S ORATORY, NEAR PERRANPORTH

ranuthnoe—and was, at least, duly observed in the last-named and lesser Perran. In this county of saints and saints' days, St. Piran should certainly not be overlooked. In the very early days of Cornish mining the tinners claimed him as their patron, for had he not given them some valuable information respecting the smelting and working of tin, and old records have it that they held his day on the 5th of March, when labour was suspended, and in all large mines the men were allowed subsist in order to make merry in honour of St. Piran. 'As drunk as a Perraner,' is a Cornish proverb, and excessive drinking on this saint's day was in times past by no means confined to the Perraners.

"St. Piran's knowledge was not confined to mining; he knew something too of farming, for it is recorded that a hundred were his cattle, and he had fifty tame horses for tilling and ploughing his land. The abode of St. Piran is generally admitted to have been in Perranzabuloe, where he lived a retired life, but so brightly did his reputation break out that three parishes were and are still named after him. It is quite possible that he spent part of his time at Perranuthnoe, for St. Madron was a pupil of his, St. Germoe was his intimate friend, St. Just was Piran's tutor and St. Sennen was his friend and companion. It is to this worthy, then, that the church at Perranuthnoe was dedicated some 750 years ago, and during all those years the people have kept the dedication festival. Last year the feast was generally marked, but this year the observance from a religious standpoint seems to have been noted by the Free Churches only."

Perran Round, close to the road from Perranporth to Truro, is an amphitheatre 130 feet in diameter, enclosed by earth mounds. In olden days it is supposed to have been requisitioned as a court of justice, and in later times was probably used by the Cornish of the district as a theatre for the performance of miracle plays, of which I

shall have something to say later. It was possible for 2,000 spectators to witness the performances in Perran Round.

At the lonely oratory of St. Piran the rabbit-catcher and I parted company, after he had instructed me to strike straight across the towans to the coast, when I should see Perranporth away to the west.

First I climbed a hillock and saw the cross that marks the site of the second church, then I turned to the coast, and after an exhausting trudge of an hour, arrived at the look-out station and saw beneath me the wide and pleasant sands of Perranporth, with a few houses clustered at the mouth of the bay.

Since the railway linked Perranporth with Newquay and Chacewater, these sands have become a popular summer resort for those who do not require extraneous excitements.

I was warned against taking the coast walk to St. Agnes Head, as a dynamite company, having appropriated a mile or so of the cliff, has surrounded its ugly works with a wall, thus compelling the cliff walker to turn inland.

I travelled by motor rail from Perranporth to St. Agnes, a coast mining town at the foot of St. Agnes Beacon, from the summit of which on a fine day one has a spacious sea and inland view from Trevose Head to St. Ives.

When I emerged from the station at St. Agnes the lurid light in the sky betokened a change in the weather. A mist was driving up from the sea, and the sun was obscured by a heavy bank of cloud.

Just below the station a sign-post pointed the way to St. Agnes Beacon through an opening in the hedge. There was no path, so I pushed straight across country to a cart track that appeared to wind up over the Beacon. The weather had now completely changed; the blue sky had turned to an ashen grey, save low down in the

western sky, where the sun still glowed through bars of indigo clouds. In the direction of Perranporth a great splash of country shone out, illumined by the level rays of the fast disappearing sun. As I climbed to St. Agnes Beacon, that brilliant oasis in the mist was also blotted out. From the summit, neither sea nor land was visible, only that enveloping mist and a corona of pale light around the ghostly disc of the sun.

St. Agnes Beacon is associated with the legend of the giant Bolster which is described at length in Robert Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West*, for which John Cruikshank drew Bolster striding from St. Agnes Beacon to Carn Brea, a distance of six miles.

"He has left his name," says Hunt, "in a very interesting and undoubtedly ancient earthwork which still exists at the base of the hill, and evidently extended from Trevaunance Cove to Chapel Porth, enclosing the most important tin district of St. Agnes. This is constantly called the Bolster."

The giant, it seems, was in love with St. Agnes, who at first repulsed him. Hunt, who retails the Cornish legends with the utmost gravity, gives the following account of the death of Bolster:—

"There exists at Chapel Porth a hole in the cliff at the termination of the valley. If Bolster would fill this hole with his blood the lady would no longer look coldly on him. This huge bestrider of the hills thought that it was an easy thing which was required of him, and felt that he could fill many such holes and be none the weaker for the loss of blood. Consequently, stretching his great arm across the hole, he plunged a knife into a vein, and a torrent of gore issued forth. Roaring and seething the blood fell to the bottom, and the giant expected in a few minutes to see the test of his devotion made evident in the filling of the hole. It required much more blood than Bolster had supposed; still it must in a short time be filled,

so he bled on. Hour after hour the blood flowed from the vein, yet the hole was not filled. Eventually the giant fainted from exhaustion. The strength of life within his mighty frame enabled him to rally, yet he had no power to lift himself from the ground, and he was unable to staunch the wound which he had made. Thus it was that, after many throes, the giant Bolster died!

"The cunning saint, in proposing this task to Bolster, was well aware that the hole opened at the bottom into the sea, and that as rapidly as the blood flowed into the hole it ran from it."

The weather grew worse as I stood upon the Beacon; the wind blew chill, the sea mist enveloped me. As it seemed idle to wait on the chance of the mist clearing, I left the summit, picked my way over the rough ground, scarred with ancient tin-searchings, and following the telegraph poles, usually a reliable guide in Cornwall, came to the small, grey, hilly village called St. Agnes.

Redruth and Camborne are devoted entirely to the tin industry; St. Agnes makes a brave attempt to attract the summer visitor, but the trail of the miner is over the village. Locally it is pronounced St. Anne's, and according to some authorities the dedication is really to that saint. In the prosperous days of tin mining St. Agnes was a successful place, and Trevaunance, about a mile distant from the town, supplied the village with a small port for shipping its tin. Mines, some still working but many discarded, dot the surrounding hills and extend down the steep road that leads to the cove. Within sound of the waves you hear the pounding of the mining stamps, and the signs of mining life end only with the ocean.

In a drizzle of rain I stood upon the edge of the cliff and looked down upon the harbour that seems hardly large enough to admit one fair-sized vessel. A miner told me with some pride that he had seen six ketches lying alongside the little quay at one time. The scene

was desolate and damp—mining Cornwall on a wet evening. I left the sea, climbed the steep road to St. Agnes and entered the lighted inn. At ten o'clock, as I was thinking about retiring to bed, a shrill hooter began calling the miners to their night-shift.

CHAPTER XIII

PORTREATH: DOWN A TIN MINE

A Wet Morning at St. Agnes — The Lunatic on the Hill — The Coal Yards of Portreath—An Excursion into the Mining District—Down a Cornish Tin Mine—Carn Brea and the Druids—A Redruth Antiquity

I WAS awakened by a hooter, which continued at intervals from a quarter to six onwards, and each time I looked from my bedroom window into the grey street I saw groups of miners slouching to their work. It is a walk of seven miles by the coast to Portreath, which I hoped to reach easily by noon; but at nine o'clock the rain, that had been persistent through the night, showed no sign of ceasing. I waited until noon, and then hired a closed vehicle to take me to Portreath—a windy, healthy drive through a barren country. We skirted St. Agnes Beacon, crossed the head of the combe that descends to Chapel Porth, and soon reached Porth Towan opening on a sandy inlet. I believe I saw Porth Towan at its best on that wet, whirling day, undisturbed by trippers or visitors. The closed wooden huts and tea gardens betokened that this is a favourite coast resort for the towns of Illogan and Redruth. We passed the point from which the rock called Tobban Horse is reached, skirted Gooden Heane and descended into Portreath, the primitive Brighton of Redruth. Were it not for the huddle of coal yards in the midst of the village, Portreath would be pleasant enough. The hills are fine; but one can never escape from the dirty, arid and untidy aspect of the country in a mining district.

While I was taking my luncheon in the hotel a cheerful, soaked man entered the coffee-room, tossed his black bag upon the couch, threw his drenched overcoat over a chair, and called for a tankard of beer. Then turning to me he asked, genially, "Have you seen him?"

"Who?" I enquired.

"The lunatic! He's been up in the hills three days. The poor beggar must be half-starved by this time, and wet to the skin. I saw him just now standing on the sky-line waving his arms."

I hurried into the street where a group of men were gazing at a figure standing on the crest of a hill in the direction of St. Ives, silhouetted against the heavens.

Opinions differed as to the time he had been wandering on the heights; but all agreed that he had been up there for twenty-four hours. Sometimes he would disappear; then he would run backwards and forwards a few yards, wave his hand, and stand rigid as a statue. I suggested that he might be signalling for help, and one of the party opined that somebody should walk up and see if he needed assistance.

I returned to my luncheon, and afterwards strolled along the village street through the rain, and mentioned the matter to the rural policeman.

"Oh, yes, I've seen him," he said. "After I have had a cup of tea, I'll just walk up and find out what he wants."

I gathered from this complacent official that the cliff path to St. Ives passed within a few feet of the lunatic's haunt. It seemed wise to wait until the policeman had finished his tea, and then accompany him on his journey of investigation, although a hunt for a madman on the Cornish hills did not present a lively attraction.

Moreover, it had been recorded in the papers that a few days before a lunatic had escaped from Bodmin gaol, had attacked a cyclist, set fire to a rick, and attempted to wreck a train. Taking all things into consideration, the

rain which was still falling, the certainty that I could not possibly reach St. Ives that night, I decided to walk the four miles to Redruth and take advantage of a wet afternoon to revise my impressions of the mining district of Cornwall, that stretches from Redruth, through Carn Brea, to Camborne.

The extraordinary rise in the price of tin has again made mining, which had languished for many years, the chief industry of the Duchy. It had suffered from the competition of the rich deposits found in the Straits Settlements and the Malay Peninsula, following upon the unwise procedure adopted in certain mines, which did not tend to increase the confidence of investors.

When the surface mines abroad showed signs of exhaustion Cornwall began to anticipate better times. They came. Old mines have been reopened, new shafts have been sunk. The ancient industry of Cornwall has awakened to prosperous days.

The mining district of Cornwall is not a place where visitors willingly tarry, but those who have the time sometimes make a descent into a tin mine.

I did so when I first visited Cornwall. Once is enough.

The country surrounding the mine I descended was as barren as a London brick-field, heaped high with untidy mounds of refuse, with here and there a stack and engine-house shed. The shafts yawn down into the bowels of the earth, and at intervals, with a great rumbling, an iron box filled with ore is dragged to the surface, transferred to a truck which runs along a tram-line, and then emptied. About 95 per cent. is refuse; some five per cent. is tin, and then begins the long and costly process of separating the one from the other.

But my concern was with delving the tin from the earth, so I made my way to the office of a certain flourishing mine, where I had an appointment with "Captain"

Trelawney. In mining phraseology overseers or foremen are called "captains".

There I waited five minutes in a room where holland jackets hung upon pegs, and a large Bible rested upon a shelf. A man with blue eyes and a face bronzed and ruddy as a sailor's stepped briskly into the room. He wore a tweed suit, and a nosegay of wallflowers bloomed in his button-hole. Asked to name his occupation, I should have run through every open-air pursuit from fox-hunting downwards, and never dreamed that he spent half his life in the earth.

"So you want to go underground?" he remarked jovially. "Well, I shall be very happy to take you. I've arranged about your clothes."

As he spoke two elderly men with tangled grey beards and splendid shoulders, standing at least six feet two, entered the room.

They were presented to me as Captains Prettyjohn and Tremayne, their rank being agents under Captain Trelawney; as this was one of the appointed days for inspecting the mine, they would join our party.

"Now, if you are ready," said Captain Trelawney, "we will make a move for the changing-room."

In temperature the changing-room was like the tropical glass-house at Kew Gardens. Down the centre ran a great hot-air pipe, and upon a settle, destined for me, reposed a pair of flannel drawers, a flannel vest, a holland coat lined with wool, holland trousers, thick socks, heavy boots, a linen cap, a felt hat covered with some hard composition that brought its weight up to four pounds, and a woollen scarf two feet long.

"Must I change everything?" I asked.

"Everything. Watch me."

I obeyed, and in five minutes was transformed into a burly miner. A linen cap encased my head, and over that was pulled the four-pound pudding-dish helmet. Its use

is to protect the skull from falling rocks, and as a handy place for carrying the candle, which, embedded in a mould of damp clay, is stuck to the front of the crown.

I should explain that as tin and copper mines are free from inflammable gases, lights can be carried to the uttermost working, and the miner may smoke where he pleases.

Grasping one candle in my hand, and hanging another to the button of my tunic, I followed the three captains out into the sunlit street, and walked towards a wooden shed. Captain Trelawney pushed open the door. My eyes rested upon a dark pit from which an apparently endless wire rope streamed up to where we stood. Presently a great rattling and creaking arose from below; the rope drew taut, and with a gasp and a rumble, an oblong iron case, rusty with age, dripping with water, and discoloured by multi-coloured earths, jerked itself to the surface and settled down upon a couple of iron supports which sprang out across the shaft.

The oblong iron box was about seven feet high by four wide, with a bar running down the centre. It looked like a coffin set upright.

"After you!" said Captain Trelawney.

I entered gingerly, and, to my amazement—for there was hardly room in the thing for a man and a boy—the three captains squeezed themselves in upon me. Their muscular bodies drove me into a corner. I could see little but the backs of their bent heads and the stoop of their broad shoulders.

We began to descend: it was horrible. I saw the slimy walls shooting upwards, and then—darkness. And out of the darkness came the rattling of chains and the skidding of iron against granite. Sometimes our progress was fast, sometimes slow, but always down, down, down.

Somebody lighted my candle, and a voice asked me how I felt.

"Jolly!" I gasped. The word had barely left my lips

when the coffin was suddenly tilted back at the head, so that I lay outstretched upon the bottom with the three captains bumping upon me. My candle was snuffed out by the impact of their bodies, and a gruff voice explained that the shaft at this point branched off into an incline. Another light was handed to me, and the sudden flare of the candle revealed, as we flashed past, the pale face of a miner stripped to his waist, standing at a break in the wall. I saw him but for an instant.

Our journey had lasted about five minutes when the coffin slowed, creaked and stopped; the captains stepped out upon a plank laid across darkness, and I, groping after them, emerged in an underground chamber. The floor was heaped high with fragments of ore, just emptied from a tramway, the rails of which stretched away down a dark gallery to the left, water glistening between the rails. In a corner of this chamber the compressed-air engine pumped hoarsely; flaring candles were flattened against the walls; and perched like gnomes upon banks of ore sat some half a dozen miners, eating bread and onions. They were stripped to the waist; the perspiration ran down their bodies and shaped itself into oily little islands and isthmuses upon their broad breasts.

Here, where the atmosphere was tolerably agreeable, we rested till my eyes should accustom themselves to the gloom. Later the two agents departed to another part of the mine, and I followed Captain Trelawney along the dark gallery. We carried our candles between the fingers, the arm hanging naturally by the side, and the palm screening the flame from draughts. When the hands are required for ascending or descending a ladder you clap the clay-encased candle against your hat, and pray that it may not fall off, for the darkness of the earth half a mile below the surface is a darkness that can be felt.

Along this gallery I followed Captain Trelawney. Nowhere could I stand upright, everywhere water lurked,

and so ere we had advanced a hundred yards my hat had bumped a score of times against the roof, and my blue miner's stockings were dripping with water. And still Captain Trelawney tramped along the interminable burrow, narrating, with deep, healthy chuckles, stories of how he had worsted opposition candidates at political meetings.

Continuing to recall his triumphs he led me to the end of the gallery, where the atmosphere was hotter and more stifling than ever. Here were more miners in such a state of perspiration that I mechanically wiped my own brow and moistened my lips out of sheer sympathy. I had heard the deep grunt with which they brought their mallets down upon the steel twenty yards off. Their tools are borers (steel bars two feet long sharpened at the end) and heavy mallets. One man holds the borer pointed towards the rock, while two others swing their hammers over their heads, crashing down in turn upon the end of the steel till it is driven well in. The borer is then withdrawn, and a number of similar holes made, about a hand-stretch apart. Into these cavities dynamite cartridges are slipped, the cap adjusted, the safety fuse attached, the end lighted, and then—well, then the miners scurry away, and in remote passages seek sanctuary.

"But where is the tin?" I said, for I saw nothing that in any way resembled the familiar domestic saucepan or cullender.

Captain Trelawney waved his hand towards the rock, and, bending, I observed that while the walls and roof of the tunnel were of hard, grey granite, in the section upon which the men were boring, certain greeny-grey streaks meandered.

"Tin?"

He nodded. "It runs in lodes generally from east to west, and we follow it."

"And what do you do when the lode comes to an end?"

"Search for another. Some mines contain as many as sixty miles of passages. As a rule, the tin runs through the granite in sections; but in rich deposits it's found clinging to the rock like bark upon a tree."

We proceeded on our journey through more long dark tunnels, splashing through the water lying six inches deep between the tram lines, till we crossed a bridge where the only protection from a yawning abyss was a rope balustrade. Here we paused upon the verge of a huge space as large as a church, and pitch dark, save at a spot about the altitude of the top of a chancel window, where, by the light of three candles affixed to the rock, I could dimly distinguish three miners at work.

Captain Trelawney shouted something across the void. Faintly the answer echoed back, and we were given to understand that they would be ready for blasting in five minutes. In the interval an imp, stripped to the waist, his face much dirtier than a coal-heaver's, upon which danced the reflections thrown from a candle that flared and flickered in his hat, gave me an object-lesson in the method of exploding dynamite. In shape and colour like a farthing yellow candle, by itself it is harmless, but in conjunction with a detonating cap it becomes a terrible engine of destruction, as one of its victims, who must for ever walk about his native village with a black crape mask over his face can sadly testify. The cap is clinched about the end of a safety fuse, the connection is made, and a light applied to the extremity of the fuse. The imp was explaining the whims of the explosive, when a sudden cry reverberated through the vault. Forthwith I was seized, and run at a double in the company of a dozen miners along a tunnel, only pausing when we reached a sequestered corner fifty yards from the vault. We waited in silence for some minutes, and then the explosion dinned

in our ears. The horrid smell of the dynamite was wafted to us, and I heard the boom and the clatter of falling rocks. When we returned to the vault I saw through the wreaths of smoke that a great section of the rock as large as a pulpit had been torn from its place, and was blocking the passage in a great heap of stones and boulders.

After that we descended by ladders still further into the bowels of the earth, through a shaft so narrow that my coat brushed the walls. "One step more! Right about face! Walk straight onward upon the left plank!" cried Captain Trelawney's voice from below, till I stood in the lower level, where, in this ultimate gallery, a drill, driven by compressed air, was at work. Here the heat was hardly bearable. The din was deafening. Oppression weighed upon me in this cramped blind alley so far from the pleasant light of day. I plucked Captain Trelawney by the sleeve, and pointed a cajoling finger upwards.

He laughed, nodded, again stalked ahead of me down the tunnel, and climbed the treacherous ladder to the bottom of the shaft. There the other captains awaited us, and my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the empty coffin ready to ascend. One after the other we stepped into it. Just as we were on the point of starting a boy miner, who had fallen into a pool of water and thoroughly wetted himself, asked leave to accompany us. Permission being obtained, he crawled in and nestled down at our feet. The signal was given, and slowly we began to ascend. The candles were extinguished, and the walls began to grow luminous with the blue streaks of reflected light. A little later we soared into daylight, and I stepped upon the floor of the little wooden house, covered with yellow loam from head to foot, and as grimy as a veteran miner. I was glad of a warm bath.

. . . . . .

Near Redruth Station the ascent of Carn Brea can be made, a hill 740 feet high, which on a clear day com-

mands a fine view from sea to sea—Bristol Channel to English Channel—and the sites of the principal mines. The author of *The Antiquities of Cornwall* regarded Carn Brea as the chief seat of the Druids in the west of England; but Dr. Borlase's speculations about the Druids have long been discredited. Mr. Thurston Peter, who has made a thorough exploration of Carn Brea, believes it to have been a military station in neolithic times. The remains of the large enclosing walls may still be seen, and the foundations of many hut circles. At the east end of the hill is a restored and rejuvenated castle, referred to by William of Worcester, which, in the reign of Edward IV., was in the possession of the Basset family. A mile and a quarter from Redruth is Gwennap Pit, a natural amphitheatre where Wesley preached. Visit Gwennap Pit on a Whit-Monday, and you will find thousands of Wesleyans celebrating their anniversary.

I slept that night at Redruth, proposing to return to Portreath on the morrow and resume my journey to St. Ives. Redruth is a busy, prosperous town in the heart of the mining district. One antiquity I saw, a building in Cross Street that was once a chapel where pilgrims to St. Michael's Mount stayed. Later it was converted into a cottage, which was inhabited by William Murdoch, the engineer. On the wall is the following inscription: "William Murdoch lived in this house, 1782-1798; made the first locomotive here and tested it in 1784, invented gas lighting and used it in this house in 1792"

CHAPTER XIV

PORTREATH TO ST. IVES

An easy Walk—Pendarves Quoit—Seals in Hell's Mouth—St. Gwithian's Oratory—The Hayle Ferry—Lelant and St. Uny—King Tewdor's Lost Castle—The Walk to St. Ives—Pictures in Cornwall—"Fun on Knill's Day"—Thirteen Million Pilchards—A Scene in a Post Office

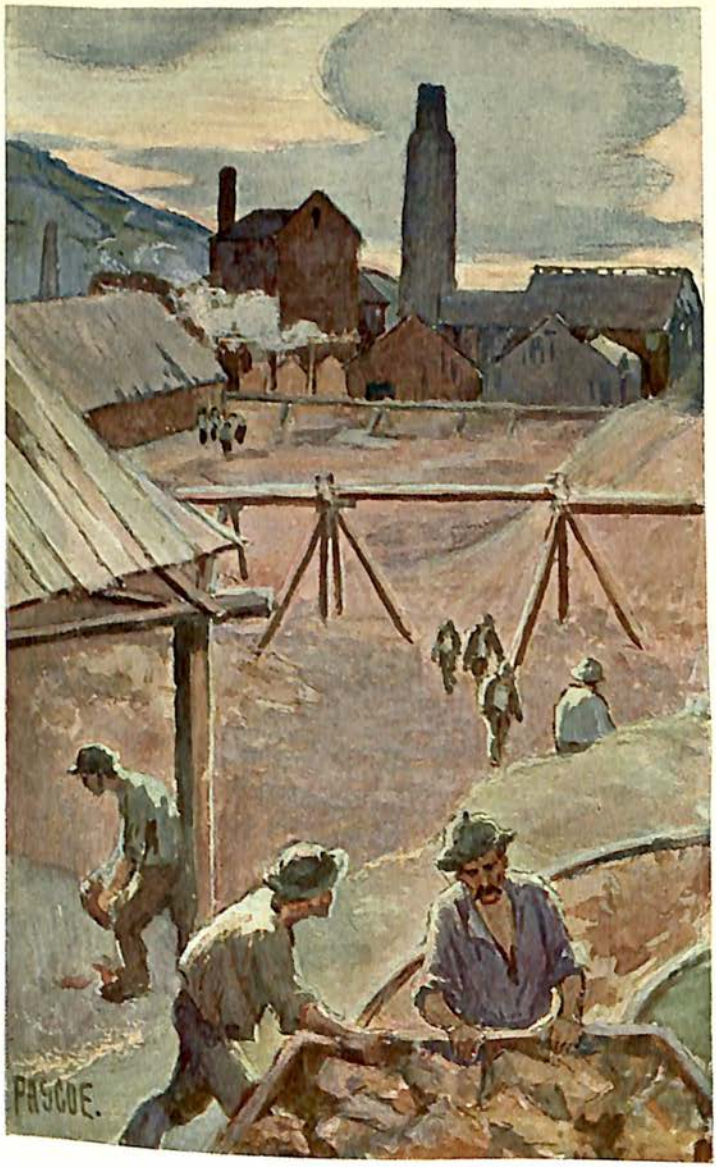
FOUR miles of coal-stained road connects Redruth with Portreath, and all the way I heard the pound-pound of the mining stamps. Now and then I had glimpses of the red-stained water of a stream sluggishly turning the old water wheels and ministering to the circular pans containing the mud-like stuff that is emerging into black tin.

Coal-carts rumbled over that discoloured road, and occasionally a fast horse in an old-fashioned gig passed me. They know a good horse in Cornwall.

Three miles out of Redruth, at a village called Bridge, the uninviting landscape changed into a wooded valley. Trees abounded; the country-side became as green as Kent in June, and not until we reached the harbour did the foliage cease and Cornwall once more stretch her grey cliffs over a slate-coloured sea.

The lunatic or philosopher of the previous night who pined for the freedom of the hills, and considered himself well rid of his fellow-men at the cost of a wetting, had disappeared from the sky-line. The policeman sought him in vain. The man just vanished.

Climbing the cliff path in the direction of St. Ives, I noticed that the waves, advancing over the pale sand,



MINING CORNWALL

were dyed red from the water of the tin stream that flows into the sea at Portreath. This blood-red sea is not a pretty spectacle; but the sunken grass track winding upwards was good to sight and smell. Soft was the herbage, the undergrowth that bordered the track was luxuriant, wild flowers abounded, and herbs, dew-drenched, perfumed the morning air. A man driving a cow approached. I asked him if I was on the right road for the cliff walk to St. Ives.

"Yes," said he.

"Thanks," said I.

"Welcome," said he, and passed on. A short colloquy but sufficient. The brief "thank you" of the pedestrian is usually followed by the briefer "welcome" from the courteous Cornishman.

When I came out on the verge of precipitous cliffs, a fresh and wild moorland panorama greeted me, with gulls winging and crying overhead, and far below the breakers surging against the rocks. This ramble from Portreath is one of the easiest in Cornwall, when the pedestrian has successfully stumbled up a combe, small and steep, but luckily free of a brawling stream. Samphire Island lies off the coast. Inland is Carn Brea, with the Dunstansville monument rising from the hill, and far ahead, beyond Dead Man's Cove and Hell's Mouth, Godrevy Lighthouse clings, a white tower, to her island rock, warning ships of the "Stones"—a sunken mile-long reef, the scene of many shipwrecks.

There is a small cliff castle in the neighbourhood above Portreath, and some barrows, but they are hardly worth the trouble of search. Cliff or hill castles standing on headlands by the sea or on inland heights are common in Cornwall. We shall find many in the Land's End district, such as Treryn Dinas, Castel-an-Dinas and Chûn Castle. A line of these cliff castles extends from Gurnard's Head to Land's End; it is probable that in ancient

times signals were flashed from one to the other. Borlase regarded these cliff castles as Druidical or sacred enclosures, but they were probably no more than strongholds and places of refuge for the early inhabitants of Cornwall before the conquest by Athelstan.

A mile inland, hidden in magnificent woods, is Tehidy House, the seat of the Basset family, who have been connected with Cornwall for centuries. The park extends over 700 acres. Leland says that in his time it reached as far as Carn Brea.

Not far away stands Pendarves Quoit, resting on three supports, the table stone measuring eleven feet three inches by nine feet three inches. We shall see some fine specimens of these quoits, or cromlechs, or dolmens in the Land's End district. Fergusson asserts that there are more prehistoric records, about which nothing definite is known, in the district west of Falmouth and north of Penzance than in all England beside.

The coast walk from the cliff opposite Tehidy House follows a green track and might be taken by a child unattended. A path some four feet wide had been mown through the undergrowth. It was like strolling over a golf green. On this section of the coast wayfaring man is truly favoured, for whether he rides, drives or cycles, he can travel by a road that hugs the edge of the cliff.

Onward I swung, Godrevy Lighthouse drawing nearer with every step, fixing my eyes on three white tents pitched at the entrance to a defile. Clambering round the cliff, I had a good view of this early spring encampment, an object lesson in the way the free life of Cornwall should be lived. A man, burnt by the sun, was washing plates, whistling while he worked, looking supremely happy! He was master, for the time being, of that gorge, protected from the winds, far from towns, and within sound of the sea.

Half a mile farther is Hell's Mouth, a jagged, gloomy gap in the cliffs, with a small rock-strewn sandy beach to

which one descends by a dizzy path. Seals frequent this lonely bay; more than once have I seen them basking on the rocks far below; but although I watched for half an hour, hidden behind a boulder in a gully, I was not rewarded by a sight of the shy black beasts. One of the chapters in that delightful book, *Wild Life at the Land's End*, by Mr. G. C. Tregarthen, describes a midnight seal hunt at Hell's Mouth:—

"The wildest of British wild sports is the pursuit of the seal in the almost inaccessible cliff caves to which it at times resorts. Of its haunts along the north coast of Cornwall—it is but rarely seen on the south—from the Land's End to Tintagel, the caverns of Hell's Bay are perhaps those which it most frequents. More secluded or safer fastnesses it would be difficult to imagine, yet in these it may be surprised by those who do not shrink from the peril the pursuit involves. The nearest homestead to the Black Cliffs, as those skirting Hell's Bay are named, is Reskageage; and to its occupant, Mr. N., who has led many expeditions against the seals, I owed the opportunity of sharing a bit of sport the wildness of which it is beyond my power to declare.

"In reply to some questions about the seals, my host told me it was an old man that spent most of his time about the cliffs, egg-collecting and looking for things cast up by the sea, who had first called his attention to them. This had led to his finding a way to the caves—for the secret had died with the smugglers who used them—and eventually to the animals themselves. The greatest number of seals he had killed at one time was seven, he said, and the heaviest carcase would weigh five or six hundredweight. His opinion was that at least some of the seals remain on the coast all the year round, and that they do not go far out to sea to fish. They fed chiefly on the herring, but he had seen one rise in Hell's Bay with a big flat fish of some sort, probably a turbot, writhing in its mouth."

Past Hell's Mouth is Fishing Cove, an ample wind-sheltered bay, where the fishing fleet from St. Ives sometimes make good catches. The headland beyond is Navax Point, and he who takes the cliff path round this promontory to Godrevy Point has a near and clear view of the lighthouse. So close to the mainland seems the beacon and the encircling white wall that, on fine days, one is tempted to swim across with a week of newspapers in a waterproof packet tied to the head for the lighthouse men, but the attempt would be hazardous; there are strong currents and an under-tow that might conquer the strongest swimmer.

From Godrevy Point the beauty of St. Ives Bay lies unrolled. At low tide, the immense curve of the bay is fringed by a crescent of shining yellow sand round which one can walk. Between Godrevy Point and the mouth of the Hayle River roll Phillack Towans, glorious hills and dales of sand and herbage, which even the dynamite factory cannot spoil. The explosion of a few years ago, that startled the countryside for miles around, shattered the windows of St Ives Church, and sent the fishermen rushing from their homes and the artists from their studios, is well remembered. A tramp over the Phillack Towans leads to Hayle Ferry, a region of never-ending beauty, painted hundreds of times; but the pedestrian is advised to choose a day when the members of the West Cornwall Rifle Club are not firing.

I did not go round by Navax Point, but struck inland down the hill bent on finding somewhere in the Godrevy sands the ruins of the oratory of St. Gwithian, which is said to be the oldest Christian building in England.

Here, as at Perranporth, the sand is man's natural enemy, continually shifting, ever increasing.

Standing on the hill that slopes from Hell's Mouth, I surveyed this miniature Sahara. I saw the incarnadined waters of the Red River and beyond the limit of the sand,

on an upland, embowered in trees, the grey church of St. Gwithian. But the oratory of St. Gwithian, one of the many Irish saints who descended upon Cornwall in the fifth and six centuries, where was it? Scanning the sand, the towans, the plain, and seeing no sign of walls or gable, I asked a party of boys. They did not know. I asked a little sad man who was urging a large pig over the sand-covered road. He had not heard of St. Gwithian or St. Gothian, as some call him. Yet his name and a description of his oratory are given in every topographical book on Cornwall published since 1828. For ages tradition had preserved the memory of the oratory that St. Gwithian had built in this desolate place, whither he tramped from the Hayle estuary, an hour's walk across the towans, where he landed from Ireland. Then, during a night of storm and wind, in 1828, the sand shifted, and lo! there was the oratory. Excavation revealed the lines of a simple structure, similar to the oratory of St. Piran, about forty-eight feet long by twelve feet wide, with a priests' doorway, a small window, traces of stone benches, and an altar of masonry, now gone—because the oldest Christian building in England was at once utilised as a cowshed!

In the late twenties nobody seemed to care that here St. Gwithian fasted, prayed, and saw visions, built his little chapel, probably with his own hands, and mapped out his sanctuary, marking the bounds with crosses. Here he told wonderful things to his flock, and died, leaving his name as a heritage for ever to the village of St. Gwithian.

What did it matter? He was but one of the swarm of saints who descended upon Cornwall from Ireland, and by their travels made Ireland, Wales, Cornwall and Brittany one nation in faith and spirit. They are dream figures, these saints of the early Church, whose names alone survive, cried to-day by railway porters as the train pauses at St. Germans, meeting the traveller when he ferries from

Falmouth to St. Mawes, and inscribed on the motor omnibuses that rush westward to St. Just.

Half an hour passed. I had not yet found the oratory, and could discern no sign of a building on that waste of sand; no hint of a church on the towans through which the Red River flows; no human being to guide my steps. The boys had scampered towards the lighthouse, the man with the pig had disappeared in the greenery of Gwithian village. Suddenly, across the sands came a coastguard, who knew all about the buried oratory. What does a sailor not know?

Following his instructions I turned to the left, crossed the bed of a trickling stream, and searched for a grass mound. Traces of a wall, I was told, obtrude from it, and adjoining is an oblong pit of sand that roughly marks the site of the nave.

Poor little early Christian church, desolate, disregarded, disappearing!

So inconspicuous is it that I might have walked over its buried shell unaware that I was treading on holy ground. The nave bulges with sand to the level of the surrounding plain. A hillock, grass-covered, rises over the demolished altar, through which outcrop a few rough stones. Other stones vaguely mark the course of the nave. Near by cattle graze, ruminating above the sanctuary, where the bones of the dead lie, unhoused sometimes by the winds. Man has ceased to be interested in the oratory of this saint, who built his sanctuary within sound of the sea which had brought him to these shores. The conquering sand is slowly covering the few stones that remain. Yet the sand is being fought, but not for the sake of St. Gwithian. The energies of the local authorities are directed to keeping the road clear, a difficult task, for the shifting sand of the sea is ever being added to by the metallic deposits brought down from the mining districts by the Red River, and where it spills into the sea

the waves are red. The sand fights the road and wins. "I mind the time," said a native to me, "when he (meaning the road) was twenty feet lower than he is to-day."

Now that Cornwall is again prosperous, and the price of tin rising to £200 a ton, is there no Cornishman who will fight for St. Gwithian against the sand, reclaim his oratory, and stretch a kindly hand of recognition to that holy man of the fifth century who made his little church so strong, using no mortar, and, unlike his brother, St. Piran, whom he preceded, caring nothing for zigzag moulding, sculptured heads and the like, but taking the stones just as they came, and piling them one above the other in the service of his Master for whom he lived?

The oldest Christian building in England might at least be dug out and have a railing placed round it. And a few seeds might be scattered thereabouts of the sea convolvulus that flowers in sand of its own will, rose-pink and white blossoms, without tending.[1]

Some distance beyond the village of Gwithian I turned seaward from the road, crossed the towans, and plunged through the sand that rises ankle-deep. The ferryman landed me on a sandy beach amid the cackle of a primitive farmyard; then I made my way through more sand, skirted Lelant Church, and ascended over the links of the West Cornwall Golf Club. The view from the gate leading to the cliff is magnificent—the estuary of the Hayle River, the shimmering sand covered with pools of blue water left by the tide in fantastic forms, shadows like outstretched fingers, lingering in the light, the lovely curve of the bay, and, in the far distance, the mining country with old Carn Brea rising above the smoke.

By this ferry route one avoids Hayle, a commercial town less thriving than formerly, without beauty and

[1] Since the above was written the accumulation of sand has been removed from the oratory. In August, 1906, a commemorative service was held on the site.

without particular interest. Lelant is the mother-church of St. Ives; its full name is St. Uny Lelant, the word being derived from Lan-nans, meaning Valley Church. St. Uny was an Irish saint of royal race, who arrived in Cornwall towards the close of the fifth century, about the same time as St. Ia, the patron saint of St. Ives. It is said that Lelant was once a seaport, but, like Crantock and Perranzabuloe, it succumbed to the enemy, the sand. Many skeletons were found when the railway was being constructed through Lelant towans to St. Ives. The castle of Tewdor, or Tewdrig, or Theodoric, an ancient tyrant king of Cornwall, who massacred St. Ia and many of the Irish saints, is said to be buried in the sand on the Lelant coast. "And when they had come to a certain wood, the rumour of their coming reached the ears of Theodoric, King of Cornwall, who had his castle at Revyer, on the eastern side of the estuary of Hayle; and he caused them all to be put to death by the sword on one and the same day." A farmhouse near Hayle still bears the name of Riviere.

I envy him who takes, for the first time, the cliff walk from Lelant Church to St. Ives. The coast from Carbis Bay may seem to some prim and over-cultivated; but the views are splendid with the gleam of yellow sand curving round to Godrevy Headland, and away to the west the harbour of St. Ives and the "Island" beyond the fishing village, marking the extremity of the bay. St. Ives has grown enormously since Leslie Stephen lived there, and Whistler made a little water-colour of the view before the Malakoff was built; but the crooked, narrow, cobble-paved, hilly streets remain the same, and those who tire of the sophistication of modern St. Ives, can, in half an hour's walk, lose themselves in remote West Cornwall. The artist colony may view with regret the ever-active builder; but it is impossible to skid the wheels of material progress. Those who have spent a winter at St.

A NIGHT VIEW OF THE "ISLAND," ST. IVES

Ives usually insist on returning, and houses have to be found for these settlers. Modern dwellings dot the cliffs, making Carbis Bay almost a suburb of St. Ives. Villas straggle up the hills, throwing a mantle of comfort and ease over the old fishing village. "Up-along" flourishes, but "down-along" thinks wistfully of the old days: for the fishing is not what it was, and the mines above the Stennack are closed. No longer do the Underground men troop down on Saturday night in hundreds to make their purchases. And if the ghost of one of the old miners were to seek the count-house of his mine that ran beneath the sea, west of the Porthminster beach, he would find it converted into a studio. To the chief exports of Cornwall—fish, tin and flowers—have been added pictures and novels.

Probably two hundred canvases are despatched each year from the Delectable Duchy to Burlington House and elsewhere; of this number seven-eighths have been painted either in Newlyn or St. Ives.

When the skipper of the tramp steamer that sought shelter at St. Ives on picture Show Day last year came ashore, he must have exclaimed as he paced the steep and narrow streets, "Shiver my timbers!"—or whatever expression modern mariners employ—"it's a bank holiday!" All day the population swarmed and gazed. In the huddle of studios that are packed away in the Brobdingnagian beehive on the Porthmeor shore, against whose granite foundation walls the Atlantic breakers dash, one could move neither backwards nor forwards. Fishermen and painters stood like sculptured figures on Mahomet's coffin on the open staircases that shoot this way, that way, and upwards from the ground. In every studio you were jostled by a wide-eyed crowd of gazers. The Cornish are a silent race. Remarks were infrequent; but I heard one old Cornish dame say to a crony *à propos* of a broadly painted, slap-and-dash seascape: "It looks likelier, my

dear, the further you go away from it". That old dame had the root of the matter in her.

I remember some of the pictures. In one, a nocturne, the tide is low; a thousand lights shimmer in the tiny pools and on the moist sand; the hull of a schooner looms out; beyond are the dim shapes of the houses on the Island; here and there lighted windows shine out among the larger five-rayed glitter of the harbour lamps. And luminous over all hangs the violet garment of oncoming night.

Another showed a raging sea, such a sea as sometimes rewards those who tramp out to Sennen on a rough day. A spacious pink cloud hovers in the tempestuous sky, and the eye is gladdened by its reflection, illuminating the foam of the green and purple waves. A few gulls fly landward. No vessel is in sight. The big ships on such a day ride the gale in the open, and the mackerel boats are in port.

A third is also pure Cornish. Here you feel the salt sea wind blowing up from the Hayle Bar. The fir trees drip beneath the billowing rain clouds. Cattle seek the scant herbage of the boulder-strewn foreground. This picture was painted in the open air. A painter must be something of an athlete, and hardy, to carry a six-foot canvas round the hills morning after morning in the nipping air of daybreak.

A fourth shows Lostwithiel under snow. The Fowey River runs boldly across the picture, trees stand up, losing their bare tops; the snow lies in patches, slipping away from the green herbage, and on the hills the sun lights the white waste.

More pictures are painted in Cornwall in the course of the year than in any county of England, save Middlesex. The great centres are Newlyn, St. Ives and Falmouth, and the votes of the Cornish contingent, it is said, can turn the scale in an election at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes is, and always has been, the

dominant personality at Newlyn, and as he has lately built himself a new house on a hillside, bordering on the Land's End district, he clearly means to stay there for the rest of his life.

At St. Ives, Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Arnesby Brown occupy two of the seventy or so studios during the winter months, while at Falmouth there is Mr. Napier Hemy, in his floating studio in the harbour, and Mr. Harry Tuke, in his comfortable nest overlooking the sea and Swan Pool, and at Sennen, Mr. Farquharson.

Apart from these members of the Royal Academy, Cornwall abounds in painters. Into whatever cove you drop from a climb along the rugged coast you will find a studio. In Polperro, Porthleven, Cadgwith, the Lizard, Lelant, you meet brothers of the brush well content to spend most of the year where the light is so good, and the effects of sky and sea so beautiful.

The Cornish name of St. Ives is Porth Ia, after St. Ia, daughter of an Irish chieftain, possibly a companion of St. Piran, St. Uny and St. Gwithian in their missionary journey to Cornwall. Legend says that she landed at Pendinas, now called the Island, not really an island as it is connected with the mainland by a low isthmus of sand crowded with houses. St. Ives was incorporated chiefly through the exertions of Francis Basset of Tehidy, who in 1640 presented to the town a loving-cup surmounted by the figure of a man in armour resting on the shield of the Bassets, and bearing the following inscription :—

> If any discord 'twixt my friends arise
> Within the borough of beloved St. Ives,
> It is desyred that this my cup of love
> To everie one a peacemaker may prove ;
> Then I am blest to have given a legacie
> So like my harte unto posteritie.

South of St. Ives, on a hill 540 feet high, is a granite pyramid erected in 1782 by a bencher of Gray's Inn called

John Knill, which he intended should receive his remains. He left instructions and bequeathed money for that purpose, and also ordained that every five years, on the feast day of St. James the Apostle, a matron and ten white-clad maidens accompanied by a fiddler should visit the monument and dance round it singing the 100th psalm. On 26th July last year (1906) hundreds visited St. Ives to see the "fun on Knill's day".

No visitor to St. Ives is content unless he has been present at a great catch of pilchards. The pilchard is a small fish, a little larger than the French sardine, that arrives on the Cornish shores in shoals in the late summer and autumn, coming, it is supposed, from the depths of the Atlantic.

Nobody knows why for years in succession there should be a great dearth of pilchards; nor why suddenly an enormous harvest. But whether the year is barren or plentiful, throughout the season men called Huers (Fr. to shout) watch on the headlands round the coast for the purple tinge on the sea that betokens the presence of pilchards. Large black boats, called seine-boats, are stationed below, anchored from eight in the morning until sunset.

When fish are sighted the Huers on the cliffs cry, "Heva! Heva!" (found), and direct the seine-boat crews to the spot by waving "bushes" (rough wooden frameworks encased in calico) and bawling instructions through trumpets. The seine-crews endeavour to enclose the shoal in the great seine-nets. If successful, the fish are then "tucked," that is, collected in a smaller net, thrown into baskets, carried to the shore, shovelled into tanks, salted and finally packed in barrels and despatched to towns on the Mediterranean littoral.

In September, 1905, I was present at a great pilchard catch. It began at eight o'clock one Monday morning when St. Ives was suddenly thrown into a state of intense

A GREAT CATCH OF PILCHARDS. TUCKING

excitement by the cry of "Heva! Heva!" and did not end until the close of the week, when the last of the five seine-nets successfully shot were emptied. That was a remarkable week. You saw fish everywhere, you smelt fish everywhere, and every able-bodied man who was not otherwise occupied helped to gather the harvest. It was estimated that over 13,000,000 pilchards were enclosed in the five seines shot in St. Ives Bay that morning in September. Much anxiety has been caused in Cornwall by the recent determination of the Italian Government to reimpose the old tariff of six liras per 100 kilos on pilchards.

One of the enemies of the Cornish fisherman is the dogfish, breaker of nets. Attempts have lately been made to popularise this pest as an article of food, and dinners have been given consisting entirely of dogfish cooked in different ways. It has been wisely decided to change the name to "flake".

St. Ives has two fine sand beaches. The Porthminster shore is as safe for bathing as any watering-place on the south coast of England; but clamber round the Island to the Porthmeor beach, and you have a foretaste of the turbulent Land's End waters. The sea is always rough on Porthmeor, although safe enough for a good swimmer. I have been tossed like a cork to the shore by the Atlantic breakers, seeing, as I gasped, the white tombstones of the cemetery that hangs on the cliff above St. Ives' ancient Holy Well.

The people live mainly by fishing, and every one is glad when the boats return heavy laden to harbour; but a great catch has its disadvantages for those with sensitive olfactory nerves. Often have I suffered. On one occasion chance crowned the dolour with joy.

It was the worst of days. The wind roared from the north-east, the rain fell, and to add to the discomfort—for me—dawn had disclosed an enormous catch of herring.

Every boat returned laden. The beach was a vast fish market: the air reeked with the cold pungency of herring.

I ploughed through the mud to despatch a telegram from the old post office. I fought the wind; pushed open the door; the act needed all my strength. Inside—faugh! The herring had flung itself against the bosom of His Majesty's Government. The post office was packed with drenched fishermen, and from the gnarled hands of some herring dangled. They were sending off stacks of telegrams to inland cities announcing the catch, seeking for the momentary market price.

Oh, the atmosphere of that room! One of the fishermen in his struggle for a place at the counter dropped, upon the sanded floor, four herrings that had been tucked under his arm. Heavy boots slithered in the fish, and—suddenly my waggon was hitched to a star. For, on the piece of paper in which the fish had been wrapped, a scrap of a month-old London journal, I saw this heading: "Discoveries at Oxyrhynchus," "Unknown sayings of Christ," and these words beneath: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest".

STAGE THREE

ROUND LAND'S END: ST. IVES TO NEWLYN

CHAPTER XV

ST. IVES TO BOSIGRAN CASTLE

The Old Road through St. Ives—Two Churches and a Site—The Holy Well—Popular Clodgy—Rough Travelling—The Open Gate—Pathless Wicca—The Zennor Mermaid—Gurnard's Head—The Coastguard Track through Porthmeor Cove—Bosigran Castle—Dawn at Bosigran

EARLY in July I returned to St. Ives, and before starting for the Land's End stayed a night at a house on the Old Road, now known as Pednolva Terrace. Summer visitors were almost unknown in the days before the construction of the road which winds by the sea wall round the Malakoff. A resident tells me that year after year the only "foreigner" who visited St. Ives in July or August was Robert Hunt, author of *Popular Romances of the West of England.* At first the new road was private property, but in 1835 a meeting of the inhabitants was held to draw up a petition asking that the thoroughfare should be made public.

The Old Road ran from the village of Trelyon along Love Lane, through Tregenna Park to Van Cot, and down Talland Road (now Pednolva Terrace) to the break-neck descent called Skidden Hill.

From the window of a house on the Old Road I look down upon the foreshore of the harbour where grey houses

huddle upon the isthmus. The green height called the Island rises above, strewn with fishing nets drying in the sun; beyond is the waste of the Atlantic. From my seat at the window I see three dominant buildings, or, rather, two buildings and the site of a third. On the highest point of the Island are the foundation stones of the chapel of St. Nicholas. "On the island (or peninsula) work of Saint Ives," says Tonkin, "standeth the ruins of an old chapel, wherein God was duly worshipped by our ancestors the Britons, before the Church of St. Ives was erected or endowed." Nothing remains of the chapel of St. Nicholas except the foundations. Additions were made to it, and for a long period the patched building was used as a look-out station. Then workmen began to demolish the ruins by order of the Admiralty. The town protested, the work of destruction ceased, and now, I am glad to say, it is proposed to enclose the site and protect it from further vandalism.

At the near end of the harbour rises the tower of the parish church, built in 1426 with granite brought from Zennor. This church of St. Ia stands on the site of the oratory of St. Ia, erected either during her lifetime or soon after her martyrdom. Midway between them rises a plain, severe and finely proportioned building, known as the Mariners Church, which was erected in 1905 as a memorial to Canon Jones.

From my window I look out upon these three stages of the Church history of St. Ives—two strong buildings and tumbled stones on the summit of a green hill. All around are the fishermen's cottages, the studios of the painters, and the many flourishing Methodist chapels. Near by is the market place, where on 25th August, 1789, Wesley preached on his twenty-seventh and last visit to St. Ives. "Well nigh all the town attended, and with all possible seriousness." "Surely," said Wesley, "forty years' labour has not been in vain."

BACKS OF THE WARREN HOUSES, ST. IVES—EARLY MORNING

I walked through the market place, turned down to the harbour, took a last look at the sea lashing against the old houses that face the Warren, then climbed up the crooked narrow street called the Digey, on my way to Land's End. On the cliff above the Porthmeor beach the rocks roughen, preludes to the grandeur of Gurnard's Head, and the rugged ramparts that stretch from Pardenick Point to Tol-Pedn-Penwith.

"Where are the pigs?" I asked a woman, when I reached the Holy Well above the Porthmeor beach, for I was fresh from reading Mr. Matthews' *History of St. Ives*, wherein he is righteously angry at the proximity of a cluster of styes, known as "Pig's Town," and the disgraceful condition of the Holy Well. The woman remembered the pigs, a little regretfully, I thought. They and their litter have long been swept away, and the Holy Well, if not of crystal purity, is tolerably clean; but I should not like to drink from it.

As far as Clodgy Point the track over the crisp turf was as easy as strolling on Hampstead Heath; but the residents of the London suburb do not see the breakers rolling in from the Atlantic and thundering on the jagged rocks. I saw white dresses and straw hats dotted over the heights in gay relief against the dark rocks.

West of Clodgy are the raised grass platforms of the Artillery Volunteer Carbine Range, and beyond them I had to force my way through a maze of bracken and brambles. When I found a path there was a spider's web woven across it, showing that I was beyond the region of popular walks. My landmark was a ruined stack and engine-house, the yellow granite sparkling in the sun, surrounded by fallen walls and small dismantled buildings. I know not how deep the shaft descends. A stone that I dropped into the cavity bounded from side to side; but I heard no splash of water.

On the high ground I sighted the hills that sentinel the

coast of Western Cornwall—Great Rosewall and Trevalga and Trendrine—between which is the coast hamlet of Trevail, standing at the mouth of the valley known to mariners as the Open Gate.

Three leagues out at sea, when the fishermen, rocking in their boats, look across the depression in the hills they discern no land between them and the horizon on the other side of Cornwall. It is as if the ocean flowed through the valley, linking the Bristol and English Channels. They call it "The Open Gate".

Troubles began after I left Trevail. There were no white stones, and westward as far as I could see stretched a tangle of bracken, bramble and dwarf trees. I pushed through, hoping to find a plank bridge to carry me over the stream that brawls down to Wicca Pool. I found neither herdsman's bridge nor stepping-stones; at each essay I was met by a steep bank of earth and mud and that riotous stream. Paths of a kind I found made by cattle, who had pushed their way down to the boggy ground and stood ankle deep in the black mud; but they were not paths for the pedestrian. The animals crashed through the bushes at my approach, splashing the water over their bright bodies.

Well, I was walking for pleasure. There was no need to be heroic; so I turned my back on the gully, renounced Wicca Pool, and struck inland to the telegraph poles, beneath which I knew ran an easy footpath, through farms, and over Cornish "gridiron" stiles to Zennor. So far the walk, a little over four miles, had taken two hours.

Nothing seems to be known about the virgin Saint Sinara, or Senar, to whom the church is dedicated. It is a wholesome little building, once neglected, now swept and garnished. The old men of Zennor who lie in the churchyard, could they revisit their moorland parish, would hardly recognise the church. Says Mr. Matthews, in his *History of St. Ives, Zennor, etc.*;—

"Until its restoration, Zennor Church, the last in this district to be renovated, preserved for our instruction a sad picture of the surroundings amid which our great-grandfathers were content to worship. The original carved oak seats had all (with one exception) disappeared, and had been replaced by family boxes. Two old bench-ends only remained on the south side, near the tower. One of them, known as the 'Mermaid of Zennor,' is a great curiosity: it represents a syren with the conventional fish tail, comb and mirror, which are held up in each hand; her long hair hangs over her shoulders and down to her waist. Such a subject is not out of place in the church of a parish bounded by the sea; but folklore has constructed a marvellous story to account for it. The squire's son, says the legend, sang so beautifully in the choir that a mermaid came up from Zennor Cove to listen to his melodious voice. Falling passionately in love with him, she enticed him to return with her into the sea, and the ill-sorted pair were never seen again."

The mermaid bench-end has been preserved and now stands in the chancel.

The attraction of Zennor is its bare and unsophisticated beauty. In former days it was called, owing to the unproductiveness of the land, "the place where the cow ate the bell-rope". Cultivation has progressed since then. Seen from the Beacon, or even from the box seat of a Land's End coach, grey, remote, straggling Zennor, between the hills and the sea, has a charm that familiarity increases.

Crossing the stream, where trout of a moderate size sometimes reward the angler, I climbed out towards the cliff. To my right stretched Zennor Head, and beneath it jutted the high ridge of rock and earth known locally as The Horse's Back. If the giant of Trencrom straddled this Titanic horse with face to the sea, his right leg would dangle down into a vast fissure into which the breakers at

high tide thunder; his left would swing above the sandy cove where good swimmers may try their luck with the under-tow.

A quarter of a mile further on I realised suddenly that I was stopped on the summit of a rock that rose in the midst of an enormous amphitheatre. There I rested, watching a girl, a dot of pink, climb up the adjoining cliff and disappear over the headland. It was impossible to descend to the ledge from where she had climbed. Peering around I espied the coastguards' white stones curving along the crest of the amphitheatre. With some difficulty I reached them, and on the next promontory was rewarded by the sight of the Gurnard's Head, shaped like the fish of that name, a jagged outcrop of rock grass covered, slouching and rising into the sea. This is a popular expedition from Penzance and St. Ives, and in August one sees trails of tourists wandering from the inn over fields and lanes to the green headland.

A flag flies above the coastguard station. The stones leading to it are plentiful and newly whitewashed, as if welcoming the wayfarer and saying: "We mark another stage of your journey. Rest."

But I did not rest, for I had idled by the way, the afternoon was waning, and a farm labourer had told me that the cliff path to Bosigran was dangerous. It is not that, but there is a section which demands a steady head.

Above Porthmeor Cove the white stones apparently ceased and the path also. It ended at a gorge many feet deep, the sides of which are composed of precipitous blocks of red rock; and at the base of the gully runs a rapid stream. The descent was impossible. I was thinking that I should have to walk to the head of the valley, a mile or so inland, when suddenly far below on the beach I saw the splashes of whitewash on boulders just above high-water mark. Retracing my steps I crawled on all fours down a narrow zigzag path to the shore, crossed the

GURNARD'S HEAD

cove, clambered on to the high ground, and saw before me Bosigran Castle, a rock-strewn plateau, high above the sea, once a fortification. Nothing remains now of the walls, but the curious can search for a logan stone and several rock basins. It is a noble place at sunset. The huge rocks are tumbled and heaped one upon the other. Landward rose the solemn lines of Carn Zennor and Carn Galva, and seaward flashed the light from Pendeen Point. Half a mile inland beyond a croft is a lonely but comfortable inn, a greensward lying between it and the road. There I proposed to spend the night.

This was the quietest resting-place I encountered in all my many days in Cornwall—Bosigran Castle on the edge of the moors, under the hills. When I looked out at a late hour the crest of Carn Galva showed dark against a dappled sky, and to the west the tops of two mine chimneys, long deserted, seemed to rest heavily against the blue, star-spangled night. And from the doorway of the inn a shaft of light shone out upon the moor.

The intensity of the silence gave me a wakeful night. And whenever I opened my eyes I saw the gleam of Pendeen Lighthouse, four white flashes, and then a few seconds of blackness. Through the darkness I watched for the flash, counting, against my will, the intervening seconds. It continued beyond the night. Through the dawn, unwearying, it flashed, that still dawn which disclosed pale sails upon a pale sea, and in the croft below my bedroom window rabbits sitting up and nibbling the herbage. Birds began to sing, and imperceptibly streaks of rose-colour broke out in the grey sky.

I cannot describe that sunrise. It was. It is. One remembers such moments long afterwards at chance times in cities and in ugly rooms, and one murmurs: "Yes, I was there. Thank God for that."

CHAPTER XVI

BOSIGRAN CASTLE TO LAND'S END

Pendeen Church and Manor House—The Birthplace of Dr. Borlase—Pendeen Cave—Levant Mine—Botallack Mine—A Talk with two Coastguards and a Miner—Pictures at Cape Cornwall—Cornish Cream and Saffron Cake—Sennen Cove—Lights seen from Land's End

FROM Bosigran Castle I took the coast road that winds through Morvah to Pendeen, village where there is a church, modern, yet of particular interest. It was built on the model of Iona Cathedral by the Rev. ... Aitken, the Cornish revivalist, who was his own architect and clerk of the works. So great was Aitken's influence in old Pendeen by the sea that the miners cut and carted the granite free of charge. The lone building stands high above the village at the foot of a hill, and is surrounded by a granite, castellated wall, with an archway that might be the entrance to a mediæval fortress. They build well at Pendeen. The new cemetery is bordered by a similar massive wall. The spirit of the hardy Scots who raised Iona Cathedral, as if to establish a building that would outlast Time, would seem still to animate the Cornishmen of Pendeen. I talked with one of the masons. He begged me to climb the hill, bare and boulder strewn, that looms up behind the church.

"It's all free walking," he said. "You can go just where you please over the moors. Some don't like being here as well as in a big town, but a man won't get such freedom in a city. Why, up on yon hill you can see on

a clear day Trevose Head and Scilly. Yes! the church is crowded on Sundays. You want to see Pendeen Manor House and the cave? You'll find them down by the cove. The farmer's wife will oblige you."

I would have walked many miles to see Pendeen Manor House and Pendeen Vau, a cave whose grass-grown top rises to a height of five feet between the back door of the farm and the sea. For Dr. William Borlase was born at Pendeen Manor House, and although his book on *The Antiquities, Historical and Monumental, of the County of Cornwall* contains much that the modern antiquarian regards with disapproval or with amusement, the thumbed folio volume is still indispensable to those whose pleasure it is to roam the moors and hills, and to seek, by the light of the evening lamp, information about the ancient Cornish monuments.

This cave at Pendeen being situated in the garden of the manor house where he was born was probably the first object of antiquarian interest that the eyes of the boy Borlase looked upon, and the first survival that he explored. Years later he wrote, "Of all the artificial caves I have seen in Cornwall, that called Pendeen Vau is the most entire and curious".

Pendeen Manor House, a long granite building of good proportions and of a comfortable aspect, is now, of course, a farm. The mistress showed me the rooms, and indicated the cave a few yards distant in the farm place. Yes, on the whole she liked the manor house; but the rooms were too large for her taste.

"'Tisn't what I call cosy," she said, "but it do well enough in the summer time."

I gathered that she regarded the cave as a nuisance. Cattle find it a cool retreat from flies, and insist on scrambling through the rough opening and losing themselves in the darkness. Many of the interior stones have fallen, and had I desired to penetrate into its recesses, which

most certainly I did not, it would have been necessary to remove a wooden bar placed there to impede the entrance of the beasts. The mistress offered me a candle. I declined it and passed on in the sunlight to Pendeen Lighthouse.

A shock, sudden and riveting, met my eyes on the next headland.

From the edge of the cliff stretching inland and westward along the coast every spot of green has long been uprooted. Over all that headland were the ugly paraphernalia of an ancient mine in full working order. The sea at the base of the cliff is dyed red, the surface of the hill is rent and scarred, heaped high with rubbish, and from dingy chimneys black smoke issues. I heard the pounding of stamps, saw the conduits, the various receptacles where the tin is washed, and the ever-running discoloured water. This is the famous Levant Mine, whose workings run for a mile and more under the sea. In 1905 a fissure appeared in one of the shafts sunk on the edge of the cliff, the mouth of which is only about ten feet from high-water mark. One day the water found its way into the shaft, and the inflow increased so rapidly that the men refused to descend. They were "out" for a fortnight, until a bed of concrete was built over the fissure, when work was resumed. It is stated that during the past eighty years Levant has realised more than a million and a half in dividends.

"We have three strings to our bow here," said a miner, "tin, copper and arsenic."

After labour, rest; after storm, port. I reclined in the wilderness—long silent and deserted—of Botallack Mine, which adjoins Levant. It has been shut down for many years; the roofs of the buildings have gone, the walls have fallen in, and the only hint of activity on that neglected and untidy coast is a white building by the

roadside, proclaiming itself in large letters as the Botallack branch of the Penzance School of Mining.[1]

In walking the Cornish coast one never becomes accustomed to the surprise of distance delusions. Ascending the high ground beyond Botallack, suddenly I saw the Longships Lighthouse and rocks, a little way off, across a stretch of sea; whereas, as every one knows, the Longships, with the lighthouse rising from the second rock, are off the Land's End. In front, beyond the cliffs, rose an eminence, crowned with an old mining stack, looking in the distance like a burly flagstaff. I could hardly believe that this was Cape Cornwall. Between me and this mining-stack were targets, with a warning red flag fluttering in the breeze.

I hailed two coastguards, one bearded, the other shaven, who were lounging on a rock by the targets. The firing had not begun. I might approach.

We foregathered and talked. Yes, that was Cape Cornwall, and yonder was Chapel Carn Brea, the last hill in England. Seaward, thirty-four and a half miles away, are the Scillies.

Following the coastguard's direction I peered out over the blue ocean and saw them, fairy isles floating in a fairy sea.

"They say the lost land of Lyonesse lies between," said I.

The coastguards were dubious. "There's deep sea there," said the bearded one, "though the Seven Stones between here and Scilly be land sure enough."

"We call the sea out yonder the Lioness," said the shaven one. "That sounds like Lyonesse."

I told them that the land of Lyonesse is supposed to have stretched from the Longships Lighthouse to the Scilly Isles, and thence north-eastward to Lizard Point, and that

[1] Since the above was written a company has been formed to reopen and rework Botallack Mine.

some suppose that the lost Cassiterides once formed part of Lyonesse.

"A chap told me that when the sea is quiet you can hear church bells ringing down below. I dunno."

"Nobody knows anything about Lyonesse," I remarked. "The *Saxon Chronicle* says that the sea overflowed it in 1099, engulfing one hundred and forty churches."

"A lot of people must have been drowned," said the bearded coastguard. "I once see a ship out in the Pacific two miles up on an island. She was threw there by a tidal wave."

A miner joined us. We talked of tin, of the terrible disease that attacks the men who work in the arsenic flues, and of the effect of mining on the health.

"Most of 'em are old at sixty," said the Underground man. "There's taps down in Levant; they drink it all the time, and it rolls off their skin like rain from a dripstone. They work bare."

"I once drank a lot of arsenic to cure rheumatism in the left leg," said the bearded coastguard, "but massage did me more good."

"Look at that," cried the miner, tossing me a piece of ore about the size of an apple. "There's 80 per cent. of tin in that. I found it in a field up by Botallack last Sunday."

I looked, and expressed my astonishment.

When the shooting party approached I continued my walk, still encompassed by the signs of mining and streaming. In the cove by Cape Cornwall wire ropes are stretched from the beach to the summit of the cliff, and half a dozen men were loading buckets with sand, which were then whirled upwards on the ropes. This valuable sand, which each tide deposits in the cove, is impregnated with tin, washed into it from the ore refuse that in past years has been shot into the sea from Botal-

lack Mine, and since subjected to the ceaseless pounding of the waves.

Beneath Cape Cornwall I found a refreshment booth. Finishing my meal with the usual hunch of saffron cake, and wondering whether it was allowable to eat it in conjunction with Cornish cream, I recalled the interesting fact that these two delicacies of the Duchy are centuries older than the miracle plays, and connect Cornwall with the Phœnicians and with Russia. Mr. Baring Gould asserts that clotted cream is made nowhere in the world except in Cornwall, Devon and Phœnicia.

The antiquity of Cornish and Devonshire cream is a subject of perennial interest in the "Question and Answer" columns of West of England newspapers. In that pleasant volume, called *Cornish Notes and Queries*, reprinted from the *Cornish Telegraph*, J. S. writes:—

"It seems likely that the Cornish learned to make Cornish cream from the Phœnicians, who are supposed to have obtained their supplies of tin from Cornwall. It is a strange fact that this cream is made to-day in what was the land of the Phœnicians and nowhere else but in Cornwall, Brittany and Devonshire. Devon, of course, borrowed the idea from Cornwall. Now, as to the saffron with which the Cornish love to colour their cakes. Antiquaries have seen in this a touch of early Oriental intercourse. Are there any grounds for the supposition? Have any travellers in the East noted a similar practice?"

Ograpr A. Ognonger, writing from Novoselowskoe, Siberia, makes answer:—

"At this season of the year (Easter), throughout the Russian Empire, the people make a cake coloured with saffron, which resembles the Cornish saffron cake. This use of saffron came originally, it is thought, from Oriental countries, saffron being used in cakes and various other comestibles to a great extent among the people of these countries. It would be interesting to know when saffron

was first introduced into Cornwall. My opinion is that the use of saffron is a very recent innovation compared with that of Cornish cream."

Having finished my saffron cake and cream, I let my drowsy eyes roam round the walls of the refreshment booth. They opened wide at the sight of several prints after memorable pictures nailed to the pitch-pine walls. The intelligence of the choice was astonishing. There was Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs," Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda," Rossetti's "Annunciation," Hoppner's "Parson's Daughter" and Millet's "Gleaners". It was strange to see the flaming feet of Rossetti's "Angel" in a remote Cornish shanty.

Sighing, for the day was hot, and the prospect of rough exercise uninviting, I banished saffron cake, cream and Rossetti's "Angel" from my mind, scaled Cape Cornwall from the sea, and standing upon the summit looked across the minatory twin rocks called the Brisons, the scene of many wrecks, towards the gleaming curve of Whitesand Bay and onwards to Sennen, wide and windy, where the air is always fresh and the waves thunder in to the primitive port, playing with the seine-boats that lie waiting off the land for the pilchard shoals.

From time immemorial the beach of Whitesand Bay has offered an easy landing to the mariner beating in from Scilly, or rounding the iron cliffs of the Land's End. Here, it is said, Athelstan disembarked after his conquest of Scilly. On this white, shelving beach King Stephen reached land in 1135; King John sailing from Ireland touched English soil at Whitesand Bay; and Perkin Warbeck landed here before making his final attempt on the crown in 1497.

Between Cape Cornwall and the coast track to the Land's End is a gorge—wide, deep and jagged. Reluctant to plod inland for a mile or so, I accosted a miner and begged him to indicate the coastguard path. He did

CAPE CORNWALL AND THE BRISSONS

so, and I agreed with him that the crumbling footway that we could trace winding round the broken cliff looked insecure and hazardous.

"But the coastguards take it, and on dark nights," I remarked.

He winked.

"See them mows (the Cornish name for cornstacks) on the far cliff. I should say you had better make for them up through the streaming works in the valley and then climb down to the coast by the mill."

An hour later the mows and the mill were in my rear, and I was ascending the disorderly track that looks so comfortable from Sennen. The beach is piled with boulders washed by the action of the waves to a shape approximating to colossal marbles. On no other part of the coast have I seen such fortresses of enormous rounded stones. The path entailed more rock climbing than any I had yet encountered. The day was hot, the exertion demanded prodigious. Beyond Aire Point I could not resist the temptation of disrobing and racing down those soft, sun-heated sands into the sea.

It was a sensation of poignant delight—that first impact of the tingling breakers on the heated body, followed by the swim out through the green billows. Each buffet of the translucent waves that looked league-long brought cries of delight to my lips. Those shouts of joy caused, I fear, no small apprehension to a manly figure walking along the shore. Him I recognised as a Painter with a private income, from London, a friend of many years' standing, an expert trout fisherman, whom I had persuaded to accompany me on the walk from Land's End round by Tol-Pedn-Penwith to Lamorna, beguiling him with the promise of a day's trout fishing in the Lamorna stream. We were to meet at Sennen. He had travelled from Penzance by motor omnibus, and was now walking to the trysting-place.

Him, I say, I recognised. He saw only a bobbing head, waving hands, and heard cries that he feared might be entreaties for assistance. He ran down to the beach. I swam shoreward and saluted him.

We walked along to Sennen Cove, and knocked at the door of the Success Inn; it was the tea hour, and we were mortal. There was no response, the door was locked, the windows were closed. A woman who passed, noticing our chagrin, volunteered the information that the landlord was up on the cliff taking his turn as Huer, his wife was abed, ill. Delightful Sennen! It is one of the unspoilt places in Cornwall.

We drank our tea on the verandah of a mission-room, watching the while from our chairs the critical moments of pilchard fishing. The fish had roamed into the bay in the afternoon, but had returned to the "deep"; nevertheless the crews were still fish-haunted and alert. Their oars were poised above the water ready to dip, and in each boat a man stood on the coils of net peering over the sea.

"If they shoot a seine we'll sleep here," said the Painter.

I agreed. When a seine is shot in Cornwall all other engagements and arrangements are waved aside.

While we waited I repeated the words of the Seine Song (also spelt Sean) composed by Stevens, of St. Ives, who was formerly rural postman to Zennor. It contains all of the terms employed in the fishing. Robert Hunt suggested that *Could Roos* or *Cold-ruse* is Cornish for shooting the seine or net, *roos* or *ruz* being the Cornish for net or seine.

SEINE SONG

With a cold north wind and a cockled sea,
Or an autumn's cloudless day,
At the huer's bid to stem we row,
Or upon our paddles play.
All the signs, "East, West and Quiet,
Could Roos" too well we know;

We can bend a stop, secure a cross,
For brave sean lads are we!
Chorus—We can bend a stop, secure a cross,
For brave sean lads are we!

If we have first stem when heva comes
We'll the huer's bushes watch;
We will row right off or quiet lie,
Flying summer sculls to catch.
And when he winds the towboat round,
We will all ready be,
When he gives Could Roos, we'll shout hurrah!
Merry sean lads are we!
Chorus—When he gives Could Roos, we'll shout hurrah!
Merry sean lads are we!

When the sean we've shot, upon the tow,
We will heave with all our might,
With a heave! heave O! and rouse! rouse O!
Till the huer cries, "All right".
Then on the bunt place kegs and weights,
And next to tuck go we,
We'll dip, and trip, with a "Hip hurrah!"
Merry sean lads are we.
Chorus—We'll dip, and trip, with a "Hip hurrah!"
Merry sean lads are we!

Speaking of Robert Hunt I am confronted by a difficulty that has faced me in every chapter. To Hunt every hill, bottom, carn, cave and hamlet had its legend and tradition of giant or pixie. Such lore interested him profoundly, and his book is packed with stories, legends and comments. Yet if I were to refer to them all this volume would run to an inordinate length, so they but sparsely sprinkle these pages. The curious will find months of such reading in *Popular Romances of the West of England*, and in Bottrell's *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall*, to name but two collections.

Cornish Notes and Queries has two pages anent the "Little People of Sennen Cove". E. W. C., the chief contributor, begins thus: "We all know that Sennen Cove was traditionally haunted by the little people and

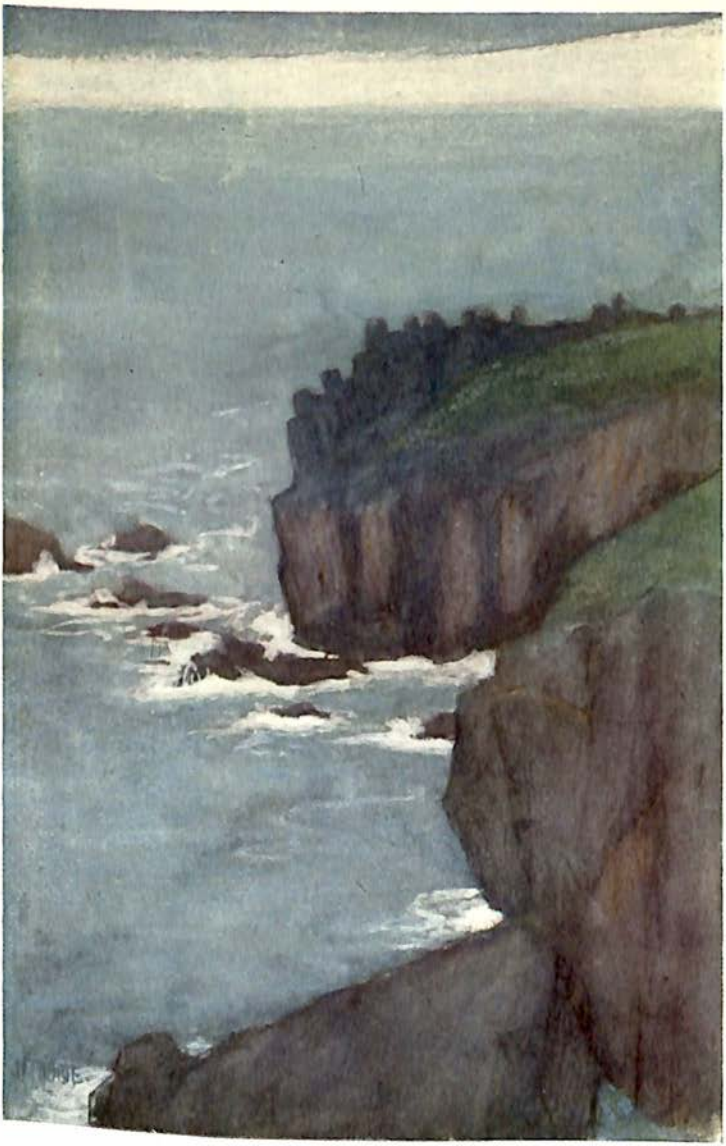
frequented by mermaids, but we have not heard much of the small folk of recent years. The late Mr. T. Cornish once mentioned at an antiquarians' meeting held at Penzance 'that there was a brownie still existing at Sennen Cove; that a gentleman whose opinion he would take on many matters had told him that he had often seen it sitting quietly by the fireside'. Sometimes these diminutive creatures are mischievously inclined, and will lead benighted people over hedges and ditches after the fashion of the Will o' the Wisp. 'Piskie led is often whisky led,' as a witty Cornishman once observed."

The walk from Sennen Cove to the Land's End can be done easily within half an hour, allowing for a halt at the coastguard look-out above the cove. This is an Admiralty station, and the man on duty is allowed only to report Government vessels. Home-coming merchantmen strive in vain to signal their arrival; the coastguard is adamant, turning a blind eye to the imploring vessel which must round the promontory and hold her message until Lloyd's station beyond the Lizard is reached.

The stroll from Sennen to Land's End is delightful after sunset when the last of the daily tourists has departed, and this lone land, the Bolerium of the ancients, is left to its night solitude. For company you have the mighty granite cliffs, piled boulders and cubical rocks, weathered to a warm red, coated with grey lichen, pierced below with caverns, breaking out into the sea, which eternally rages and foams about them.

The wind rose after the setting of the sun. When we had arranged for accommodation at the hotel, we sat above the western extremity of England, and gazed down upon the uttermost point, purple in the fading light.

Although the month was July we found it cold and drear on that spur of the Penwith of the Celts, but the fascination of the hour and place kept us awhile from the cheerful hall of the last house in England. Four lights



LAND'S END

beyond the waste of waters held our eyes; the nearest was the Longships; far to the left an alternating red and white flash marked the Wolfe, and between them two faint distant gleams shone.

The wind howled louder as we ascended the cliff, a mist crept up from the sea, the salt moisture flicked at our faces, and I could well believe that in times of terrific storm lumps of foam, the size of cricket balls, are driven for miles inland.

CHAPTER XVII

LAND'S END TO LAMORNA

A Sea Fog—The Finest Coast Walk in Cornwall on a Fine Day—Tol-Pedn-Penwith—A Walk through Mist—Porthgwarra and Porthcurnow—The Logan Rock—Recollections of other and Sunnier Days—Penberth—St. Loy's Cove—Seeking The Merry Maidens—A Friendly Archæologist—Trewoofe Manor House—The Fogou—Boleit Battlefield—The Pipers—Beds at Lamorna

I AWOKE at seven, sprang from my bed, and peered out of the window. Cliffs, sea, lighthouse were blotted out. All the world was enveloped in an impenetrable white fog. The Painter was sleeping soundly. Why awake him? It was useless thinking of making a start until the fog cleared, so I returned to my couch.

I suppose every one who spends a week in Cornwall devotes one day to the Land's End, and clambers out to the westernmost point where, by-the-bye, Wesley did not compose the hymn containing the lines:—

> Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.

In a letter written by the "poet of Methodism" to Lady Oglethorp, now in the possession of the Georgia Historical Society, he states that he composed the hymn in Jekyl Island in 1736.

The wise give a second day to the coast walk round by Pardenick Point to Tol-Pedn-Penwith (the Holed Headland in Penwith), the grandest promontory in the finest stretch of cliff scenery in Cornwall, and probably in England. The cliff climber descends from Tol-Pedn-Penwith

to the level of the sea, passing on his perilous way the Funnel Rock, a vast circular fissure, a hundred feet deep. From the base of the cliffs, he has a magnificent view of the iron bulwarks of Western England towering above, a rude prevision of Gothic, looking as if they were piled up in Cyclopean days.

Pillars and buttresses have been weathered into huge cubes. Every dominant boulder, every out-jutting escarpment, every cove into which the breakers foam, where the tide seems to be setting half a dozen different ways in the same instant, has its Celtic name. The legends are endless. Cruikshank made a drawing of Madge Wildfire and her attendant witches, who are supposed to have assembled at Tol-Pedn-Penwith before starting on their flight to Brittany. Turner painted the Land's End, and the witching anarchy of Ruskin's pen has described it.

We waited until eleven o'clock. Then, the fog showing no sign of lifting, we determined to make a start.

I had explored this coast before, and was not unwilling to walk it that day under such novel conditions. First we experimented at the Land's End itself. The fog wreathed everything in a moist moving mist, that broke occasionally, giving us glimpses of ghastly precipices, falling sheer from those terrible cliffs; and sudden sights, far below, of caverns and archways half-submerged by boiling foam and rock-strewn coves. At intervals two warning guns from the Longships Lighthouse boomed out their message to hidden vessels groping over a hidden sea.

I was glad of the Painter's companionship, and I am sure that he was glad of mine. Indeed, I do not think that either of us would have made the journey alone. Had it not been for the white stones we should never have found the way. During those anxious moments when we lost them, and cast back on our tracks to find the stones, it was impossible to tell north from south, or east from west, and neither of us had enough weather-lore to place the cardinal

points by the feel of the wind on the cheek. We peered over dizzy ledges into cauldrons of eddying mist and raging water; the lichen-covered granite cubes to which we clung were damp as sponges. We looked down into coves, with jagged rocks across their mouths, and saw on the high-water mark line the waves tossing planks and spars cast up from forgotten wrecks.

To see these relics of good ships is sad enough; to read some of the stories of Cornish wrecking in the bad old days is awful. There is a passage in a letter written by Borlase, a Penzance lawyer, in 1748, describing how when a ship was seen to be in danger the "tynners" would rush off by hundreds from their work and, armed with axes, follow a ship till it came ashore.

Times have changed. A friend who lives in a remote Cornish porth has kept a well-stored larder since one morning of last year when eight famished, shipwrecked sailors presented themselves at his cottage door at the moment when he had just finished his last egg.

Since the wreck of the *Khyber* in 1905, a coastguard look-out station has been erected on the cliff above Tol-Pedn-Penwith. We knocked, eager for yarns, but the building was empty and the door barred. So we plodded on through the mist, and presently dropped down into Porthgwarra (port of refuge), a fishing hamlet, famed for its Runnelstone lobsters, a bit of essential Cornwall, where those who loathe Newquay, and love roughing it, engage lodgings a year in advance. The shore is reached by cavern tunnels driven through the granite.

Beyond Porthgwarra, a furlong inland, in a deep hollow, is the small and romantic church of St. Levan. The arches of the arcade are only six feet eight inches clear span. St. Levan (the ruin of his baptistery may still be seen) supported himself by fishing. Once, when his sister and her child were about to visit him, he sought his favourite fishing place. He caught a chad, which he

threw back into the sea, deeming it not appetising enough for his guests. But the fish returned to his hook three times in succession, whereupon, wondering, he carried it home. His sister's child was choked by the first morsel, and the saint saw in the tragedy "a punishment for his dissatisfaction with the fish with which Providence had provided him". I do not repeat this legend for its moral; there is none. Or as a warning; for if anybody had to die, the saint, not the child, was manifestly the individual. I repeat the legend because of the curious fact that to this day, in the district, the chad is called chack-cheeld = choke-child.

The lych-gates of St. Levan Church, large and simple, made of granite, the base in the form of a gridiron, are worth travelling from Penzance to St. Levan to see. The church is kept locked as a protection for the fine carvings it possesses. We sat on the mourners' seat of the lower lych-gate, silent and admiring, thinking we should like to see the church, and wondering if its condition is still as Blight described it: "Internally the building is in a most dilapidated and neglected state, extremely damp, and with the atmosphere of a vault".

Deciding that we should like to visit the church, we marched up to the rectory and asked for the key. The rector appeared and courteously offered his services. Blight would not have known it in its restored and renovated state. We spent a delightful and instructive hour under the tutelage of the rector. I wish I could repeat all the St. Levan Church lore he told us, but space forbids. To begin would be to continue for pages. Yet I cannot but say to the wayfarer in Western Cornwall, if you want to know all about St. Levan Church ascend between the flower-beds and the hedges and ring the bell of the rectory.

On the headland above the next cove we passed a magnificent cricket ground. What manner of Cornish

cove was this that supported a cricket pitch, rolled and cut, an asphalte tennis court by the side of the lane that runs up the valley, and two large buildings, one like a grammar school, and the other looking as important as a post office in a growing provincial town. The tell-tale "tapes" scattered on the cliff, blown by the winds, proclaimed that this was Porthcurnow, the station of the Eastern Telegraph Company, where over a hundred young men live, receiving and despatching messages day and night through their allotted shift of eight hours.

"Here," I said to the Painter, "we will lunch. A place with a cricket ground and over a hundred young men must possess an inn."

But there was no inn at Porthcurnow.

"The old man doesn't allow it," we were informed by one of the young telegraphists, who was hastening down to the sea for a swim. There was not even a shop, only a boot-repairing shed, where we obtained some saffron cake and mild ginger beer.

The Painter was silent as we plodded through the mist to the Logan Rock; he takes life and meals seriously. Here the fog favoured us. The weather was so unpropitious that not one tourist had ventured that day to this Cornish showplace.

The Logan Stone (logging = rocking) is poised on a mass of rocks at the sea extremity of the magnificent headland called Treryn Dinas or Treryn Castle. You may still trace the triple earth entrenchments of this cliff castle of the ancient inhabitants, or perhaps of their invaders.

We scrambled out to the promontory and decided not to scale the slippery rocks for the sake of logging the Logan Stone. We would give this block of granite weighing sixty tons a day's rest; we would not ask it to perform one of its parlour tricks, doubling up copper coins placed edgeways beneath it. So nicely is the Logan Stone balanced that the slightest push will make the mass

of granite oscillate. In 1824 a larky lieutenant, a nephew of Goldsmith's, overturned the Logan Rock with the help of his boat's crew. The Admiralty ordered him to replace it, a task of no small magnitude, necessitating the transportation of machinery, for the first time in its history, to Castle Treryn.

The rock basins in the surface of the granite are said to have been used by the Druids in their religious rites. It is possible; but the Druids and their ways have long been in disfavour. Yet one would like to believe in these remote and picturesque wise men. The Druids are always cropping up in Cornish lore. The author of *St. George and the Dragon* connects them with the Cornish arms—a field sable with fifteen bezants. His theory, if incredible, is amusing.

"As to the origin of these fifteen balls, it appears so far prior to the historical that it penetrates into the mythical; but it probably has reference to the 'sun-circle' of thirty stones, in which all Damnonium (*i.e.*, Devon and Cornwall) celebrated the higher festivals, when there stood a man of Druidic dignity at each stone, and it is reasonable to suppose that these two tribes furnished an equal number (or fifteen each). 'One and all' would therefore mean the presiding Arch-Druid (or his deputy) and his fifteen; and probably at a later period the Cornish became a separate people, and stood alone by their own fifteen."

From our seat on the promontory by the Logan Rock we saw through the mist and the first patterings of an evening of rain, poor fishermen plying their trade off Porthcurnow. Cornwall was in a sad mood that day; but I was not so ungrateful as to upbraid her. For I remembered other days in this neighbourhood—a brilliant summer afternoon two years before, when I sat in the Giant's Chair, a natural throne near the Logan Rock, and looking downwards saw on either side the wonderful colours that the Cornish sea

can assume—a lovely light green where it flows over sand, and a deep blue where it surges above rocks.

When we climbed onwards to Penberth Cove in thin rain, splashing through pools, and sliding down muddy hill-sides, I still thought of Cornwall in sunshine, still remembered the exhilaration of other days. I remembered Penberth Cove with one hundred and four geese, beautiful white things, moving in a pond iridescent with reflections, near the door of a cove cottage where lived a Cornish-woman who was born there within sound of the sea, and had been happy in that cottage for sixty years. I remembered lying on the rocks above St. Loy's Cove through a golden hour, looking lazily at the sunlit bay and upwards through the wooded valley, wondering whither the stones of the little chapel of St. Loy had gone, stolen by some irreverential farmer to build a hedge or enlarge a piggery. Remembered, too, how in early spring the sloping headlands about Lamorna, and on to Newlyn, become gardens of flowers—vast meadows of narcissi, cultivated by the fortunate farmers whose lands lie in this fertile belt. The cliffs are perfumed with the scent of flowers, and the eye roaming from their delicate hues sees far below a wild sea, too rough, maybe, for the Newlyn fishing-boats to venture out.

Very silent had the Painter been while I was mentally recalling sunny days and flower culture. Desirous of charming away the melancholy of a man unaccustomed to the vagaries of Cornish weather, I suggested that we should strike inland by Tregiffian, and amuse ourselves by hunting for the stone circle called The Merry Maidens. I concealed from him the knowledge that the word Tregiffian means the Place of Forgiveness; for the weather was growing worse every minute.

Of course we did not find The Merry Maidens. Soon we were lost in a wood. Picking our way through the trees presently we spied a ruin that looked as if it had

been erstwhile a place of importance, and in front of the ancient doorway was—pleasing sight!—the figure of an intelligent-looking young man, whose slim limbs were clad in a corduroy knickerbocker suit. He was standing upon a wheelbarrow taking a rubbing of the crest, a chevron between three calves' heads, carved on the stone lintel of the doorway.

He jumped from the wheelbarrow at the sound of my voice, wiped the rain from his spectacles, and offered to show us the way to The Merry Maidens, with the other survivals in the neighbourhood, the Fogou or Cavern, similar in construction to the Pendeen Fogou, the Pipers, and also the battlefield of Boleit, the traditional scene of Athelstan's final victory over the Britons in 936. We found this young and solitary archæologist both entertaining and instructive. Not only did he conduct us to the monuments, he also found us beds at Lamorna, and on the morrow caught most of the trout on which we supped.

In Trewoofe Manor House lived the family of Levelis. It is now extinct; all that remains of the manor house is the doorway, dating from the time of Henry VIII., and a few windowless rooms where bats flit and undisturbed spiders weave darkly. The remains of the last of the family, Arthur Levelis, who died in 1671, lie beneath the floor of Buryan Church; on the slab the patient wayfarer may decipher the following inscription:—

> This worthy Family hath Flourished Here
> Since William's Conquest, full six hundred year;
> And Longer much it might But that the blest
> Must spend their Seavenths in a Blessed Rest:
> But yet this gentleman, Last of his name,
> Hath by his Vertues Eterniz'd the same
> Much more than Children could, or Bookes, for Love
> Records it Here in Heartes, in Life Above.

We should never have found the Fogou alone. So dense was the undergrowth on the mound beneath which lurks the cavern, thirty-six feet long, six feet high, built of

enormous unhewn and uncemented stones, that for a time even the Archæologist was puzzled.

"It's near a holly tree," he kept crying, as he darted and doubled, pushing his way through the brambles and water-soaked bushes. We followed, breathing hard, wiping the rain from our faces, and trying to keep his brown figure in sight. Suddenly he disappeared. I ran to the spot and found him wriggling through a manhole, square and somewhat small, made of rough moss-grown boulders. Following him, I crept into a low passage and emerged through a narrow opening into the cave. The Painter, who is of burly build, entered with difficulty.

This Fogou was certainly an admirable place of concealment for the aboriginal inhabitants. No doubt smugglers of a later date also utilised it, and there is a record that the last Levelis of Trewoofe hid within it a party of Cavaliers after the overthrow of the royal cause.

We scrambled out by the main entrance, and followed the Archæologist across country to the Dawns Mên, the stone circle known locally as The Merry Maidens, from the legend that they were turned to stone for dancing on a Sunday. It is intact, nineteen upright stones in a sloping meadow. I propose to discuss the stone circles of Cornwall and their suggested astronomical origin in the chapter dealing with the Hurlers situated on the Bodmin Moors. We shall never know whether the use of The Merry Maidens as a sort of primeval calendar, preceded or followed their use as a meeting-place for civic or religious rites; but at any rate The Merry Maidens serve as a clock in the twentieth century. A neighbouring farmer informed the Archæologist that he knew it was the hour of noon when his shadow fell straight through the centre of the circle in a line with Garn Galva, which rises due north.

There is nothing to mark the battlefield of Boleit apart from some barrows, a monolith called Goon Rith,

and the two rough pillars of granite known as The Pipers (who piped for The Merry Maidens), between thirteen and fifteen feet high. Tradition says that they were erected above the burial-place of two chieftains slain in the battle.

Copeland Borlase, who gives a plan of the prehistoric monuments in this neighbourhood in *Nænia Cornubiæ*, supplies the following interesting information:—

"An old man informed me that the soldiers who died in the great fight (which lasted several days), were buried in a long trench on the slope of a hill to the eastward of the village, but that when this trench was dug over a few years since, no bones were found. Another story related that a vault immediately beneath the farmyard at Boleit contained the bodies of the slain, but 'when this shall be discovered,' added the old man, ''tis said that day will be the Judgment'.

"The name Goon Rith, which designates the land to the west of the circle, and where a third great stone is placed, is, undoubtedly, the 'Red Downs,' a name which, as there is no appearance of that colour in the soil, looks strangely as if they had once been 'bathed in blood'."

After examining The Pipers we decided that, as we were wet through, we would deny ourselves the pleasure of seeking The Holed Stones in the neighbourhood. In single file, the Archæologist leading, we descended Lamorna valley to a house perched high above the stream. And so to bed while our clothes were being dried.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAMORNA TO NEWLYN

A Day's Trout Fishing in the Lamorna Stream—Mousehole and the Spaniards—The Old Manor House now the Keigwin Arms—Builders of Old Time—Paul Church—Dolly Pentreath—The Decay of the Cornish Language—A Newlyn Studio

GREAT fishermen are amused by the Cornish trout streams; minor fishermen have been known to return from a Cornish piscatorial expedition in a state of exasperation, exclaiming that if trout grew on trees they might have caught something. There is water in the Cornish trout streams; but one must know where to look for it.

Here follows an account of the day's trout fishing in the Lamorna stream enjoyed by the Painter, the Archæologist and myself. I announced my intention of fishing with a fly, and nothing but a fly. The Archæologist smiled.

We left the house in an interval between two storms of sleet, pausing on our way to allow the Archæologist to grub in the water-logged earth for worms with which he filled an empty two-ounce tobacco tin.

When we reached the tiny mouth of the river, and I had wiped the salt spray from my eyes and ears, the Archæologist said: "We'll fish up stream, beginning with the pool at the mouth where you can use a fly, although a fly is not much good in this weather. A mile up through the wood you come out upon the moor, where you can

cast with ease. Whatever you do," he said (particularly addressing me), "don't let them see you. A trout is as timid and quick as a bird. You must approach——" His advice was interrupted by a sudden squall of rain. We ran for shelter to the lee side of the cliff, and while we crouched there the Painter said: "Are you still determined to fish with fly?"

"Yes," I shouted, blowing on my fingers to restore circulation.

They consulted for a minute, with the result that two flies were selected and affixed to my cast.

"There," said the Archæologist, "now you're armed. It's the finest sport in the world."

Just then the rain ceased, and the Archæologist was persuaded to give an exhibition of his skill. Bidding us remain perfectly still he grasped my rod and crept down stealthily to the pool almost on his hands and knees. Half a dozen yards away from it he stopped, crouched into the mud, and—— It was really very pretty! His wrist moved, the rod tossed itself back over his head, for the fraction of a second the line gleamed in the air in geometrical curves, and lo! there were the flies skimming out over—the surface of the pool. Nothing happened! He cast again and again! The fourth time a little gleaming trout was lying at our feet with the Black Gnat deep in its unfortunate throat. He caught two more, and then handed the rod to me. I cast several times but only succeeded in retrieving a portion of a slimy tree-twig. Meanwhile the Painter, who ever since the Archæologist's capture of the small trout had been straining like a dog in leash, was away. I saw him fifty yards up stream, the strident rain pattering on every inch of him, following his cast with that awful intensity of gaze that most men reserve for Bradshaw. He seemed to have become suddenly decivilised. He shoved himself through thorny bushes, hedges and creeks as if he were

stepping out on a London pavement; he walked straight against a fence, and fell over it only because it did not give way before his impact.

The Archæologist, too, was now away. He was standing ankle-deep in a subsidiary stream trying to disentangle his line from an ash sapling. Plainly it was now a case of every man for himself. The fever possessed me. I ran out into the rain, and tore up the bank of the stream. As I passed the Archæologist I saw that something was happening. His slim figure was bent double, and his line was whirring out. "For God's sake wipe my glasses," he cried. "I can't see!" I caught at his wild face, made a dab at his spectacles with my handkerchief, and at the same moment he brought to the bank a large fish. "Half a pound, if it's an ounce," he shouted, then in a still more ecstatic voice, "It's a Rainbow. Hi! Hi! Come here." The Painter ran towards us. They examined the trout, repeating in awestruck whispers, "It's a Rainbow. Yes! it's a Rainbow." Then the heavens again opened, and I rushed for shelter; but not they.

Quarter of an hour later I caught my first trout—with a worm. Remember that for a mile the course of the Lamorna stream is through a wood. As I pushed my way over the dense, dripping undergrowth occasionally I caught sight of the stream; occasionally I found an open space where it was possible to drop my lure. But a cast was impossible. Once I made the attempt, with the result that the fly embedded itself in a tree on the other side of the stream. It was impossible to dislodge it; the more I pulled the tighter the hook clawed into the bark. There was no alternative but to wade the stream, scramble up the tree, and extricate the hook with my penknife. This with difficulty, and feeling most miserable, I accomplished.

The steady rain fell quietly. I baited with a fat worm, made a detour, and dropped the lure into a small

pool of still water between two raging cascades. The little trout that was idling there must have been very hungry and very innocent. I landed him without the slightest difficulty, and—well, I suppose in time one gets used to seeing a fish die. I made a gory, clumsy business of it; but no sooner was the little creature in my basket than I was eager to kill a lot more. I did catch another, but it was so small that I returned it to the water.

The rain increased; a peal of thunder broke overhead; the wood grew dark. "Let this adventure end," I said, and took, as I thought, a short cut homewards, peering through the rain as I ran for the Painter and Archæologist, shouting to them; but no answer reached me through the gloom. I realised that to carry a long supple rod through a bramble-begirt path winding through a wood is a task that requires all one's patience and endurance. It would have been wiser to disjoint it, but I was still obsessed by the insane desire to drop the lure, a very attenuated worm by this time, into every peephole in the bushes large enough to admit my arm. With hands bleeding from thorn scratches, soaked and bedraggled, I reached my lodging, went straight to bed, and dozed while my clothes were being dried.

I opened my eyes to see the Painter and the Archæologist standing each in his pool of water, great happiness illuminating their rosy faces. "Why didn't you come up to the moor? We've had a great time," said the Painter. "Look," cried the Archæologist, opening his basket. I waved them away.

Later I joined them at luncheon. It rained steadily all the afternoon. We spent the hours comfortably indoors, allowing the Painter to make pencil drawings of the appearance we presented in borrowed habiliments.

They remained at Lamorna eager for further attacks upon the trout; but I, being satisfied with one day's

prowess, started on the morrow for Mousehole. It was a fine morning, and as I climbed the hill to the quarries, which provided the granite for the Thames Embankment, I waved adieu to Lamorna with some regret.

Alluring looked this quiet cove in the morning light, with its stream rushing to the sea, its copses of hazel and alder trees, its sunny shore and flanking cliffs.

Near Mousehole the usual longshoreman sidled up to me with the usual petition that he might show me the caverns. I answered him, as usual, in the negative, and he replied in the usual way to my inquiry as to whether familiarity with the odour of pilchards, from which Mousehole seems never to be free, makes the pungent whiffs any less unpleasant.

I leaned over the railings and looked down upon the symmetrical harbour crowded with fishing-boats, trying to detect in the faces of the battered fishermen who leaned idly over the railings, showing a long sinuous line of weathered garments, any trace of their traditional Spanish ancestry. When the Spaniards burnt Mousehole in 1595, leaving no building standing except the old manor house, now known as the Keigwin Arms, it is suggested that some of the victors may have returned to Mousehole, which is the nearest point to Spain.

In the Keigwin Arms, which is now a temperance house, they showed me the Spanish cannon ball which killed the squire, Jenkin Keigwin, and the various rooms, small but massive and stately. I should have enjoyed the tour of the Keigwin Arms more had the rooms not been congested with the nick-nacks turned out in tens of thousands by Germany and Birmingham.

Happily the façade of the old manor house is unspoiled. The doorway, beautiful in proportion and austerely simple, the drip-stones above the windows, the design of the granite front are delightful. You need not look at the cast-iron railings that have been erected around the

porch flagstones. Most modern buildings in Cornwall—Methodist chapels and jerry-built cottages—are hideous, but the "old men" who raised this manor house, and those who designed the porches of the fifteenth-century churches and carved the Norman fonts were touched with genius.

This doorway of Keigwin Manor House, the tower of Lostwithiel Church, the lych-gates at St. Levan, the canopied cross in Lanteglos Churchyard, the carvings on Launceston Church—these are the things that draw one close in sympathy and affection to the builders and carvers of old Cornwall.

Ascending inland to Paul Church I saw that sight, always a surprise, yet, alas! not uncommon on the coast of Cornwall—a stout ship wedged on a rock close to the shore. The day was clear, the sea blue and so calm that a canoe could have been paddled five miles out, yet there, wrecked between Mousehole and Newlyn, within swimming distance of the shore, was a vessel. It was high water; no more than the tops of her mast and funnel were visible. Incredible it seemed that a craft captained by a man who had been in and out of Penzance Harbour a thousand times should have struck a reef in these familiar waters. Yet so it was. A night of fog, a sou'west gale, rocks lurking just below the swirling water, a bump, a horrid grating and good-bye ship and the reputation of the captain.

The prefix of St. to St. Paul's Church and village is a modern innovation. The dedication is not to the Apostle, but possibly to one Paul or Paulinus, a hermit-saint of the sixth century. In the church is a monument to a sailor who was killed in action with a French privateer off the Land's End, and built into the churchyard wall is Prince Lucien Buonaparte's monument to Dolly Pentreath:—

HERE LIETH INTERRED
DOROTHY PENTREATH
WHO DIED IN
1778.

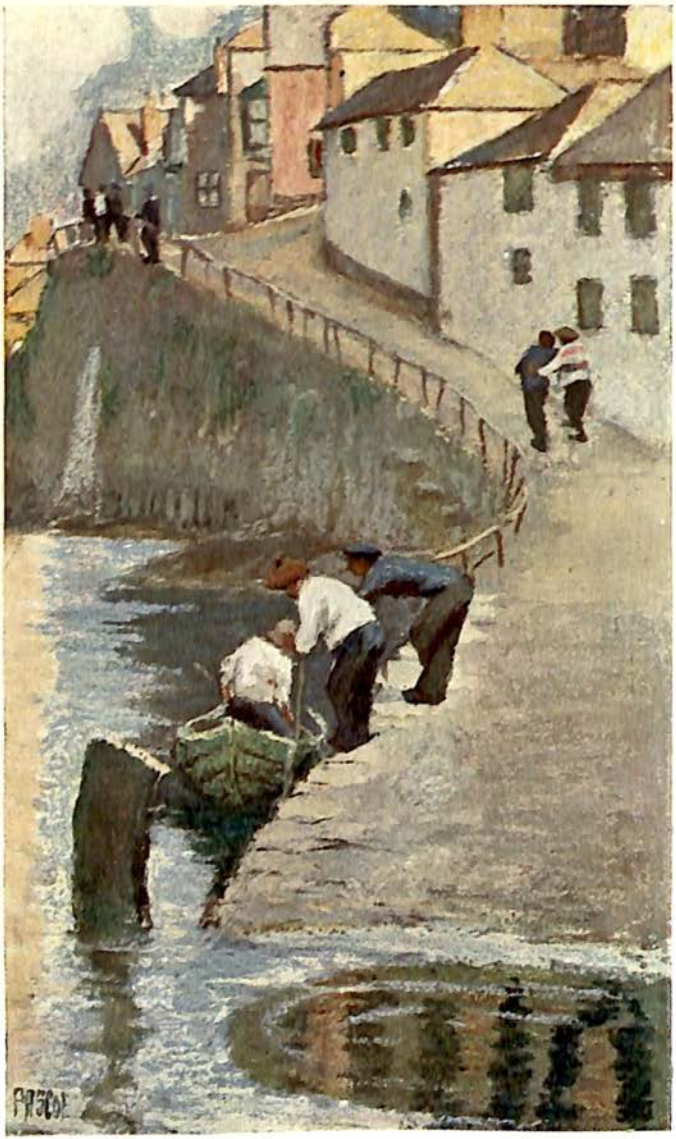
SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE
LAST PERSON WHO CONVERSED
IN THE ANCIENT CORNISH
THE PECULIAR LANGUAGE OF
THIS COUNTY FROM THE
EARLIEST RECORDS
TILL IT EXPIRED IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
IN THIS PARISH OF
SAINT PAUL

THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY
THE PRINCE
LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE
IN UNION WITH
THE REVD. JOHN GARRETT
VICAR OF ST. PAUL
JUNE 1860.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER: THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE. EXOD. XX. 12.

GWRA PERTHI DE TAZ HA DE MAM: MAL DE DYTHIOW BETHENZ HYR WAR AN TYR NEB AN ARLETH DE DEW RYES DEES. EXOD. XX. 12.

Later researches show that Dolly Pentreath does not deserve the honour of being styled the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish. She seems, says Mr. Thurstan Peter, to have been an ugly-tempered old woman who remembered a few phrases, one of which she was wont to throw at any who offended her—*Cronak an*



NEWLYN SLIP

hagar dhu, meaning "the ugly black toad". But Paul and Mousehole with St. Just were without doubt the last strongholds of the Cornish language. John Keigwin, who died about 1710, corresponded with friends in Cornish; and William Bodener, a contemporary of Dolly's, wrote on 3rd July, 1776, the following letter which is now in the British Museum:—

"Bluth uee Eue try Egence a pemp. Theatra vee deen Boadjack an pascas. Me rig deskey Cornoack termen me vee mawe. Me vee demore gen cara vee a pemp dean moy en cock. Me rig scant lower clowes Edenger sowsnrch cowes in cock, rag sythen ware bar. No rig a vee biscath gweller lever Cornoack. Me deskey Cornoack mous da more gen tees coath. Na ges moye vel pager pe pemp endreau nye, ell classia Cornoack leben poble coath pager eyance blouth. Cornoack ewe all ne cea ves yen poble younk."

"My age is three score and five. I am a poor fisherman. I learnt Cornish when I was a boy. I have been to sea with my father and five other men in the boat for a week together. I never saw a Cornish Book. I learnt Cornish going to sea with old men. There is not more than four or five in our town can talk Cornish now—old people four-score years old. Cornish is all forgot with young people."

William Matthews, who died at Newlyn in 1800, is also said to have talked in Cornish. Three hundred years before that date English travellers in Cornwall when they addressed a native often received the reply: *Mee a navidna cowza Sawzneck* ("I have not learnt to talk Saxon").

From Paul Church it was an easy drop to Newlyn. I descended to the harbour, lounged there awhile, and then returned by the "slip," the causeway which rises from the beach and leads up to the quarter where most of the artists live. As the afternoon was still young I proposed to spend an hour or two visiting the studios of friends.

Of one of them just merging from the student stage, I proposed to beg a shakedown for the night. His studio is his dwelling-place. There he takes his meals, and he sleeps in a hammock slung in an alcove under a window facing the east. He also keeps a mattress and a rug for chance visitors from Lamorna or St. Ives.

STAGE FOUR

THE SOUTH COAST: NEWLYN ROUND THE LIZARD TO SALTASH

CHAPTER XIX

NEWLYN, PENZANCE AND ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

Looking down on Mount's Bay—A Submerged Forest—Newlyn Painters —Penzance, the Holy Headland—The Fate of a Sparrow—Marazion and St. Michael's Mount—A Visit to the Mount—The Bay beneath the Moon

I STOOD above Newlyn Harbour and looked down upon Mount's Bay. It was an afternoon in late July; the grey waters were unruffled; the fishing fleets of Newlyn and Penzance were safe in harbour; Mount's Bay was like a mirror.

It is sometimes supposed that Mount's Bay extends only from Mousehole on the west to Cudden Point on the east. The expanse is far vaster, sweeping from Tol-Pedn-Penwith to the Lizard. Once the bay was a primeval forest; beneath the sand is a deposit of black vegetable mould composed of the detritus of leaves and branches, and at low tide one may see the trunks of numberless trees projecting from the sand.

Gwavas Lake, just off Newlyn, is a lake only in name, but tradition reports that there was once a lake here surrounded by a forest, which was submerged in the tempest and flood that overwhelmed Lyonesse.

Robert Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, says:—

"I have passed in a boat from St. Michael's Mount to Penzance on a summer day, when the waters were very clear and the tide low, and seen the black masses of trees in the white sands extending far out into the bay. On one occasion, while I was at school at Penzance, after a violent equinoctial gale, large trunks of trees were thrown up on the shore just beyond Chyandour, and then with the other boys I went, at the lowest of the tide, far out over the sands and saw scores of trees embedded in the sands. We gathered nuts—they were beech-nuts—and leaves in abundance."

The fishing village of Newlyn climbs from the stream beyond the stretch of rough land that adjoins the long esplanade of Penzance. It was, and is, a simple fishing village which became famous as the abode of certain painters widely known as the Newlyn School.

It is now nearly twenty years since Newlyn awoke one day to find herself honoured. And this came about because the place seemed good in the eyes of certain young painters, who, influenced by French teaching and the *plein air* movement, found the town studio, with its artificial light, and the distractions of a big city, incompatible with their ideals. To be, day in and day out, face to face with nature, to paint her truly, and in the open air, to master the enchanting difficulties of light, to blur nothing, to blink nothing, but to work always vividly and with conviction—these were the things they sought. In their search they came to the far end of Cornwall, following the lead of Mr. Stanhope Forbes who was the pioneer Newlyner.

Their beginnings were nearly unnoticed; but as time went on the critics discovered and welcomed a something at the Academy that was fresh, and strong, and young These pictures were not pretty, nor particularly graceful,

nor did the men who made them apparently take overmuch trouble in selection of subject; but the canvasses were painted honestly, and often brilliantly; painted by men who had eyes to see, and who had a good mastery over their material. Fisher families at tea, weather-beaten tars doing nothing remarkably well, fish sales, *genre* pictures of Newlyn manners and customs: these were the subjects that the men sent up from Cornwall, and it was not long before they had the satisfaction of knowing that their work was appreciated.

As time went on the Newlyn School prospered. The Royal Academy treated them royally, put them on the line; in fact, one of the galleries at the annual exhibition became known as the Newlyn Room. An ever-widening circle of the public felt the charm of light in their pictures, now diffused timorously through a little window, now abundant over the wide grey sea and shore.

As individual members of the school became better known, they sorted themselves out according to their capabilities. Then it was seen that there were two men who, by their achievement, should justly be placed among the leaders of the school. These were Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Frank Bramley. Mr. Bramley, with almost all of the original members, has long left Newlyn; but others have settled there, and Newlyn is still a flourishing art colony.

The dominating sight of Mount's Bay is St. Michael's Mount, which lies off Marazion, the village beyond Penzance. Similar in form to Mont St. Michel in Normandy, but smaller, it assumes the most varied and beautiful effects in the progression of the hours from whichever side—hill, marsh or sea—you approach it.

Penzance is a thriving place, and I am told that people have journeyed to this, the last town in Western England, expecting to find a pleasant summer resort. It is not that, at least to my thinking; but Penzance is the best

centre for expeditions to the Land's End district, and it also offers variety. I have never seen the sea so still as on a summer day at Penzance; I have rarely witnessed a finer spectacle than the waves breaking, house-high, over the esplanade in a winter storm.

The name Pen-Sans means in Cornish "Holy Headland," probably derived from the chapel which crowned the hill in the fourteenth century. In 1595 Penzance was burned by the Spaniards. They landed near Mousehole, and after destroying that village, and Newlyn, they proceeded to Penzance, and meeting with no opposition, sacked and fired it. According to Carew, the inhabitants of Penzance thought themselves foredoomed through their belief in the old Cornish prophecy:—

> There shall land on the rock of Merlyn
> Those that shall burn Paul, Penzance and Newlyn.

Merlyn was the name of the rock upon which the Spaniards landed at Mousehole. Another disastrous year in the history of Penzance was 1646, when it was sacked by Fairfax. In 1663 Penzance was made a coinage town, the other coinage towns being Launceston, Liskeard, Lostwithiel, Helston and Truro. In early days Lostwithiel had the exclusive privilege, and retained her office until 1838, when the tin duties were abolished.

I started from Newlyn on that Sunday afternoon, intending to walk to Marazion, which I could see low-lying in the curve of the bay. But the long mile, a very long mile, from Newlyn to Penzance Station, put me out of humour with walking. The day was oppressive and still, the esplanade thronged with holiday folk. To avoid the crowd I turned off to the left, climbed the hill, descended Market Jew Street, and at last reached the station. It would certainly be pleasanter, I reflected, to take the train to Marazion.

There was no departure for two hours; but a motor

omnibus, I was informed, would leave the neighbourhood in an hour's time; so I dozed on a bench of the last station in England in the quietest hour of a quiet Sunday afternoon. The station was deserted; the doors were closed; the only other loiterer was a midshipman, who sat at the end of the bench. We did not speak; we dozed.

The large, empty railway station was musical with the twittering of many sparrows. So much noise did they make that I gave up trying to sleep. Presently a small bird fell from a nest in the eaves above where we sat. The midshipman picked the small thing from the ground, threw it upwards, begged it to fly, but without avail, so weak was the unfortunate nestling. We debated what to do with the bird, where we should lodge it, out of the reach of prowling cats. The sole place of safety seemed to be the roof of one of the carriages that would travel next day to London. There finally we placed it, and the midshipman left the station to find a worm. Maybe a night's rest gave it strength to flutter down and find a resting-place in some glade of Devon.

The road from Penzance keeps the sea in sight to Marazion, a quiet, unpretentious fishing village, very welcome after the asphalt and bustle of Penzance. Its alternative name is Market-Jew; both signify "markets," and according to Max Müller, neither has any connection with the Jews. Marazion was an ancient smelting-place for tin, but its chief asset was its nearness to the priory of St. Michael's Mount. The bedroom of the modest inn where I stayed faced the Mount, a hoary castle rising from a pinnacled rock, grass grown on the sides, surrounded by grey water. It is accessible from the mainland at low tide by a causeway 400 yards long: at high water boats continually pass between the Mount and Marazion. At the base lies a small harbour. St. Michael's Mount rises to a height of 230 feet and is about a mile in circumference. In former days it was owned

by the Bassets, but passed from them to the St. Aubyn family in 1600.

According to Carew, the old Cornish name of the Mount was "Caraclowse in Cowse" ("Carreg Cleug in Coes"), meaning, I am told, the Grey Rock in the Wood, which supports the tradition that the Mount, embowered in trees, was part of the Lost Land. Legend ascribes its name to the appearance of St. Michael on the summit, one day in the fifth century, to hermits who lived there. Milton has a passage on this legend in *Lycidas*. Before Edward the Confessor bestowed it on Mont St. Michel in Normandy, there are references to the Mount as a sacred place, and it has been supposed that the resemblance between the two suggested the gift.

The Mount has a long and turbulent history as a fortress. Its military annals stretch back to the time of King Richard's captivity. After the Yorkist victory at Barnet, in the reign of Edward IV., the Earl of Oxford and some companions entered the Mount, disguised as pilgrims, and held it against the attacks of the County Sheriff, Sir John Arundell, who was killed in the conflict and buried in the Mount Church. It also played a part in the Civil War. Indeed one could fill a chapter with the military and religious annals of St. Michael's Mount.

A few years ago visitors were allowed to roam at will over the Mount, but now they are only permitted to visit it under charge of a guide. Although little more than the chapel is shown, the excursion is worth making. The houses at the foot are inhabited by retainers or pensioners. In the spring the hill is a mass of daffodils. There is a tennis ground on the level just above the harbour, and when the bracken is cut room is found for a nine-hole golf course, but I do not think the players use their drivers. The wind on the summit is terrific, and there are days when no boat can make the crossing to the mainland. St. Michael's Mount is one of the many

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

historic seats in England where I should not care to live. A fisherman told me that not long ago a member of the St. Levan family, a lady, swam round the Mount in an hour and a quarter. Near the mainland is the Chapel Rock, once crowned with an oratory, where the pilgrims halted before climbing the Mount.

The sea was rough on the day of my visit. On the return journey I suggested to the ferryman that I should take an oar. He assented. By the time we reached the Chapel Rock I heartily regretted my offer of assistance. Londoners in need of exercise should engage themselves for a week as the ferryman's deputy.

Good it was later in the day to sit dreaming at the window of the inn at Marazion, watching the Mount gradually fade away in the oncoming night, and the stars peep out over the bay. Occasionally a boat steals out from the harbour and crosses to Marazion. Everything is very still in this ancient fishing village and port, where the only sound that breaks the silence is the hourly arrival of the motor omnibus from Penzance. Wheezing and panting, it waits five minutes, and then returns noisily to Penzance. After its final departure for the night, peace again broods over Marazion. Lights shine out in the castle windows, night falls, and the waters of Mount's Bay are silver beneath the moon.

CHAPTER XX

MARAZION TO MULLION COVE

The Approach to Prussia Cove—A Successful Smuggler—The False Lizard—Flowers on Praa Sands—A Buckled Wreck—The Story of Pengersick Castle—The Bay of Porthleven—Loe Pool and Bar—Gunwalloe Church—A Sermon by a Botanist—Marconi's Towers on Poldhu Headland—Three Hotels—Mullion Cove—The Boy with a Torch

I HAD been told that the coast walk between Marazion and Cudden Point, dark and gloomy, was monotonous. The landlord of the inn advised me strongly against walking to Cudden Point.

"It's a dull part," he said. "Come, I'll drive you for four shillings to Prussia Cove beyond Cudden Point where the fine scenery begins."

At nine o'clock we started up the long grey street of Marazion on the Helston Road. When that interminable thoroughfare at last ended we came into open country and presently passed a steep hill descending to the sea, with a directing post, on which the words "To Perran Uthnoe" are inscribed. Near Perran Uthnoe is a rocky recess whither, according to a Cornish legend, an ancestor of the Trevelyans, who was swept into the sea when Lyonesse and its many churches were engulfed, was borne by his horse.

The driver of the dogcart had not heard of the miracle of Perran Uthnoe. No Cornishman that I ever met was familiar with one of the legends; it is the guide-books that perpetuate them. "They wouldn't know what you mean by Perran Uthnoe about here," he said smiling. "We call it Perran."

Later we emerged upon an open heath.

"What is its name?" I asked.

"Falmouth Packet Heath."

"Why, we are miles from Falmouth," I said.

He could offer no explanation, but supposed it was so named because yonder inn was once called the "Falmouth Packet".

We were now on the verge of the wilder parts of the southern coast. The country opened out. We turned sharp to the right and dipped down a steep lane, the brake full on, towards Prussia Cove. On a grassy ledge above the sea, where the lane ends in a cart track, I descended, shouldered my knapsack, and bade my host adieu.

The prospect was inviting after suburban Marazion. This looked like remote, unpeopled Cornwall. There is no road into Prussia Cove, merely a footpath which skirts the brow of the hill and drops down to the sea. Far to the east the towers of Marconi's wireless telegraph station at Poldhu rose thin against the sky, and farther still, slouching into the sea, was a haze of land which I imagined to be the Lizard.

Prussia Cove was so called from a noted and accomplished smuggler, who pursued his business successfully for a number of years: ostensibly he was the landlord of a small public-house called the King of Prussia. He even went the length of mounting a battery upon the cliff which was destroyed when he fired into a sloop of war called *The Fairy*. The *Cornish Magazine*, during its brief but agreeable life, published an excellent account of the landlord of the King of Prussia, who gave the name of his inn to the cove. *Murray* says that in 1780 the smuggler in these parts was regarded almost in the light of a merchant; and such was the latitude allowed him by law that no goods could be seized above high-water mark.

Prussia Cove, and Bessie's Cove which adjoins it, are as unsophisticated as any corners of Cornwall. Prussia Cove

was devoid of life and habitation save for the gulls perched at the entrance to the cavern. In Bessie's Cove two fishermen were baiting crabbing pots. Crabs abounded. I counted a dozen decomposing.

Having discussed with the fishermen the prospects of the weather and the vicissitudes of snatching a living from the sea, I remarked that I was bound for Mullion by the cliff, through Porthleven.

"The big road is a deal easier and shorter," said one of the mariners. When he found that I was bent on taking the coast track, he pursed his shaven lips, and said reflectively, "Well, if you must, follow the white stones, but it's seven mile".

I crossed the small shingly beach, scrambled up the face of a rock, and climbed to the flagstaff where a coastguard was gazing seaward through a telescope.

He pointed a broad finger to a white gate on a distant headland. "That's the end of our beat—four miles," he said, in answer to my inquiry. "One of us walks there every night and meets the chap from Porthleven. Wrecks? Yes. It's a bad coast for wrecks. There was a vessel from Cherbourg went ashore on Praa Sands yonder last year. We saved two. Once a vessel gets inside the magic circle, as we call it, she's got to look out. No, that's not the Lizard that you see. We call that the false Lizard, Lizard lies further east. Can't see it to-day."

When I think of that exhilarating walk to Praa Sands I see again the cliffs flaming with sea pink, and the white stones of the coastguards, curving without a break over the green turf. The day, which had begun in mist and sprinkles of rain, was now glorious with a fresh breeze and a blue sea.

There came a time when turning a headland I looked down upon Praa Sands—a mile of golden sand without man, woman, child or tent—desolate; and running parallel to the sands was Praa Green, a mile of rolling turf.

PRUSSIA COVE

The sand was carpeted with hundreds of single blossoms of wild convolvulus, springing delicately from their arid bed. Half way across Praa Green a lane leads inland to Pengersick Castle, a ruined castellated edifice built in the reign of Henry VIII. by a certain Millaton. It is said that he had committed a murder in London and fled hither, where he erected Pengersick Castle and fortified it. Millaton dwelt at Pengersick until he died, rarely leaving his stronghold. This story is probably about as true as the legend relating to a large stone lying on the roadside between Breage and Pengersick, said to be one of the boulders cast by the giant of Godolphin Hill at the giant of Pengersick. There were Pengersicks in Cornwall long before Millaton's time.

Embedded in the sands is the iron shell of the wrecked vessel from Cherbourg that the coastguard had mentioned. The waves have buckled her as a bicycle wheel after a collision.

Beyond Praa Sands I lost the coastguard's white stones, but the way was clear past Trewavas Head, a mass of granite above magnificent cliffs holding a forsaken copper mine. Inland is Breage Church, where some old paintings were discovered in 1890 beneath a coating of whitewash. The Breage and St. Germoe men knew something of wrecking. An old couplet runs :—

> God keep us from rocks and shelving sands,
> And save us from Breage and Germoe men's hands.

I was not sorry to sight Porthleven, the southernmost port of England, a business-like little place with an inner and an outer harbour, difficult of approach in bad weather. As I was making my way round the basin, a small boy approached and murmured something so indistinctly that I supposed him to be speaking in the Cornish vernacular. I asked him to repeat his communication, and presently gathered that he wanted a subscription to the Football

Club. I asked him how much he expected. He suggested twopence. This I gave him, and walked on to the inn through the sunshine. Dozing in my chair after luncheon it suddenly occurred to me that midsummer is not the appropriate season for collecting football subscriptions.

The houses of the Porthleven fishermen ramble up the cliff above the sands, which sweep round the coast to Gunwalloe Fishing Cove. Midway is Loe Bar, that separates Loe Pool from the sea. It is a striking sight, and would have been still more impressive had the tide been high. What I saw was a lake of fresh water separated from the sea by a quarter of a mile of pebbly beach; in times of storm the spray of the sea lashes into Loe Pool. Many years ago the bar was cut periodically to release the superfluous waters, which in rainy seasons would rise ten feet. When it was necessary to relieve the brimming water, the Corporation, in pursuance of an old custom, presented the lord of the manor with a leathern purse containing three halfpence, whereupon he gave them permission to open the bar. Some years ago a culvert was bored in the rocks, through which the waters of Loe Pool are discharged into the sea, thus obviating the necessity of cutting the bar, so the lord of the manor loses his three halfpence. Said a sailor to me: "When I was a boy Loe Bar used to be broke through once a fortnight. It hasn't been broke now for twenty years and more."

Loe Pool spills through the culvert into the sea. Bathers who like to immerse themselves in fresh water after a dip in the ocean have an ideal bathing-place on the sands by Loe Bar. The Pool, formed by the Cober stream, which rises near Carnmenellis and flows by Helston seaward, is about seven miles in circumference; those who can obtain permission say that it offers the finest trout fishing in Cornwall.

Guides to the district assert, but the general opinion favours Dozmare Pool, that Loe Bar gave Tennyson the

topographical setting for the lake into which Excalibur was cast.

> On one side lay the ocean and on one
> Lay a great water.

. . . . . .

It is a pleasant walk through Penrose Walks by the side of Loe Pool to Helston; but I did not want to leave the sea. Where I stood the end of Loe Pool gleamed, a blue curve, and across the bar ran a track of footprints to the facing headland. The walk across the soft sand was not wholly pleasant that hot afternoon, and I was glad to reach the grass headland, to seat myself on the turf, and to remove the stones and sand from my boots. The usual herd of cows surrounded me and watched the operation with interest. The scene was soothing and peaceful, those mild kine contemplating my recumbent limbs, and far away a solitary fisherman casting his flies into the well-stocked waters of Loe Pool, embowered in trees, winding between the hills, blue and unruffled, separated from the ocean by that belt of burning sand.

This siesta, snatched from the day's toil, ended, I climbed onwards to Gunwalloe, which gives its name to two inlets, the Fishing Cove and the Church Cove. There are more boats than houses at Gunwalloe Fishing Cove—seine-boats. I counted eleven, four on the shore, three on the slope of the cliff, and four reclining on the overhanging hill; but I saw neither man, woman nor child.

At first sight Gunwalloe Church Cove, near by, seemed equally deserted. Not even a golfer could I see on the Mullion links that sweep from the sea upward to the hills; but when I descended into the cove, a girl came out from a cottage and sang to her unseen cattle. And the beasts heard her cry: from valleys and over hills they appeared, the land was alive with them trotting gladly to where she stood, in her ragged dress, calling them to the milking-shed.

When the cow-girl had gone, I turned towards Gunwalloe Church—a sight not soon to be forgotten. Were it not for a hill of sand and rock, grass-grown, this little church would be in the sea. One wonders where the congregation is drawn from. Blight, in his *Churches of West Cornwall*, says that Gunwalloe Church is a votive offering erected by a sailor who narrowly escaped shipwreck here. After his miraculous escape from the fury of the sea he vowed that he would build a chapel in which the sounds of prayer and praise should blend with the voices of the waves. The churchyard walls are sometimes broken down by the breakers, and the spray is flung over the tower.

There was no hint of tempest that summer day when I rested for an hour in Gunwalloe Church Cove. Half way up the mountain of sand, which protects the church from the sea, is a detached belfry; the foundations have been built into the solid rock, which also forms part of the walls.

Beyond the cove, where, even on that quiet day, the clean, bright waves, foam-crested, were dashing in, rose the Marconi Towers. Those menacing spidery towers, with their mysterious mission in the modern world, were a strange contrast to the peace of the cove where the milkmaid and her cattle lived, and where centuries ago a wandering saint built his oratory, perhaps on the spot where the church now stands.

Reclining on the grass beneath the shade of the belfry tower, I saw a figure, his head almost hidden in a pith helmet, descending from Poldhu Hill, peering on the ground as he walked, occasionally stooping to add a flower to the nosegay he held in his hands.

My way lying over Poldhu Hill we passed within a few yards of each other. The botanist hailed me, but he had nothing to communicate: he was merely bubbling over with the beauty of the day, and the delights of Cornwall, and he could not resist expressing his feelings, even

to a stranger. He came from the Midlands and he found in this stretch of coast, as well he might, the most attractive region for a holiday that he had found in his life. This shining-eyed optimist stood within sound of the surf, in the midst of a bed of sea-holly, a nosegay of flowers in his hand, and preached me a cheerful sermon on the bounty of the Creator and His gift of this wonderful world to man. God was love, and all things worked together for good. "Why," he said, "even in the storm of last Saturday nobody was killed: how delightfully it cleared the air." He proffered the name of his hotel and suggested that I should stay the night. No! Although I was well content to hearken to his sermon when he stood in his pulpit of sea-holly, the roar of the sea in my ears, lulled by the perfume of flowers, I did not fancy a repetition of it through a dinner of many courses.

I left him delving in the earth for some new botanical specimen that his keen eyes had just seen, climbed Poldhu Hill and suddenly found myself harshly divorced from nature, and entangled, metaphorically, in a network of wires, and hemmed in by avenues and circles of white posts and iron-work towers.

High overhead soared those colossal erections which have made the name of Marconi a byword in Cornwall. North, south, east and west they dominate the landscape, but you must stand on Poldhu cliff to realise the insistence and extent of Marconi's paraphernalia.

On the left of the hill ascending to the headland was a gate marked private, but close at hand was a board with the words "To the Hotel" painted upon it. So I climbed up and was almost knocked over by a Marconi workman coasting down on a bicycle. Near the top of the ascent I met another workman. Him I surprised by asking if a stranger was allowed to inspect the Marconi establishment. He gave me a flat negative and walked on to avoid further questioning.

On the summit of the hill I was astonished to find a large and luxurious hotel, a magnificent situation, adjoining the Marconi enclosure. There are three such hotels on this coast within an easy walk, each perched on a height, each commanding a grand view. Crowded in the season, the wonder is that they are not filled all the year round. I took tea in a spacious hall, and found that there were only two other guests in residence—a couple on their honeymoon, who eyed me for a moment and then fled. So I worked through the meal more rapidly than was wise, stole from the hotel and walked towards the Marconi enclosure.

It is guarded rigorously as the precints of a royal palace. When I essayed to enter the gate, a workman rushed forward, waved me away, and directed my steps to a lane skirting the paling. That was a curious walk over the headland which Marconi has annexed. His four iron erections stretching skyward looked more like Eiffel towers than ever, and the white staircases that wind round them to the pinnacle platform seemed hardly strong enough to bear the weight of a dog. The white poles, some as tall as the mast of a ship, multiplied themselves. I walked through arcades of wires, and looking up, saw between me and the sky a score more of wires stretched, at regular intervals, from pole to pole. I met nobody, but I was companioned by those inanimate wires outstretched high above the ocean, conquerors of the ether, mutely receiving the secrets of the world, mysteriously trapping messages from ships far, far away, and telling their news to silent men operating in the sheds grouped about the headland.

I asked an old man bending over a cabbage patch what he thought of the great discovery. This Adam, bowed and gnarled, had the vaguest idea as to the efficacy of Marconi's monstrous creations on the headland; but his brain was clear on one point: he was much too old to learn about new things.

"I give them the go-by," he said, and I heard him mumbling "the go-by, the go-by," as I went my way, passing above Polurrian Cove where another large hotel stands, and so on by an easy cliff walk to the heights above Mullion Cove, one of the most romantic and attractive spots on the coast, hemmed in by serpentine cliffs, rising boldly above the primitive harbour, and enfolding a small shelving beach with coastguard houses. A large hotel stands foursquare on the cliff. The village lies a mile inland.

Before entering the hostelry I strolled out to the verge of the cliff, where an old cannon threatens the gulls on Mullion Island, and looked down at the race of waters called "The Gap," between the Island and the mainland, at the rugged green cliffs, at the caverns into which the sea rushes swirling and foaming, at the lifeboat house in this remote nook of the Cornish coast.

It was well to end the day thus: a fitting close to the most varied coast walk in Cornwall. I clambered down the cliff and talked with a fisher lad about the serpentine caverns. It would be low water on the morrow at two, and if I wished to explore the cavity he would be ready at half-past one with a torch.

Throughout the night the wind howled, and I was awakened at six in the morning by the screaming of the gulls. Unbarring the door of the hotel, I climbed down the cliff path to the harbour, and had a perfect swim from the pier-end. The waves tossed me here and there, and while I floated and tried to make progress in that unquiet water, I saw the caverns looming darkly across the cove.

CHAPTER XXI

MULLION TO CADGWITH

The Barren Lizard Promontory—The Fringe of Goonhilly Downs—A Panoramic View of Kynance Cove—The Pool of Blennys—A Veteran Fish—An Ocean Highway—The Lizard Lighthouse—Lloyd's Signal Station—A Conversation in Church Cove—Landewednack Church—Surrey in Cornwall—Cadgwith in a Cleft of the Cliffs

THE coast walk from Mullion to Cadgwith roams round the barren tableland called the Lizard, which extends south of a line drawn from Loe Pool to the estuary of the Helford River. Although the name Lizard is now given to the whole district, the northern portion is rightly Meneage (*mên*, a stone). The word Lizard appears to be derived from *Lis-arth*, the "lofty court" or palace.

When I started from Mullion Cove there seemed no possibility of losing the way. Up the green headland shone those newly whitewashed stones. The cliff walls are dangerous, protected by a black railing, fragile and ugly, that skirts the edge, dipping and ascending.

On a height I halted and ensconced myself in the lee of a huddle of rocks. Mullion Cove had disappeared; but beyond the tumult of The Gap rose Mullion Island, looking like some great sea-beast basking in the ocean. Gazing down upon it from that eyrie, it was difficult to believe that this island rock is a mile in circumference. Beyond Poldhu headland shone a belt of sand separating Castle Mount above Gunwalloe Church from the sea.

The breakers roared and foamed, the circling gulls uttered plaintive cries, the sky was grey with a hint of

MULLION COVE

sunshine struggling through the mist—real Cornwall. On that treeless walk round the confines of the Lizard tableland to Kynance Cove, over serpentine rocks covered by sweet herbage sloping down to the cliffs, I remember meadows of clover and buttercups, foxgloves springing from green stalks, and far below a malachite sea, with foam sparkling in patches, stretching in sinuous lines over the sunken rocks, and beating against the untidy shore. All along this coast those friendly white stones gave me company. They seemed to be instinct with the personalities of generations of coastguards who had plodded this path in every inclemency of weather, ever peering seaward, startled sometimes by the blaze of a rocket rushing upwards through the night. Why does not some peripatetic take midnight walks with coastguards and tell of their talk, thrilling tales of adventures intensified by the mystery of the hour?

Soon the rising ground brought the fringe of Goonhilly Downs into view—unpeopled, save for one moor farm that emerged as I walked from a cup in the waste land. As the ground rose I saw the whole gaunt tableland outstretched, and far away on the verge a straggling line of houses, seeming at that distance to be grouped into blocks with patches of sky interspersed. At one extremity was the Lizard Lighthouse.

Presently the white stones appeared to turn inland, presumably to avoid the deep gorge called Gue Graze. I followed them: suddenly they stopped. I plodded forward, hoping to pick them up again, lost sight of the sea, and in a quarter of an hour had passed the fringe of the moor, and was bearing towards Goonhilly Downs. This would never do. I was far from the sea and Kynance Cove: between me and that famous spot was Gue Graze, the deep gorge that I had turned inland to avoid. There was no alternative but to scramble down its precipitous sides. Fortunately the stream was dry and the ascent, although not the kind of midday walk one

would have chosen, was practicable. Emerging breathless from Gue Graze I saw the sea in the distance, and between a waste of land covered with a short prickly undergrowth which irritated the ankles. Regaining the cliff there were the white stones meandering mildly, unashamed of having misdirected me. Had they? Looking backwards I saw them quite plainly running down the side of Gue Graze as if saying, "We were faithful to the sea. It was you that blundered inland."

Half an hour later I had the satisfaction of stretching myself upon the edge of the cliff and looking down into Kynance Cove. Fortunately the tide was out: it is only at low water that Kynance reveals her beauties. There were minute figures walking on yellow sand by blue pools, and the colour of the sparkling waves changed even as I looked. Outspread, panoramic as the arena of a circus seen from the gallery, were the sights of Kynance Cove—Asparagus Island, the Steeple, the Gull and Lion rocks. I descended by the coastguard path to "the most picturesque and original scene in the Lizard promontory," to find refreshment houses and a bench beneath a verandah, spread with a hundred different articles made of serpentine.

"What can I do for you?" asked the vendor of serpentine impedimenta, detaching himself from a group of tourists.

"You can give me luncheon," I answered. Whereupon he waved me through an open door into a room almost filled with a table upon which was displayed a typical Cornish luncheon. My companions were two Cornishmen, who had walked out by the cart-track from the Lizard. One of them told a story of a Cornish labourer of great strength, who would consume a certain particularly hard and heavy brand of pasty at a sitting. It was a long yarn, and the point seemed to be that a fellow-labourer won a bet by wagering that the glutton's dog would reject the pasty if it were offered to him. The attempt was

made. The dog sniffed the thing, and turned from it. Whereupon his master finished it in five bites.

A sun-brown boy, who informed me that his ambition was to be a serpentine worker, proffered his services as guide to the ramifications of Kynance Cove; he showed me the caverns: kitchen, parlour, drawing-room and so forth. Also Asparagus Rock, which he climbed periodically in search of asparagus with indifferent success.

The popular sights of Kynance Cove are the Devil's Bellows and Post Office. Visitors recline on the slope of an adjoining crag to watch this parlour trick of Nature. The sea rushes up a narrow defile between the wet, slippery rocks, and disappears through a subterranean hole, meeting a rush of sea from the other side. A whirlpool of air is formed and, at intervals, the water is exploded through the defile with great force. A couple of yards or so from the aperture where the sea rushes in is a slit in the rock about the size of a street pillar-box cavity. The game is to drop a piece of paper into this slit which is presently ejected in the outrush of water. Accidents are not uncommon, and the posting of letters in Kynance Cove is now forbidden. When the vendor of serpentine wares gave me a sheet of newspaper to post in the Devil's Letter Box, he warned me that I despatched the letter at my own risk.

The most interesting sight of Kynance Cove was in the nature of a surprise.

At the end of half an hour my small guide, apparently wearying of his duties, began to lag; turning, I found him detaching limpets with a jack-knife which he proceeded to scrape from their shells and to cut up into small pieces. I was about to question him when he scrambled up to a deep pool of water brimming in a natural basin. At high tide the sea covers it: at low water there is perhaps three feet of water in the basin. Here live, never leaving their safe harbourage, a number of odd-looking fish which he

called Blennys, somewhat tame, very pampered. While the boy was feeding them with bits of limpet, I became aware of a veteran Blenny with a mottled grey face moving restlessly to and fro at the mouth of a cavity near the bottom of the pool.

"And he?" I asked.

"Him," replied the boy, "is a very old Blenny. He knows me."

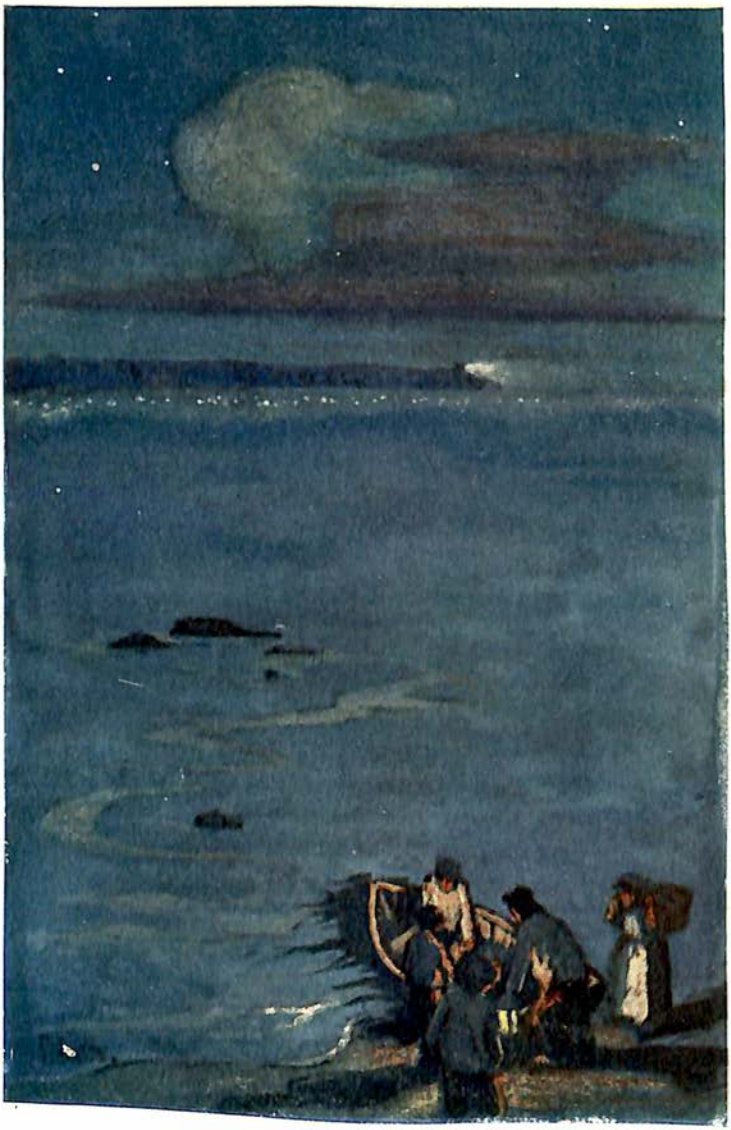
This veteran fish has lived to an advanced age because the langour of his movements and the dimness of his sight have compelled him to be satisfied with a frugal diet. His children and grandchildren seize nearly all the food that is thrown into the pool, while he can only dimly watch and envy. We gave him a dinner of many courses.

Beyond Kynance Cove on old Lizard Point stands a pole with projecting footholds, similar to the pole in the bear pit in the Zoological Gardens, a coastguard lookout. Rounding the point I came full in view of the great sea highway. Sails and funnels with trails of smoke, some so far away as hardly to be discernible, rose from the vast expanse of water; great ships outward bound and home returning.

Beneath my feet, far below, jagged rocks littered the water for half a mile seaward, and nestling in the cliff was the primitive fishing village of Polpeor, with a lifeboat-house perched half-way up the rock, and a slipway sloping to the rock-strewn bay. Crowning the point of the next headland was the Lizard Lighthouse, whose pencil ray of light sweeping the sky I had often watched from Sancreed Beacon and Penzance shore.

Below the Lizard Lighthouse two foghorns expose their huge mouths to the ocean. In foggy weather they bellow their warning, a high and a low note every two minutes, which has been heard ten miles out at sea.

A visit to a lighthouse is refreshing. The sense of cleanliness, whitewash and simplicity about the buildings,



THE LIZARD LIGHTHOUSE FROM PENZANCE SHORE

the air of orderly repose, the idea of its indispensable service to the seafaring world, the pleasure of being in contact with naval discipline, make one proud of being a citizen of a world that, within a lighthouse, is so capable and practical. Two children were playing by the gate of the enclosure; they smiled as I passed, and their wide eyes watched me enter the long, bare corridor.

References to the twin towers of the Lizard Lighthouse in guide-books are no longer correct. There is only one lighthouse on the Lizard, erected four years ago. From this height, 200 feet above the sea, the light cuts the horizon at a distance of twenty-three miles, but the reflection on the sky is visible for sixty-four miles; the flash is followed by three seconds of darkness continuously through the night. This far-reaching light revolves by clockwork; when the weight runs down a bell rings, and that sudden signal is, I suppose, the only sound the guardians of the lamp hear during the night hours. Formerly ships coming up channel, by keeping the two Lizard lights in line, knew that they were giving a wide berth of some four miles to the Wolf Rocks. The erection of the beacon on the Wolf Rock rendered the twin Lizard lights unnecessary.

I chanced to be staying at a house near by when the new lamp was first placed in the lighthouse. It spread consternation among the residents of the village as the illumination pierced through bedroom blinds and flooded the rooms with light; but a screen, two feet wide, has since been placed on the landward side of the glass building so that residents can now sleep in darkness and in peace.

The liners sometimes sail so close to the Lizard headland that the tune played by the ship's orchestra has been identified by those on shore.

A delightful day can be spent lying on the Lizard cliffs watching the great ships pass and repass on this ocean

thoroughfare. I know a sturdy and romantic painter living at St. Ives who will cycle on a Sunday to the Lizard and back for the pleasure of spending an hour watching the vessels round the point, and noting the homecomers report themselves at Lloyd's station.

This famous station stands foursquare, the word Lloyd's painted in enormous letters upon it, at the extremity of Bumble Head adjoining a Marconi wireless telegraph post. Strange whirring sounds issued from the sheds as I passed, and the flags on Lloyd's mast were flashing messages to a distant ship.

The Lion's Den is a circular chasm which was formed one night in the year 1841 by the falling in of the roof of a sea cave at the base of the cliff. It communicates directly with the sea.

They told me that the cliff track onward to Housel Bay is trying to weak nerves. I cannot say it affected mine; but the path runs very near to the edge, and requires careful walking. After heavy rains I can well believe that the descent into Housel Bay may by some be deemed perilous. The undergrowth towered to a tropical height, and the white stones were hidden by the bracken which rose breast high. Here I saw an unforgettable sight—a huge vessel, in full sail, rounding the Lizard and sweeping up towards Plymouth. Every inch of canvas was set; she glided like a great white bird through the waters; the level rays of the setting sun shone on her white sails as she moved majestically onward. And as she swept graciously to her haven, the modern craft she passed, steamers and yachts, seemed insignificant—playthings.

Above Housel Bay stands a large hotel, and on the sands a party of children were playing with buckets and spades—an uncommon sight in the desolate coves of Cornwall. Housel Bay is the bathing-place of Lizard town.

Steep was the descent into Church Cove where I had

been told one can engage a boat for Cadgwith with an opportunity of examining sundry caverns by the way—an agreeable ending to the day's mild adventures. So I made straight for the foreshore and was delighted to find a fisherman leaning against a boat, staring at the sea with that quiet detached gaze which is the pleasantest way a sailor man knows of spending his off-duty hours.

I lounged over the other side of the boat: the conversation turned on fishing.

He was something of a pessimist. Fishing was not what it was. He reckoned fishermen did not take the same care as of yore, and they had been spoilt by the visitors. The price of fish, too, had fallen, and mackerel had changed their habits, or had grown wiser.

I sympathised, and, after a decent interval, asked if there was anybody in the cove who would row me to Cadgwith.

He reflected, then said slowly: "I'm waiting for a man now. He's out crabbing. I expect him every minute. Perhaps he'll take you. Can't say."

Trade might be bad, but slack times had not converted this fisherman into a hustler.

We smoked in silence. The hush of evening came over sea and land. A few yards from where we sat was a lifeboat house with a tablet affixed to the door notifying that it had been erected in 1887 by two cousins in loving memory of their parents; but the lifeboat house is now empty. Church Cove was found unsuitable, the lifeboats at Polpeor and at Cadgwith sufficed. It seemed cruel to the memory of those nameless cousins, now gone, who had toiled so hard and so long to place a lifeboat here to commemorate their love for their parents.

I asked the fisherman if there was time before the return of the crabber to walk up to the village and inspect the church. He supposed so; so I ascended to Landewednack, passing a charming group of Cornish cottages, whitewashed walls, with trailing roses and thatched roofs.

Two girls were seated on camp stools in the lane producing water colours of the cottages. It was a miniature Surrey in Cornwall.

Landewednack Church has two claims to distinction: it is the most southerly church in England, and here, according to Borlase, the last sermon in the Cornish tongue was preached, "not long before the year 1678".

When I returned to the cove the crabber had not appeared. We ascended the headland but saw no sign of him. My pessimistic companion, possibly to rid himself of my company, offered to conduct me a short way towards Cadgwith. As we ascended he remarked upon the uses of the day-marks with which the coast is studded. He warmed to his work, and strove to explain how a vessel at sea, by forming three day-marks into a triangle, knew her bearings. I was sorry to lose him. One wanted a companion through the magnificent sunset, and the after-glow which lasted all the way. The evening was warm. I envied the boys bathing in the sunlit sea.

On the cliff above Cadgwith is another sea-mined pit called the Frying Pan, nearly 200 feet deep.

Cadgwith, lurking in a cleft of the high cliffs, is one of the prettiest fishing villages on the coast. There is a primitive, comfortable inn facing the Cadgwith Post Office, with the sea peeping at the side.

I strolled out into the cove at nine o'clock. Twilight still lingered; the fishermen were gathered around a bench on the foreshore, the older men sitting, the younger standing. The sound of a cornet playing the "Glory Song" came faintly from a distant cottage. Six boats were drawn up in orderly array on the beach, and the crescent moon hung in the sky.

When I retired to bed at ten o'clock, the village was dark and still. I leaned from my window; there was no sound but the lap of the waves on the shore.

SUMMER ON THE CORNISH SHORE

CHAPTER XXII

CADGWITH TO FALMOUTH

Primitive Cadgwith—A Cornish Crater—A Deserted Serpèntine Hamlet —The Author Loses his Way—Coverack Bay on a Wet Day—The Manacles—The Driver of the Post-Chaise—St. Keverne Church—Helford River—A Long Hill—The Tame South Coast—Swan Pool —The Approach to Falmouth

ONE acquires regular habits during a walking tour round the coast of Cornwall—at ten the bedroom candle, at six a long look at the sky from the open window. When I strolled down to Cadgwith Cove I observed an old salt standing on an eminence studying the weather. He had blue eyes, a shaven upper lip, a stubbly white neck-beard, and he was willing to row me to the mouth of the cove. He himself never entered the water: judged that it would be powerful cold. He was a crabber, crabs and lobsters being the chief harvest of the sea on this part of the coast. At the entrance to the small harbour, while sporting in the deep clear water, I saw away to the east the promontory called Black Head. Beyond, in a recess, is Coverack Bay, which I hoped to reach by noon.

Cadgwith is primitive to the extent of not being able to supply a Plymouth morning paper. I was told that I could obtain one at St. Ruan Minor, a mile inland, about six miles from St. Ruan Major. Ruan was a Breton saint, who was accused of being a werewolf. Wolf hounds were set upon him; but the dogs fawned and licked his feet. Ever afterwards St. Ruan was, very properly, honoured.

Beyond Cadgwith the cliff path skirts a chasm pit worth describing as typical of the coast. Lying full length on the bank, I peered into a vast, circular cavity, the sides sloping precipitously to the base, beyond the powers of the most expert climber. Meagre tufts of grass cling to the walls save where the rock outcrops, jagged and contorted. The underworld of this crater and the boulders strewn about the sea side, which is wall-less, are coal black. At the mouth of the cove lies a huge mass of dingy rock, the size of a cottage, and on either side of this leviathan the waves foam on grey-brown sand.

The path onward was somewhat difficult. Even the coastguards' stones turn inland from the broken cliff, and for ten minutes roam over the heath a quarter of a mile from the sea. Soon I came to a plateau, with a commanding view of this unkempt region. Eastward outstretched a wide bay fringed with sand. The descent into Carleon Cove, near Poltesco, renowned for its serpentine quarries, is romantic as the heart can desire, and the air of desolation is intensified by a group of deserted and decaying buildings of a serpentine factory that once throbbed with life. Many of the slates have fallen from the roofs; the settlement has a woebegone aspect; the water-wheel no longer turns but the water drips through the conduit and trickles into the road. My head and shoulders were sprinkled as I passed beneath. It is an eerie place. When mysterious sounds began to issue from a padlocked shed, as if the wraith of some old serpentine worker were trying to escape, I felt that if I dallied there longer, the death-in-life activities of this discarded hamlet would affect my nerves; so I hurried up the hill and, pausing at a stile, tried to write up my diary. The attempt failed. One cannot write when, at every third word, the fancy hears footsteps and the eye sees nothing.

The path ran waist-deep in undergrowth and bracken, through which fortunately a route had been pushed

by the burly body of the coastguard who had passed this way yesternight. It was a relief to descend into Kennack Cove, a spacious opening in the cliffs with a sandy beach, where I had some talk with a man who was cleaning a bridle outside the door of a primitive stable, a wooden shed abutting on the road.

Kennack Cove was lively. A family, papa, mamma and two babies, were playing on the sands, and a few bungalows on the surrounding hillocks gave the place a habitable look.

The man who was polishing the bridle reckoned it was four miles by the cliff to Coverack Bay. Four miles it may be, but that four miles was most arduous. Still, he who would test every extreme of Cornish scenery should not miss that four miles; but he must keep close to the sea, in and out, up and down, never wandering inland, whatever the impediments may be.

There are no white guiding-stones. The coastguards do not patrol this section of the coast. The difficulty of finding the way was increased by a thick sea mist that I watched creeping up from the ocean, hiding the ships and the coast-line: then the Lizard foghorn began to blare and moan, and the mist became so thick that I could not tell whether my next step would take me seaward or landward.

Suddenly the mist lifted, and I saw a deep and rugged rock-strewn valley. If the day had been clear I should probably have broken my rule and turned inland for half a mile, but with that mist shrouding the land it seemed wiser to clamber sheer down and up. That way, at any rate, meant progression in a straight line. Oh! for those friendly coastguard stones, absent when most needed; for the mist was again hiding everything. It was a race between me and the mist, the goal being the top of the cliff. Should I reach it in time to see the route to Coverack before the world was again blotted out. I won; saw

the blurred coast-line, and another valley beyond which, I hoped, was Coverack. Luckily, an old wall, built to prevent the cattle from roaming over the cliff, ran from crest to crest, down and up this valley. I trailed by it, startling kine, shaggy creatures, who stared, with lifted heads. The mist was so thick when I emerged from the valley that it was impossible to tell in which direction the sea lay. It soon became evident that I was wandering away from the coast: after an hour's weary tramping I struck a lane which led to a farmhouse.

In answer to my call a bearded man left his dinner, showed me a gap in the hedge, pointed to a path and said that it ran for a mile through fields to Coverack.

That long mile through fields flat as a tea tray was a tame business, the kind of walk one takes as a Sunday evening duty in the home counties. It rained, and I groaned to think that the mist had fobbed me off with these silly cornfields, robbed me of the end of the coast tramp, and the exhilaration of dropping down into Coverack Bay.

The mist turned to a drenching rain which lasted until nightfall. During luncheon the landlady told sad stories of wrecks on the Manacles, the dreaded rocks that lie off the coast beyond Cadgwith. In May, 1855, the emigrant ship *John* was wrecked here with the loss of nearly two hundred lives. Seven years ago the *Mohegan* was lost on the Manacles with a death-roll of one hundred and fifty lives, and the following autumn the *Paris* drifted on to Lowland Point, narrowly escaping the Manacles. Had the weather been agreeable I should have walked round Manacle Point, through the fishing hamlets of Porthoustock and Porthallow, along the coastguard track to Gillan, where one can cross the Durra by boat to St. Anthony and so on to Helford, and over the river by ferry. But in that ceaseless rain there was no temptation to take this somewhat uneventful walk through a bath of mist and vapour which hid even the Manacles.

A conveyance was found, an old post-chaise, and I was driven to the Helford River by a delightful old gentleman who knew the country as a gardener knows his beds, who was familiar with the history of every farmhouse and the lives of the owners. We set out from Coverack in the rain, stopping once at a signal from the tough old gentleman's grand-daughter who insisted that he should take his coat with him. On the way to St. Keverne I was able to tell him something about the district which was new to him, although he had lived at Coverack man and boy for over seventy years. This information I read aloud from the pages of *Murray*, which was rather a triumph considering I had to shout the words against the wind, and at the same time screen the rain from the book. The country people have a saying that no metal will run within the sound of St. Keverne's bells, and account for it by a legend that their patron saint St. Keverne, having been treated with disrespect by the inhabitants, thundered a curse upon the parish. As if in support of the legend, a belt of land situated between St. Keverne Church and Coverack Cove possesses such extraordinary fertility that it has been called the Garden of Cornwall. Its richness is attributed to the decomposition of hornblende, diallage and felspar.

The author of *Cornish Feasts and Folklore*, Miss Courteney, also mentions the proverb that no metal will run within the sound of St. Keverne's bells, but makes no reference to the belt of fertile land. The identity of St. Keverne is in doubt. An attempt has been made to connect him with St. Piran, but the evidence is not conclusive. The church, which is the largest in West Cornwall, has some fine bench-ends carved with shields on which are symbols of the Passion. In the churchyard is a plain granite cross to the memory of those who were lost in the *Mohegan*.

When we left St. Keverne Church, and turning down

a lane seawards, peered through the mist, I asked the old gentleman about Helford, whither we were driving. His answer was pat.

"It's a place where there are flowers and nice walks, and where superannuated gentlemen live," he said.

Through leafy lanes, with high hedges dripping rain, we drove. There was no doubt about this being the south coast of Cornwall. Had it been a tolerably clear afternoon we should have seen Porthoustock below, with the Manacles lying off Manacle Point; but the mist shrouded everything. That dim illumination, neither day nor night, seemed in its grey misery to perpetuate the tragic happenings of this coast.

"The churchyards of St. Keverne, Landewednack and Mullion," says Mr. Baring Gould, "contain the graves of many and many a drowned man and woman thrown up by the sea. But, be it remembered, formerly those thus cast up, unless known, were not buried in churchyards, but on the cliffs, as there was no guarantee that the bodies were those of Christians. For this reason it is by no means uncommon on these cliffs to come on bones protruding from the ground on the edge of the sea—the remains of drowned mariners, without name, and of an unknown date. Indeed, it was not till 1808 that an Act was passed requiring the bodies of those cast up by the sea to be buried in the parish churchyard. 'What is the usual proceeding?' said a curate to some natives, as a drowned man from a wreck was washed ashore. 'In such a case as this what should be done?'

"'Sarch 'is pockets,' was the prompt reply."

An article by Mr. Alfred Bluett, in the defunct *Cornish Magazine*, called "Around the Manacles," contains pertinent remarks on the subject. I quote some passages.

"A Porthoustock fisherman, not yet past the prime of life, gave me from memory the names of thirty steamers, schooners, barques, brigs, brigantines, smacks and ketches

he remembered as having been totally lost close to his home.

"Any one who has not been to sea can prove in the course of half an hour's conversation that no vessel going up or down the Channel need be within miles of the Manacles. But many get there; and some are fortunate enough to pass through the maze of rocks without suffering damage. A farmer going along the cliff in thick weather caught sight of a ship's masts just below him when the fog lifted for a moment. He ran to a cove close by and said there was a vessel on the Manacles; but the lifeboat crew was not needed, for the captain of the vessel dropped anchor on finding he was in a dangerous place, and when the fog disappeared took his vessel out beyond the reef. On another occasion a large steamer came so close to the shore that the noise of the engines could be heard distinctly on the cliffs, but she was warned by landsmen and went away.

"Captains who get amongst the Manacles do not want any one to know it, and more than one has had a sail dropped over the name of his vessel when threading a course between the rocks of which they had been warned by the firing of guns on shore.

"As soon as vessels grate upon the Manacles the crews hastily leave in the boats, but it is not always that the ships sink. A boat was rowed out to a small vessel fixed on the Manacles, and the only man remaining on her was taken off. When close to land the boatmen looked to see whether the vessel had disappeared, and to their surprise and amusement saw her being taken to Falmouth by a pilot boat.

"We have the uncontradicted statements of seamen of all classes that the bell-buoy fixed to one of the outer Manacles is utterly inadequate to warn vessels of their nearness to danger. And when the sounds of that bell came in on the landward breeze to where I stood looking

across the reef they seemed not a message of warning to those who cross the deep, but as the death-knell of the hundreds of men, women and children who have breathed their last in the sea around the Manacles. That is the only purpose the bell has been serving for the past thirty years or more, and now an additional burden is laid upon it. In wintry days, when the grey-backed sea roars amongst the rocks, through the peaceful hours of starry nights, and in the summer, when the sapphire sea reveals the masts of lost vessels deep down, it will toll on and express something of the desolation of homes in England and America and of the sorrow of a thousand broken hearts."

That drive to the Helford River passed pleasantly owing to the local gossip with which the old gentleman beguiled the way; but I have nothing to report except that the lanes were narrow, the hills many, the trees thick with leaves and the air humid and relaxing, until we curved round the muddy estuary of the Durra River and came to the church of St. Anthony in Meneage. It stands on a neck of land between the Durra and the Helford River, and is described as an "exceedingly pretty spot"; doubtless that is so, but on that day St. Anthony in the Stony District had no beauty. The trees dropped rain, the roads were thick in mud and the church looked forlorn and commonplace, unlike a church associated with a pretty legend. A vessel hailing from Normandy was overtaken by a storm, and the owner, who was on board, prayed to St. Anthony, promising that he would build a church to his glory if he would guide the ship into a place of safety. Whereupon the saint directed the steersman up the Durra River into Gillan Harbour, and the church of St. Anthony was erected as a thank-offering.

Half an hour brought us to Helford, a pleasant place rising from the water, an ideal spot for inactive, super-

WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN" ON THE MANACLES

annuated gentlemen. A small inn stands on the cliff above the ferry, and at the inn door, over a glass of beer which he begged to be allowed to offer me, I parted from the garrulous kindly old Cornishman who had driven me out from Coverack.

The mouth of the Helford River is a mile wide; it branches out into many creeks and inlets on its way from the village of Gweek, which was the scene of Hereward the Wake's Cornish adventure, narrated by Charles Kingsley.

The windows of the inn looked down upon the wide waters of the Helford River, on which the rain pattered, while I debated whether I should stay the night or proceed to Falmouth. I decided to move onwards. One does not spend days in Cornwall for the sake of river scenery.

A sailor in the bar-parlour, whom I questioned, said that the weather was "thick as wool outside"; he also informed me that there had been a funeral that afternoon in the village on the other side of the water, and that if I were quick I might be given a lift in one of the mourning coaches back to Falmouth. Strange it is how averse sailors and countrymen are to walking.

A boatman pulled me leisurely across. On the bank of the river near the sea, grouped together on a green plateau, are three cottages, inhabited by the keeper, the fisherman and the gardener of the estate. They should be happy, I think, that keeper, fisherman and gardener.

The only houses on the shore where I landed were the coastguard cottages and an inn. The mourning coaches had gone, so I started up the long hill in the direction of Falmouth.

At Mawnan Smith I wearied of this long, dull inland walk, and struck out for the coast, descended a road, trudged down a lane that must have been a mile long, and came out upon a green space, wooded and wet, which led to a tolerable bay, but dull, with sluggish waves creep-

ing up to the shore. I have no love for the Falmouth district. Give me Mullion and Gunwalloe! but he who walks the south coast at twilight on a wet day must not expect to be exhilarated.

The land beyond was orderly and cultivated; no more wildness; no more rough walking; no more white stones; an easy ordinary path led down to Swan Pool, a sheet of fresh water half a mile long, separated from the sea, like Loe Pool, by a bar of sand. It derives its name from the swans which, says a guide-book, were "formerly kept here by the Killigrew family" Swans still inhabit Swan Pool. I counted six.

On the hill above Swan Pool there is a signpost with the words "To Town" painted upon it. I kept the cliff, and as I walked met the common objects of the environs of a large town—young men and maidens walking together more or less entwined. Soon villas dotted the roadside. A carriage stopped before one of them and drove away with a stout man and a stouter woman garbed for the evening. I looked askance at my bedraggled clothes and then seaward, where a cruiser of the "Red Fleet" crouched in the grey water.

An electric engine was working in the grounds of the hotel. I ascended to my bedroom and saw through the window, over the tops of the houses, the ships in the bay.

O Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day;
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.

For it's home, dearie home—it's home I want to be;
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea,
O the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing green in the old countree.

Probably Henley never saw Falmouth on a humid, misty day.

CHAPTER XXIII

FALMOUTH TO FOWEY

Real Falmouth Weather—The Origin of Penny-come-Quick—Pendennis Castle—Through the China clay District—Fowey Haven and Gallants—A Picture Gallery and an Isolation Hospital—Humble Polruan—The Ferry on a Stormy Night—Vessels Screeching for Pilots

IT rained through the night, and next morning at eight o'clock there was no break in the leaden skies—real Falmouth weather, as an hotel dependant in a green apron assured me.

In accordance with the plan of my itinerary I should have gone by coast to Fowey. The journey is easy. I had travelled it before, and knew that there was nothing of particular attraction this side of Mevagissey, a fishing village between Dodman Point and St. Austell Bay noted for its pilchard fishery and for a brave attempt to convert pilchards into Cornish sardines.

Patiently I waited at Falmouth, thinking that if the rain ceased I would take the steamer across to St. Mawes, walk to Porthscatho, a primitive fishing village, then on by Gerrans and Veryan Bay, and cut over Dodman Point to Goran and Mevagissey. As the rain showed no signs of abating, I considered the various ways of reaching Fowey. On a fine day there is nothing pleasanter than the river trip up the Fal River to Truro and thence by train. That expedition was also familiar. I remembered on one occasion, when the state of the tide would not allow the steamer to proceed higher than Malpas, I was obliged to carry my bicycle to the landing stage across

quarter of a mile of water-logged mud. Then there was the voyage by sea from Falmouth to Mevagissey. A boat was starting at eleven o'clock. I decided upon this tour, which did not depend upon fine weather. The steamer hugs the coast, affording an opportunity of studying Cornwall from the sea.

So I walked down to the departure pier and asked for a ticket for Mevagissey.

The official murmured that it was uncertain whether or not the steamer would start.

"But she is advertised to sail at eleven o'clock," I said.

He mentioned the wind and weather clause.

"But there is no wind and no weather," I protested, "only rain."

The ticket man referred me to the captain, who was standing near by. This old salt reckoned that he would start if he got twenty-four passengers. "There's two now," he said. "Two and you makes three."

I waited patiently, sheltering beneath the scrimpy roof of the ticket office.

Falmouth is a modern town, although the name as applied to the haven occurs in *William of Worcester* (1478); at the beginning of the seventeenth century it did not exist. In 1620 there was only one house on the site of the present town, the growth of which is due to the enterprise of the Killigrew family, likewise the changing of the name from Smithike, *alias* Penny-come-Quick, to Falmouth.

Pinnock's *Guide to Cornwall* gives an amusing explanation of its original name Penycomequick.

"*Q.* What is said to have been the origin of Falmouth?

"*A.* Sometime in the sixteenth century the site of Falmouth had not one house. At length a small one was built, and a female servant of a Mr. Pendaris came and dwelt in it. Her master, to assist her, desired her to brew a barrel of ale, and he on a certain day would bring some gentlemen to drink it, and thus help her to a little money.

"*Q.* Did he perform his promise?

"*A.* Yes; but in the meantime a Dutch vessel having put into the harbour, the seamen drank the ale. On Mr. Pendaris coming with his friends at the time appointed, he found that the ale was gone, and on expostulating with his servant, was told the whole circumstance: 'Truly, master,' said she, 'the penny come so quick, I could not deny them'. From this story the place acquired the name of 'Penny Come Quick'."

The removal of the custom-house from Penryn made the earlier Falmouth; the later town prospered owing to the selection of Falmouth by the Government as the mail-packet station, which lasted from 1688 to 1850.

The principal sight of Falmouth is Pendennis Castle, where John Arundell of Trerice, known as John-for-the-King, in his eighty-seventh year defended the citadel for six months, until obliged, starved out, to capitulate to Fairfax.

If John-for-the-King had been alive to-day, I suspect that he would have ordered the captain to start for Mevagissey immediately; but John being dead, I accepted the offer of an observant hackney coachman to drive me to the railway station.

It was ignominious to travel by train; but the alternative was to remain at Falmouth until the rain ceased, which, Falmouth being Falmouth, would have been absurd.

I had a last view of Falmouth Harbour from the cab window and amused myself trying to distinguish Mr. Napier Hemy's floating studio. Carew said that a hundred vessels may anchor in the harbour and not one see the mast of the other. I have been told that an amateur yachtsman on the morning after his arrival cannot tell in what direction the sea lies.

At St. Austell the rain was fiercer and through the blur I saw the railway trucks laden with lumps of china clay, perhaps the most stable of Cornish industries.

A narrow winding road leads from Fowey Station through

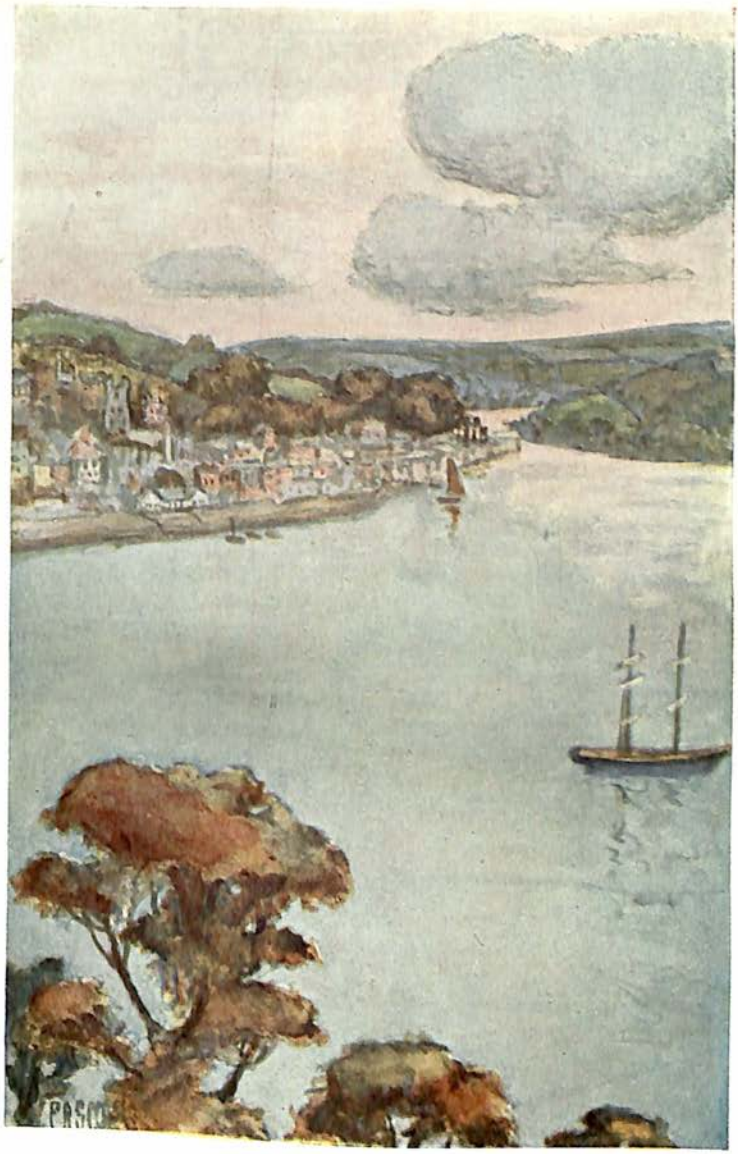
straggling houses to the town, which under various disguises is familiar to thousands, through the books of Mr. Quiller-Couch. Sixpenny editions, the sure and certain sign of popularity, enliven the shop windows. I doubt if "Q" ever did anything better than the conversation with a Journalist (imaginary, I presume) related in the preface to the *Delectable Duchy*.

The situation of Fowey is original and delightful. The modern town climbs up the hills of the right bank above the broad estuary. From the windows of my hotel I looked down upon that cosy haven which in former days was one of the chief seaports of the kingdom. Many vessels sailed from Fowey for the Crusades, and in the reign of Edward III. the town contributed no fewer than forty-seven ships and seven hundred and seventy men for the blockade of Calais.

The fine old appellation "Fowey Gallants" lingers in the minds of those who row leisurely down the widening river from Lostwithiel, a name given to the Fowey mariners after a victory over the men of Winchelsea and Rye.

Carew says that the men of Fowey passing by those Sussex towns "would vaile no bonnet, being required," whereupon Winchelsea and Rye, angered by the discourtesy, sailed out to the offenders. "Howbeit," adds Carew, "with a more hardy onset than happy issue, for the Foy men gave them so rough entertainment at their welcome, that they were glad to forsake patch without bidding farewell."

After this victory the Fowey men wore the arms of Rye and Winchelsea intertwined by their own, and played the part of masters of the sea, plundering the coast of Normandy, and even continuing after Edward IV. was friendly to France. When the king sent word that he was at peace with his brother of France, the men of Fowey replied they were at war with him. Finally the Gallants were accused of piracy, their ships were con-



FOWEY FROM POLRUAN

fiscated and given by Edward IV. to Dartmouth, so the glory of Fowey departed. The modern town finds letting lodgings more profitable than fighting the French or bearding kings. Relics of the warlike days linger on either side of the harbour entrance in the ruins of two forts, from which a chain was stretched across the water to discomfort the invader.

Place House, fomerly called Treffry House, the seat of the Treffry family, still stands above the old church. It was restored by the late Mr. J. T. Treffry, who constructed the harbours of Par and Pentowan and the granite viaduct of St. Blazey.

To-day hardly a fishing-boat puts out from the harbour, and Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the preface to the *Delectable Duchy*, commends the Journalist for not calling Fowey "a little fishing town," as so many visitors had done in his hearing.

Fowey is beloved of yachtsmen. For the landsman, who likes the company of seafaring men, but dislikes the ocean, there is no pleasanter way of spending an afternoon than a row up and down the harbour. Ships of all nationalities put in for cargoes of china clay packed in casks. One can hear almost every tongue spoken, and see all sorts of foreign faces peering from ships with unpronounceable names. Days may be spent exploring the creeks, where curious experiences await the wayfarer on these lonely waters. One morning, in a house by the riverside, I saw a fine collection of modern pictures that would have made a stir in Bond Street: an hour later I landed on a desolate spot, barren of dwellings, except for an isolation hospital, the staff consisting of one nurse in charge of one patient, a Russian Finn, slowly recovering from typhoid fever, who knew no English. The nurse was quite happy. She made me think, as the late Dean Farrar said, of Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian.*

The terrace of the Fowey Yacht Club is nearer to my

idea of happiness. Below is the ever-changing life of the harbour with tugs constantly passing and repassing; seaward is the broad mouth of the haven opening to the ocean as to infinity.

Across the harbour, on the facing coast, small and rather mean houses climb the hill.

"What is the place over the way?" I asked the bland and obliging hotel waiter.

"Polruan," he answered.

"Is it interesting?" I asked.

"You see it all," he replied, with a patronising wave of his hands to Fowey's younger and much poorer relation.

I decided to sleep that night at Polruan, and as the wind had dropped was able to cross, for a penny, without inconvenience; but there are days when the Polruan folk have to face an adventurous passage, with the wind blowing straight in from the sea. A friend informs me that it has taken him two hours to cross from a point near Fowey Railway Station to Polruan.

The waiter at the Fowey hotel had told me that all Polruan could be seen from the windows of his establishment, and in a measure he was right. It is a dreary little fishing village, very poor, very comfortless; but oh its undertow of tragedy! There is hardly a household which has not lost one or more by drowning. I was told, of a family, a large family of sons, of whom only a single member survives. One died in his bed, the rest were all drowned at sea. On a night of storm you feel the apprehension pervading the fishing village. You see it too—anxious faces at doors, eyes continually raised skyward and seaward; and when the storm is at its worst the women light all the lamps in their cottages fondly hoping that the cheerful light will banish from their minds the menace of disaster.

I slept in a house on the summit of the hill and closed my eyes to the weird noise of steamers screeching for pilots.

CHAPTER XXIV

POLRUAN TO LOOE

A Cross in Lanteglos Churchyard—Renovated Lanteglos Church—Lansallas, an Ideal Dwelling for a Scholarly Vicar—Picturesque Polperro—Mevagissey Men *versus* Polperro Matrons and Maids—Polperro Fossils—Talland Church—The Two Looes—A Broken Leg

AGAIN the morning broke grey. I climbed the hill lane, which is the main street of Polruan, and struck out across the fields towards Pencarrow Head. Presently the clouds cleared and the sun shone forth. On that fresh morning in late July it would have been pleasant to tramp along the cliffs all the way to Polperro, but a midnight talk with a friend had made me wish to see the parish church of Polruan, called Lanteglos-by-Fowey. So I struck inland in the direction of the farm, once Hall House, which was garrisoned in the civil war.

In Lanteglos Churchyard stands a beautiful specimen of a canopied cross, resembling the St. Ives cross, which was found deeply buried in the trench that surrounds the church some eighty years ago, and re-erected in its present position. The octagonal shaft diminishes slightly to the summit, which is crowned by a tabernacle containing small carven representations in niches of the Virgin, the Crucifixion, St. Paul and St. Peter. Tabernacle and shaft seem one, so just are the proportions, and time and weather have blurred the outlines and added mystery to this beautiful memorial.

Most of the Cornish crosses are thought to be prior to the conquest of Cornwall by Athelstan. They were raised as boundary marks of sanctuaries, as places of worship be-

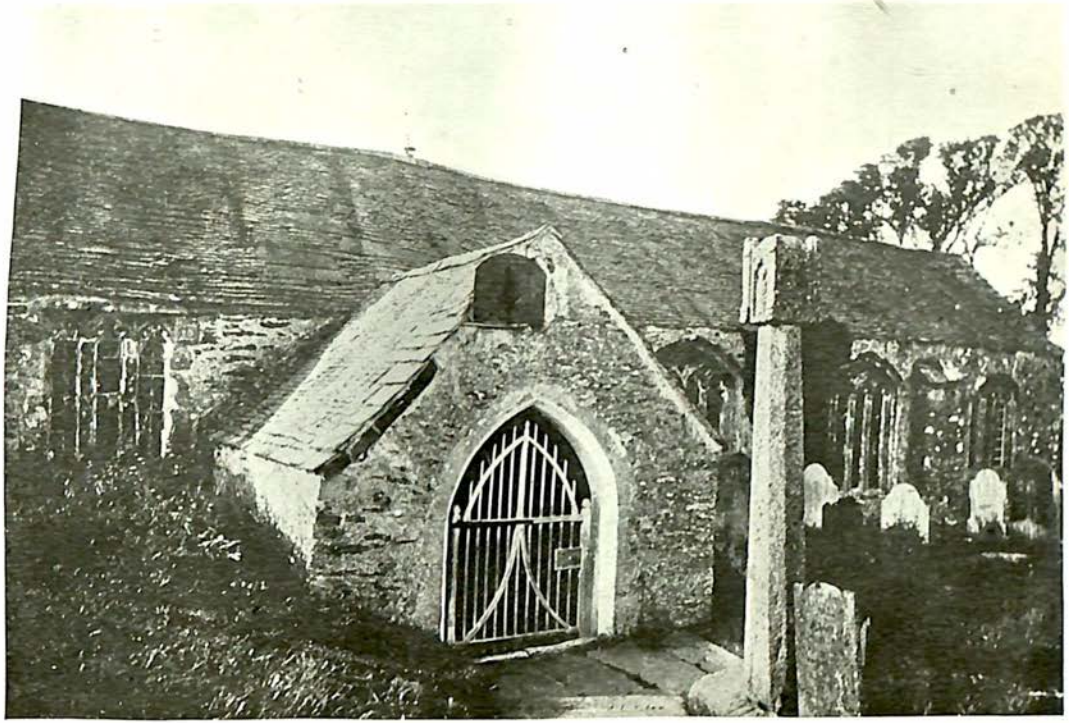
fore the church was built, as records of battles and memorials of the dead, as marks of piety and thanksgiving, as guide posts and prayer stations. Many no doubt are still hidden in the earth.

The dedication of Lanteglos Church is unknown. In *Murray* (1893), I found this passage: "The church of Lanteglos, which is worth a visit, is falling into ruin from neglect". Forebodingly I entered the church. Ruin? Neglect? I found the building perfectly restored and beautified, the work of Mr. Edmund Sedding and the present vicar, who has expended not only a large sum of money, but has superintended the renovation with loving personal care. The restoration of the bench-ends is a triumph of modern wood-carving, and if the mullions and transoms of the new windows are inferior to the old it is only because the old are perfect.

Seamen know the tower of Lansallas Church, which is half an hour onward along the coast. There are cracks in this beacon tower, and a severe storm may bring the delicate pinnacles toppling to the ground. The restorations in this church are not happy. The rectory grounds slope to the sea. I can imagine no more desirable dwelling-place for a scholarly vicar than this fresh and peaceful outlook, with the ocean at the base of the green upland that rolls up to the study windows. In Pelynt Church, an hour's walk inland, is preserved the pastoral staff of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower by James II., in whose cause the famous Cornish jingle was made which Hawker amplified into a ballad:—

> And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
> And shall Trelawny die?
> Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
> Will know the reason why.

I suppose no one has ever approached Polperro from the coast without a sensation of astonishment and delight.



LANTEGLOS CHURCH PORCH AND CROSS

In some ways this cleft in the high cliffs is the most picturesque fishing village in Cornwall. The fishermen's houses are huddled together in the ravine, but on the overhanging hillside patches of ground have been levelled for the erection of trim villas, with little gardens bright with flowers. The streets are narrow; you wander through them wondering where the sea may be, and suddenly emerge upon the harbour. In times of storm, heavy beams are dropped by a crane into groves cut in the pier-head for the protection of the fishing fleet from the turmoil of the sea. The Polperro fishermen can act with decision if not with absolute justice in an emergency. Not long ago Mevagissey made a large catch of pilchards, and the owners sent some of the boats round to Polperro, where there is accommodation for tanking and curing. But this project did not suit Polperro, as the glut would entail a fall in the price of pilchards. On the approach of the Mevagissey boats the matrons and maids of Polperro rushed to the pier-head and waved the strangers away. When they attempted to sail in a chain was thrown across the entrance, and the Mevagissey boats had to take their fish elsewhere.

The Admiralty have helped to spoil the beauty of Polperro by erecting a huge scaffolding on the cliff, one of the marks by which war vessels test their speed on the measured mile, an eyesore to those who live on the hillside. A second mark reclines like a giant on the eastern cliff. Two others disfigure the coast a mile away at Talland.

Jonathan Couch, the naturalist (1789-1870), author of *The History of Polperro*, was born at Polperro. In practice all his life as a doctor, he is known outside the little fishing village as the discoverer of the Polperro fossils. "Often was he seen in the pursuit of his special studies, in the *hauen*, among the rocks and oozy quays, examining the treasures which the receding tide laid bare; or peering into pellucid pools for never-failing marvels; or

climbing the cliffs in search of the vestiges of earlier conditions of life and organisation; or on the quay-head in busy talk with fishermen, and recording their accounts of what was new and strange, as well as of what was common and unrecorded."

To-day the artist is a commoner object of Polperro Cove than the fossil hunter.

There are some who prefer the soft airs of South Cornwall to the fresh breezes of the north coast. I met a man on the coast walk from Polperro to Talland Cove who declared that this was the finest stretch of cliff in Cornwall. I did not contradict him. He was happy in the knowledge. It was certainly a pleasant stroll down to Talland Cove, with the beckoning belfry tower rising half way up the wooded valley. I ascended a steep lane, but could not find the tree-hidden church. Two children who were proposing to sell strawberries at twopence a basket (to whom I cannot guess, as there was not a creature in sight) indicated the entrance of this delightfully situated church, overlooking a deep valley, the rolling hills beyond, with the sea at their base.

The church, which was locked, contains the altar tomb of Sir John Bevill, who died in 1570, and some of the bench-ends show the arms of the Bevills and Grenvills. Near by stood the old manor house of Killigarth, where Sir William Bevill in the time of Elizabeth kept open house.

Eastward of Talland a great headland stretches into the sea. Stopping a labourer who was carrying a spud, I asked if I could reach Looe easily by way of this headland.

"God Almighty, master," he answered, "it'll take you all night. Follow the telegraph poles and you'll get to Looe 'fore sunset."

So I followed the telegraph poles and did not regret taking the labourer's advice. It was a golden afternoon,

the hills lying out in the sunshine, the sea like a mirror, and the sky a cloudless blue.

The way was not easy to find when the telegraph poles ceased. Two large dogs strolled out from a farmyard and accompanied me for half a mile, one walking on my right, the other on my left. They showed no animosity, they were merely doubtful; when we reached the top of the steep hill that descends into Looe they, having apparently made up their minds that I was harmless, turned and walked gravely away.

There are two Looes, East and West, lying on either side of the Looe River, which is spanned by a bridge of many arches, a quarter of a mile from the sea. The Looes have changed since Wilkie Collins called them the most primitive places in England. Connected with Liskeard by railway, they are much favoured by unambitious yachtsmen and by parents who esteem safe bathing and wide sands. I crossed the bridge and found placards in the shop windows announcing that on the following Monday the London morning papers would be delivered at 11 A.M. Looe is no longer primitive.

At sundown I walked down by the busy river to the foreshore, and strolled out to the pier-head. There is no harbour: no need for the protecting beams as at Polperro. Looe is perfectly safe, indeed a little tame, protected from angry seas by Looe Island, lying about a mile off the coast, the scene, in the spring of 1883, of a disastrous yachting accident.

Looe is manifestly a yachting and boating centre. As I walked the narrow streets I was followed by a seafaring man, who kept persistently at my heels. While I was admiring the old Guildhall he accosted me: "You're the gent as I saw perambulating out just now to the end of the pier?" But I had no use for his services; even a moonlight sail round the Eddystone Lighthouse did not tempt me.

Late that night, sitting in the bar-parlour of an inn with a number of yachtsmen, a sailor popped his head through the doorway and said to the landlord in an awed whisper: "Gov'nor, she've broke 'er leg".

We at once followed the sailor and the landlord out into the night and down to the river, where I perceived a yacht in trouble. It was this yacht that had broken her leg, not the sailor's wife. I was glad, and with the help of a lantern added to my meagre store of yachting knowledge.

CHAPTER XXV

LOOE TO SALTASH

A View of Whitesand Bay—An Impression of Looe—Unpretentious Downderry—Tregantle Forts—Soldiers at Play—Rame Head and Church—Powder Magazines—The Mount Edgcumbe Estate—Discourteous Cawsand—Steaming to Plymouth—The Meadow above Saltash

I SAW far to the east Rame Head lurching out beyond Whitesand Bay, an historic bay; there Drake and Howard met the Spanish Armada. Rame Head is associated with the old west-country proverb "When Rame and Dodman meet," implying an impossibility. But this, says Fuller, came to pass. They met in the possession of Sir Pierce Edgcumbe, who owned one headland in his own right, the other through his wife.

As the coast road runs close to the sea I arranged to drive as far as Lower Tregantle. At breakfast I listened to the patriotic talk of a ruddy yachtsman clad in a white jersey.

"Just think of it," he said. "In the time of the Armada boats not much bigger than fishing-smacks with a few guns aboard went out and fought Spanish ships twenty times their size."

In the bar-parlour of the Ship Inn at East Looe I copied this document which hangs in a frame upon the wall.

SHIP,

PORT OF LOOE.

The Commissionaires for raising Men for the Service of His Majesty's Navy for this Port, do hereby give notice that they will give the Greatest Encouragement besides the King's Bounty to 16 Landsmen or 8 Seamen Who will Voluntarily enter themselves to ſerve in His Majesty's Navy for the ſaid Port at their Rendezvous at the Ship in East Looe, or with Mr. John Innis at the General Wolfe at Liskeard.—East Looe, May 15, 1795.

Here is my final impression of Looe as we drove up the hill—a river winding down from wooded hills spanned by a grey bridge of many arches; red fishing-nets drying on the banks; a crowd of craft on the water-way, and one boat putting out to sea.

During the journey to Tregantle dark Rame Head rose always before my eyes crowned with a ruined chapel. As we sped along I realised that wild Cornwall was fast merging into the sylvan regions of Devon. The road passed between high banks, by meadows of foxgloves and many ferns. Yonder a field of sunlighted charlock made a vivid splash of yellow.

Seaton has a grey pebbly beach which receives the river that brawls down the valley, a house or two, and little more.

On a height above Downderry my eyes caught a dim line of hills rolling eastward—Dartmoor. Through the valley ran the St. Germans River,-and beyond, hidden from view, was the Tamar flowing placidly to the sea.

Downderry is unpretentious but not unpleasing. The road runs between a long line of cottages and a meadow that reaches to the sea, where there is an hotel that seemed large for Downderry.

We paused on the summit of the next hill and saw Saltash Bridge, little reaches of the Tamar, and a train crawling along by the St. Germans River towards Devon.

North-west and east are Port Eliot, the seat of the Earl of St. Germans, and Antony, where Richard Carew, author of *The Survey of Cornwall*, was born. Fourteen miles out to sea is the Eddystone Lighthouse, looking the size of a ninepin.

We drove on to Tregantle forts, squat menacing buildings in the midst of white tents on the hillside, and skirted the camp. Some of the soldiers were playing cricket and quoits, others were clothes-washing, scrubbing the garments with terrific energy. In the valley a detachment was shooting at targets erected on the sea, and a squad that had finished was climbing the cliff to the fort. They wore white jackets. On the hill a red flag waved.

A military road drives along the coast and across to Cawsand. It is a fine stretch, commanding spacious views, and judging by the number of picnic parties a popular excursion from Stonehouse and Devonport.

Near Rame Head there is a monument to Edward Spender of the *Western Morning News* who, with his two sons, was drowned while bathing beneath this cliff in 1878. Below I could see children bathing and paddling on the very spot where this sad accident happened. A small boy joined me, read the inscription, and then returned to his companions.

As I walked onward forts began to spring up, the hill defences of Plymouth Sound. Ahead was Rame Church, a lonely building, consecrated in 1259, then as now a land and sea mark.

Turning the corner at Penlee Point I saw suddenly that brave sight, Plymouth Sound cut by the breakwater, and all the ships in the mighty harbour. I passed tall black railings enclosing powder magazines, scrambled over a mound of refuse, climbed a wall, dropped down into a wood which had an air of cultivation, and did not discover until I reached the village of Cawsand that I had been wandering through the Mount Edgcumbe estate.

My memories of Cawsand, which adjoins the village of Kingsand, are not agreeable. It is in Cornwall, and I presume the inhabitants are Cornish, but those I met had been spoiled by contact with the Plymouth tripper.

At two establishments where I asked for tea, they proffered sour looks. One woman said it was too early, the other that she was expecting a party.

Failing to find a boatman who would row or sail me up to Saltash, I was about to make the journey by land and ferry, when a small steamer came into the bay, and a dozen boats put off to bring the passengers ashore. As she was returning to Plymouth in half an hour, I boarded her and passed an agreeable half-hour on the still water gazing at the hills of Cornwall.

On the way to Plymouth we stopped at the breakwater to pick up a solitary who had been spending an hour with masonry and breakers; then we threaded our way through a school of porpoises, past yachts in full sail, paused awhile in deference to a battleship which was being towed up to the Hamoaze, and steamed by Mount Edgcumbe, the grey house rising at the end of a sunny avenue on the Cornish shore.

We landed at Plymouth, and on the way to the station to pick up the Saltash train I became entangled in a fair. The din and movement was rather bewildering after Cornish solitudes, and it was not easy to see things immediately in true perspective. In one of the booths there were dozens of bowls of goldfish, each with a mouth a little larger than an indiarubber ball. For a small coin I was invited to toss a ball at a bowl: if it landed in the mouth I was entitled to a glass bowl brimming with water containing two goldfish. The custodian tried to pursuade me to try my skill.

Saltash, the first and last town in Cornwall, wore a very different aspect from that winter afternoon when I began my tour of the Cornish coast. I walked up the steep hill,

and came to the meadow where I had stood in the last week of December. Then the rain was falling, and the meadow was water-logged. To-day boys were playing cricket, and the late afternoon sun was gleaming on the Tamar flowing far beneath into the Hamoaze and onward to Plymouth Sound and the sea.

STAGE FIVE

INLAND CORNWALL: LAUNCESTON TO ST. ERTH VALLEY

CHAPTER XXVI

LAUNCESTON OVER KIT HILL TO THE BODMIN MOORS

Polston Bridge—Launceston Museum—Trecarell and St. Mary Magdalen —A Harbour of Refuge—Foote and the Exeter Comedians—Kit Hill —Dupath Well—Arthur and Callington—The Symbol of Cornwall —Caradon Hill—The Cheesewring Hamlet—Prehistoric Monuments on the Bodmin Moors

IN August I began the fifth stage of my Cornish tour, the itinerary being a zigzag course through the inland parts of the Duchy, climbing hills, crossing moors, dipping into valleys, lingering in towns and visiting such prehistoric monuments as I could find without spending more than half a day in the search. I carried a knapsack but it was now strapped behind a bicycle. The legs are too slow a method of progression on the long, hard highways across the Bodmin Moors.

How should I approach Cornwall for this inland tour? Should it be from Tavistock, and over Newbridge, the ancient entry from Devon to Liskeard, still used by the coaches, or by way of Okehampton to Launceston? I decided on the latter route, for my stay in Launceston during the Tamar boundry tour had been brief, and I desired to see again St. Mary Magdalen Church, of which I had caught a glimpse in the dusk of December.

Launceston Railway Station might be anywhere, in any valley in England, and promises little to the tourist. I alighted from the train late in the afternoon of a stormy day, and at once started for Polston Bridge eager once more to see the Tamar. A porter advised me to coast down one side of the valley, to cross the bridge, and ascend by a long hill to Market Square beneath the Keep of old Launceston Castle, an elliptical run of four miles.

Speeding down the green valley, I saw the Keep yellow-grey with age, crowning the height of Dunheved, the ancient secular name of Launceston, almost hidden in trees. What eyes have looked upon that castle before and since it was given to Robert de Mortmain by William the Conqueror on whom he bestowed the greater part of Cornwall. The tumult of the Civil War raged about its gates. Within the walls of the castle the fugitive Charles II. was given an asylum, and in the eastern gate-house, in 1655, George Fox was imprisoned as an enemy of the public peace. "We were brought to Launceston," he wrote in his journal, "where Captain Keat delivered us to the jailer. Now was there no friend nor friendly people near us; and the people of the town were dark and hardened."

Little besides the Keep now remains. The castle was a ruin in the mid-eighteenth century.

Launceston to-day is like a man in easy circumstances who has retired from business. The town lives by agriculture and tourists, for Launceston (Lan-Stephen, so called after the mother parish of St. Stephen) is one of the centres for exploring the Bodmin Moors.

On the 1st of August, 1644, King Charles entered Cornwall by Polston Bridge, in pursuit of Essex, who had crossed the Tamar either at Newbridge or at Horse-bridge.

Polston Bridge, an iron construction, is not to be compared with Greystone Bridge for beauty; but it was

pleasant to linger there that August evening, looking down upon the quiet Tamar, with the music of the chimes floating across the valley. Pleasant was it to stand again, one foot in Devon and the other in Cornwall, and to know that I was bound for the hills and the moors, and the memorials of a vanished race who lived and built their simple monuments before history began. Launceston Priory, founded in 1126 and rebuilt in 1317, the ruins of which were discovered in 1886, seems quite modern in a land where some of the monuments stretch back to the Stone Age. Pleasant, too, was it as I climbed the hill and paused before the South Gate, the only remaining Town Wall Gate, mentioned in the Borough accounts for the year 1381, to hear again sentences spoken in the Cornish sing-song.

Before leaving London I had visited the King's Privy Chamber in Kensington Palace to see the collection of prints of the royal parks of London presented to the nation by Mr. Jerningham. Outspread on the walls of a small room of the beautiful old palace are the places and thoroughfares we know so well, as they looked to our grandfathers and grandmothers when Kensington was a hamlet and Hyde Park Corner was blocked by a turnpike.

Many towns throughout the kingdom possess such museums—even old Launceston, now sleeping peacefully on her "terrible height"—poor old Launceston that still pretends to be the capital of Cornwall, although the assizes are held at Bodmin, and the cathedral is at Truro. The museum is contained in this ancient South Gate which barred the approach from Tavistock and Exeter, a square grey tower, weathered by the centuries, straddling across the road like old Temple Bar, with arches for vehicular and foot traffic. A sycamore tree grows from the tower, the branches and leaves spreading over the front, the roots hidden beneath the solemn masonry.

"Where are the other gates?" I asked a passing Cornishman.

"They were tore down," he answered.

"Can I see the museum?"

"They keep the keys at the Constitutional Club."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

The custodian gave me two heavy keys, probably the same that were used before 1882, when the South Gate ceased to be the town prison. The museum is approached by an outside staircase that leads to a heavy door in the lower part of the tower. Unbarring it, I entered, and found myself among the musty memorials of ancient Launceston. The monetary value of the collection is not, I imagine, large, but the interest of it to a native should be immense. The pictures are few, old views, old maps with monsters and mermaids sporting in the sea, and ships as big as a parish; a view of the museum, when it was still a prison; also a water-colour of Trecarell Hall, so closely associated with Launceston Church, where Charles I. slept during the Civil War while his army bivouacked in the barns and fields around the house.

The interest of such a museum lies mainly in the records of old doings that have been preserved. Hanging on the venerable wall is a time-stained bill, two feet long, very faded, giving the items of the procession on the occasion of the opening of the railway on the 1st June, 1865. It makes the past start to the eyes. In the silence of that museum I saw Launceston aflare with the excitement of forty-two years ago, and the procession rumbling forth with the watchmakers in two carriages, the hatters in two carriages, and so on, and so on, while the croakers prophesied the ruin of the town through this new-fangled thing called a railway.

Another placard dated 22nd January, 1831, is a bill calling a meeting of the inhabitant householders (in con-

sequence of the mayor's refusal to do so) for a reform in the system of electing members of the House of Commons. Much water has flowed down the Tamar since then.

Yes; this is what a town museum should be. It is interesting to see a seventeenth-century turnspit, and I have no objection to examining the skeleton of a pheasant chick with four legs, which was born in the neighbourhood, or the framework of a cat found embedded in the wall of a Launceston house, in the very act of catching a mouse.

These chicks and cats are not everybody's taste; but all who care for the past must be moved by the sight of the remains of the old priory, of which some fragments of carving and a few tiles have been housed in the museum. From the summit one can almost see the site of the priory, old stones and bases of pillars, in the valley below, disclosed by the spades of the workmen when the railway was cut.

In the matter of taste Kensington has something to learn from Launceston. The site of the footway and arch of Launceston South Gate was the Jubilee gift of the town clerk (once mayor) to Launceston. Compare it with Kensington's Jubilee gift—the hideous erection outside St. Mary Abbott's, at which even 'bus-drivers make derisive remarks.

It was dusk by the time I had returned the keys to the custodian. Then I passed on to the church of St. Mary Magdalen.

In those dim moments, before the lamp over the south porch was lighted, it was enough to feel the beauty of the long body of this church, and to let the eye roam over the weathered granite, wonderful with carvings of sacred or heraldic significance, and to remember him who gave this monument of grief to Cornwall—Sir Henry Trecarell, manorial lord of Trecarell in Lezant.

He was rebuilding his manor house the year after Henry VIII. ascended the throne: loads of granite had been carried to Trecarell; masons were shaping the blocks

LAUNCESTON CHURCH PORCH

and carving upon them the arms of Trecarell and Kelway (his wife's family)—two chevrons sable and argent, two bones in saltire sable between four pears—when his only son died. The shock killed his wife, and Trecarell, overwhelmed with grief, had not the heart to finish his house. He devoted his granite, his time, and his wealth to rebuilding churches, and the chief of them was Launceston.

I saw it that night as Trecarell made it, all but the tower, which belongs to the old fourteenth-century church that stood upon the site. He left that untouched, bewildered and broken in spirit, it is said, by the "religious disturbances of the Reformation".

Strange looked those grey, griefful carvings on the church of St. Mary Magdalen in the half light, the Trecarell arms mingling with Mary's minstrels, the figures of bears, an eagle, a pelican, and a carven prayer. As eve fell I saw hewn in the granite the nardus and pomegranate plants, "seeded, slipped, leaved and fruited," symbolic of the spikenard ointment with which Mary anointed the feet of her Lord, and below, to the left of St. George and the Dragon, an extinguished torch, emblematic of the life of the boy Trecarell, extinguished so soon, to whose memory the church was built; saw the double roses of York and Lancaster, and many little trees in leaf, with acorns and yew berries, and drops of sweet gum falling from the bark of the trees symbolising the Magdalen's tears; saw, on shields, glimmerings of Cornish towns, a castle on a river for Lostwithiel, and the arms of Liskeard and St. German's Priory. These details had to be sought. I could barely distinguish them in the gathering gloom, but I found the recumbent figure of the Magdalen at the east end, her long hair and her open Bible, and I could spell out into words the *152* letters that encircle the building above the plinth, each letter carved alone on a shield, beginning at the priest's door, with the words: "Ave Maria, gracie plena"

Then in a stride came the dark, and I saw only the effect of that loveliness of carving, a church raised by the dead, yet alive with menacing mystery and communications to the living. And while I gazed, out of the darkness came the lamplighter, who set his fire within the glass lamp that hangs from the corner of the south porch, near the symbol of the extinguished torch, and the rays illumined the scroll held by two angels above the roses of York and Lancaster, and on the scroll is carved An. Dom. MCCCCCXI. That was the year when Trecarell turned from his desolate house in the world and sought to build, in Cornish granite, a mansion in the City of God.

. . . . . .

Late that night, while I was studying maps, planning my route for the morrow—Trecarell, Kit Hill, Dupath Holy Well, Cheesewring—a man who had been hovering around and watching me for a quarter of an hour approached, apologised, and asked if I was visiting Cornwall on business in connection with the proposed Harbour of Refuge.

I reassured him, and he informed me that Sir William Matthews, who was appointed to report on the claims of various places, has decided in favour of St. Ives.

The hotel where I culled this information was the White Hart, which has acquired for its chief entrance (I wonder how it was done) the fine Norman gateway from the priory. Ascending to my bedroom I noticed on the staircase wall an old and discoloured playbill, a portion of which, when the name of Foote caught my eye, I copied.

> By desire of several Ladies and Gentlemen, at the New Theatre at the White Hart, in Launceston, On Wednesday the 3rd of June 1772 will be performed
>
> "The Orphan or the Unhappy Marriage".
>
> CHARMONT . . . . MR. FOOTE.

It was a triple bill. Another section ran:—

By the Exeter Comedians.
King Henry IV.
With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.

King Henry . . .	Mr. Foote.
Sir John Falstaff . .	Mr. Collins.
Dame Quickly . . .	Mrs. Venables.

I was wondering vaguely where the theatre had been situated, when the waiter approached and asked if I would like to see it. Whereupon he conducted me to a long barn-like room in the rear of the hotel, and introduced, with a wave of the hand, the scene of the triumphs of "the English Aristophanes," which is now used for agricultural dinners and meetings; but the Minstrels' Gallery redeemed it from the commonplace and seemed to retain and subtly convey something of the former glory of Launceston's theatre. Samuel Foote was a Cornishman, born at Truro, where they still show the family mansion of the Footes.

In the morning early I climbed the hill above St. Mary Magdalen and looked down upon Launceston, her ivy-covered keep tower, her pastures ripe for harvest, and her vast boundary lands—blue Dartmoor stretching across the east with a thin trail of smoke marking the train winding its way through Devon; to the north the sea; on the west, Brown Willy, rising from the desolation of the Bodmin Moors, strewn with the beehive dwellings and hut circles of primitive man; and to the south, beyond the villages of Trewarlett and Trebullet, in a hollow at the head of a valley, embowered in trees, all that remains of the old manor house of Trecarell. Thither I went by the road that the sculptured granite was taken to Launceston nearly 400 years ago.

Trecarell House is now a farm. The undergrowth in the small park is almost breast high, and half hidden in the greenery still lie blocks and cubes of granite rejected for the house, and not needed for the church. I came to

Trecarell at the time of full harvest, when every pair of hands was reaping and stacking; but the farmer's wife spared a quarter of an hour to show me Trecarell's uncompleted house. The hall and the chapel were finished and still stand.

The chapel, a little sanctuary twenty feet long by ten feet wide, lighted by three windows, is isolated on rising ground. It is bare and empty, but on each side of the altar site are two granite pedestals for candles. Out and around are the unconcerned animals.

The hall is forty feet long, with an open timbered roof, but the screen that divided the squire's parlour from the lower part of the hall, where the men slept on straw, has been removed and stowed away as lumber.

It was noon; a farm labourer was mending a rake beneath the great south window of the hall; a swallow flew noisily about the timbered roof; pigs squealed, a cow mooed, and yet I seemed to be surrounded by ghostly presences. The arms of Trecarell are carved over the doorway, and while hall and chapel stand, and those blocks of uncarted granite lie in the bracken, the shade of the lord of Trecarell, who tried to escape from himself and his grief by that Way Dolorous to Launceston, must haunt this valley.

Yet on the height, in sight of the beauty of Launceston Church, there is joy, as if Trecarell's relief from grief had long begun.

Leaving Trecarell Farm, I returned to the Launceston-Callington Road, found bite and sip at the half-way house called the Sportsman's Arms, and then started for Kit Hill, a mass of granite 1,088 feet high, that rises from Hingston Down, and stands, sentinel-like, half way between Dartmoor and the Bodmin Moors. The hill loomed up eastward as I rode, bare and sun-baked.

The track ran round the hill, unfolding as it ascended a view that tingled like the sound of martial music,

Leaving my machine at a cottage I ascended this historic eminence, scarred by the workings of old mines, and debris-scattered.

On the summit stands a mining-stack in strength and stature like a lighthouse tower; the windmill has disappeared. Here before the reign of Henry III. the Cornish and Devon miners assembled every seventh year for conference; here in 835, on the slopes of the hill and over Hingston Down, the Danes and Britons were defeated by Egbert.

"It is doubtful," says Mr. Thurston Peter, "if the Cornish were amongst the Welsh kings who, in 922, came to Edward the Elder, and 'sought him to lord,' so that according to the chronicles, he became lord of all Britain. We hope not, as otherwise they were guilty of a breach of faith, when in 926 they became so troublesome that Athelstan was compelled to drive them out of Exeter where they had hitherto lived side by side with the English. Athelstan fixed their boundary at the Tamar, that is, confined them within the area which is to-day known as Cornwall."

The rocky summit plateau is a desolate place; if the wind always roars and tears as it did on that afternoon in August, the men who work the old quarry on the slopes must indeed be weather-hardened. From the shelter of an ancient wall, that may have been a miner's hut or perhaps a fragment of a Roman encampment, or perhaps the fastness of a band of Danes who were hounded up the valley of the Tamar by Egbert, I gazed out on that magnificent view. Southward I saw the winding Tamar, Saltash Bridge, Plymouth Sound and the dim sea horizon; eastward, limitless Dartmoor; northward, the rolling lands of Cornwall and Devon, and westward the majestic peaks of the Caradon Hills and the waste of the Bodmin Moors.

The whole world seemed visible, and yet Kit Hill is

but twelfth in altitude among the hills of Cornwall. They are not lofty. Seventeen only are over 1,000 feet.

	Feet.
Brown Willy	1,375
Roughtor	1,296
Kilmar	1,297
Caradon Hill	1,208
Sharp Point Tor	1,200
Newel Tor	1,177
Tresillon Beacon	1,174
Bré Down	1,125
Menaclew Down	1,124
Tobor Tor	1,122
Brown Gilly	1,058
Kit Hill	1,088
Garrah Tor	1,086
Trewarthor Tor	1,029
Hensbarrow Beacon	1,026
Brocka Barrow	1,008
Davidstow Moor	1,005

From Kit Hill I descended towards Callington, struck east, and asked a nursemaid whom I met at the cross-roads if she could direct me to Dupath Well on Dupath Farm. To my astonishment she knew it, and gave me clear instructions. I knocked at the door of the farm-house and begged permission to visit the well, which was readily granted. It is situated at the bottom of a lane in a swamp of mud, almost hidden by trees. The little chapel built of granite has a venerable appearance, and is apparently intact. This would have surprised me had I not known that the ruined building was very carefully restored by the Rev. H. M. Rice many years ago. A spring of water enters through a hole at the base of one of the walls, flows through a trough in the floor, fills the immersion bath six and a half feet by three feet at the eastern end, and flows out beneath a window. The bath is choked up, the stream is no longer pellucid, and the surroundings are desolate, damp, choked with undergrowth and ankle deep in mud. A legend of a duel

DUPATH WELL

between two Saxons is associated with Dupath Well, but there is no authority for the romantic story. It is enough to know that here the pious Cornish of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries prayed and were baptised.

It was an easy run from Dupath Well to Callington, described by *Murray* as "a dreary town disfranchised by the Reform Bill". Once Callington had some gleams of vicarious glory through its supposed connection with King Arthur; that honour has now been withdrawn, but Mr. Baring-Gould still identifies Callington with the Celliwig or Kelliwic of Arthurian tradition. So does Hals, who wrote: "Callington in the time of King Arthur was called Killiwick, and here he kept his palace, or courtleet or bailwick".

Too fatigued, after the exploration of Trecarell and the ascent of Kit Hill, to consider the case of Callington, I fell asleep upon the horsehair couch of the inn, to be rudely awakened by the G. W. R. motor omnibus from Calstock to Callington rumbling terrifically down the peaceful street, and again by the coach from Tavistock to Liskeard stopping to change horses.

Shaking off the drowsiness, I asked a stableman the way to the Cheesewring Inn, a lonely and humble hostelry on the edge of the Bodmin Moors, and left Callington to the immediate delight of a long free-wheel down to the Lynher River—a pleasant spot, a grey bridge with brisk water purling over stones.

Travellers to the Cheesewring do well to linger in this secluded valley, as thenceforward it is uphill nearly all the way. I may say at once that the journey took me nearly two hours: it was a quarter to eight before I knocked at the door of the modest Cheesewring Inn, to be informed that there was no accommodation.

On the way, whenever I turned, there was Kit Hill rising in the eastern sky, the mining-stack on the summit, gathering mystery from the hour. I see that first

Cornish height beyond the Tamar as the symbol of Cornwall—a mining-stack on a bare windswept hill. Her roots stretch down to the Tamar, her summit confronts Dartmoor. She stands threatening and luring; threatening the "foreigner" and luring "Cousin Jack" to his hills and moors.

About the hour of seven I reached a smithy. Vulcan strode to the door, a red-hot iron in his hand, and pointing upwards bade me seek Caradon Downs and then ask again.

"You can't mistake Caradon," he shouted after me.

No: and I shall not soon forget Caradon. On the summit I turned, and there was all the land beneath me, with Kit Hill in the east and stretching across the world a rainbow, one iridescent extremity springing from a cornfield bathed in sunrays, the other plunging into a thunder-cloud rolling up on the horizon. High overhead small cloud shapes scudded before the wind.

I skirted Caradon Hill, which is a spur of the Bodmin Moors, not waiting to explore the ancient copper mines at the foot, for the high ground whither I was going is not the place to be benighted; nor did I relish missing the way to the Cheesewring, and being compelled to descend to St. Cleer. The old couplet rang in my head:—

> When Caradon's capped and St. Cleer hooded,
> Liskeard town will soon be flooded.

St. Cleer I could not see; but there was no hint of a cap on Caradon's fair brow.

The last mile and a half was up a steep hill. When it rose before me, and I paused to gain breath for this final climb, Kit Hill was still visible in the eastern heavens. A child called me a good-night from a cottage door: it really seemed at last as if I was bound for the solitary places. At the top of the hill was a gate, and beyond were the Bodmin Moors. The air blew shrewdly; a primitive train

KIT HILL

crawled high above me along the rails of the mineral line that carries granite from the Cheesewring Quarry. Strolling along the viaduct I saw three small children in pink dresses. Gratifying sight. Where children are, there cottages must be.

A hamlet rose at the bend of the road, and in the midst stood the Cheesewring Hotel, which, in spite of its imposing name, is a very small affair. I asked for a bed. The house was full, that is to say, the two available rooms were occupied. Visions of the disastrous night at St. Dominic flashed before me, but happily that experience was not repeated. A bedroom was hired in an adjoining cottage.

The Bodmin Moors are strewn with the records of prehistoric man. Examine an ordnance map, and you will see in this vast inland area splashes coloured dark brown signifying an altitude of over 1,000 feet, and the words Hut Circles repeated many times; also the locality of Stone Circles, and references to King Arthur's Bed, and King Arthur's Hall. A stone circle like The Hurlers is easily found; but he who has not the archæologist's eye may spend a day and not discover a single hut circle. The solitary wanderer over the Bodmin Moors should always carry a compass, as mists and fogs are frequent, and when the pall of grey moisture descends, it is impossible to tell the direction in which one is walking. Moreover, there are the treacherous bogs, into which the wayfarer may slip.

On the morrow it was my good fortune to examine half a dozen hut circles, and to peer into a Kist-Vaen (an ancient rough stone coffin), through the good fortune of meeting a mining engineer who was staying at the inn. He came into the room while I was poring over maps, and we should have talked Cornish antiquities until midnight had not the landlady appeared in the doorway with a lighted candle prepared to conduct me to my

cottage bed. They keep early hours on the Bodmin Moors.

I looked from my window into the blackness. Once, (there is no evidence as to the date, so the vague term prehistoric is used) there must have been a large population, pre-Celtic and later, upon the Bodmin Moors, who trekked to the high ground to be quit of the marauders ravaging the fertile belts around the coast; who lived in chambered tumuli and beehive huts; who sometimes crushed their dead into stone coffins and sometimes burned them, enclosing the ashes in urns which they placed in barrows surrounded by circles of stones; who honoured their kings and chiefs by raising over their stone tombs the colossal memorials called cromlechs, around which they piled cairns of stones and earth. All the cromlechs, the most impressive monuments of ancient Cornwall, are now exposed.

It is impossible to assign dates to these rude sepulchres. One set of huts, one group of barrows, may have been used by generations of the forgotten, perhaps extending over thousands of years.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE MOORS TO TREVETHY QUOIT, ST. NEOT AND BODMIN

Prehistoric Monuments on the Bodmin Moors—Astronomer Priests—Trevethy Quoit—The Half-Stone—The Other Half-Stone—Doniert Rogavit Pro Anima—St. Cleer Well—The Windows of St. Neot Church—Legends of St. Neot—On to Bodmin

AT breakfast we talked tin, then, having discussed as far as we were able the theory of the astronomical origin of British stone circles, we set out on a voyage of discovery.

The way to see the Bodmin Moors, and to enter into the spirit of those wastes, covered with scant herbage, parts of which the hardy farmers have cultivated, is to allot to the district a two days' walking tour. Start from the Cheesewring, and strike north-west by way of Dozmere Pool to Bolventor, a hamlet on the high road between Launceston and Bodmin, where a bed can be obtained at the Jamaica Temperance Inn. Then make for Brown Willy, cross Roughtor and drop down into Camelford. A pleasant one-day trip is to drive from Launceston to Trewint, followed by a walk over Brown Willy to Camelford.

It did not suit me to take either of those expeditions, as I wished to work southward to St. Cleer and St. Neot; but that morning moor tramp with the mining engineer was so delightful that I determined to take the Cheesewring-Camelford journey at an early date.

We wandered in the direction of Siblyback Farm, the mining engineer peering for the rings of stones known as

hut circles. Under his guidance I learnt to distinguish between ancient remains and the shallow pits excavated by quarrymen in the last century. Many weathered moorland stones we saw may have been handled by prehistoric men; but there is a sign that betrays the modernity of a huddle of stones however venerable the site may seem. This sign is the groove marks made by drill tools. Again and again I turned contemptuously from what seemed to be an ancient sepulchre at the sight of those tell-tale grooves.

In that waste of gorse, heather and bracken it was not easy for my guide to find a ring of stones although he had roamed the moor a hundred times. But by following a clue of his own contriving, which consisted in keeping Brown Willy to the right and Siblyback Farm to the left, he at last discovered a hut circle, merely an enclosure, perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, ringed with short moor stones. In one corner of this compound was a smaller circle. We found that morning many more of these memorials ranging up to about twenty feet in diameter.

There they have remained for ages, choked with bracken, known to farmers, roamed over by cattle, and visited occasionally by archæologists. Many have disappeared, for in recent years these rings of stones, used by vanished races of men as the outer walls of huts, as pens for beasts, as the walls of barrows where their dead were laid, as meeting-places, as centres for religious rites have been carted away to build walls and cottages. The stone sleepers of the mineral railway across the moor were all rifled from ring barrows and hut circles. Eighteenpence apiece, I was told, was paid for these venerable sleepers.

Roughly speaking, the prehistoric remains of Cornwall are places where the ancient inhabitants lived, or where they were buried; a child could tell that the beehive huts and fougous, or caves, were dwelling-places; but it is hard to believe that the stone rings we saw that morn-

ing on the Bodmin Moors were ever huts. They are quite different from the obvious remains of hut circles, masses of earth and stone on Carn Brea, where bits of charred wood were found, showing, it is surmised, that the walls were heightened by wooden palisades; the roof was of boughs, strewn with bushes or bracken, and supported by a pole. Carn Brea was the centre of a large settlement. In June, 1749, says Dr. Borlase, "in the middle of the ridge of Carn Brea hill, were found such a number of coins of pure gold, as, being sold for weight, brought the finder about sixteen pounds sterling".

The large ring of stones we saw that morning may have been a cattle pen, although an active beast could easily have jumped the walls; but perhaps they were higher in prehistoric times. The smaller rings were probably erected to enclose graves, as, in these days, we surround our tombs with railings. Let us hear Copeland Borlase on the subject, a descendant of Dr. William Borlase, whose book, *Nænia Cornubiæ*, published in 1872, contains probably the best account of the sepulchres and funeral customs of the early inhabitants of Cornwall:—

"It is not uncommon in rambling along the edges of the Cornish cliffs, or over the summit of the uncultivated downs, to stumble upon small circles of earth or contiguous stones set on their edge. The diameter of these rings ranges from ten to one hundred feet, and their area is occupied either by a few irregular piles of stone or by a central rock, natural to the surface of the ground. That rings, such as these, were originally sepulchral, there is little doubt, and, on examination, they are almost invariably found to be cairns or barrows in an uncompleted or demolished state.

"From the ordinary encircled bowl barrow take away the superincumbent mound, and you have the ring barrow with its hearth or burning-place and its sepulchral deposit. A remarkable example of one of these remains was ex-

plored by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and by him described and figured in his essay on the British remains on Dartmoor. It was situated on the Rhôssili Downs, in South Wales, was thirty-three feet in diameter, and very similar in general appearance to the Ring Barrow on Goonorman Downs. In the centre was an inner circle of contiguous stones, surrounding a hearth composed of flat stones, carefully fitted together, and upon them a mass of charred wood. Below one corner of this hearth was a slab covering a kist in which were fragments of pottery and bones. A pile of stones, three feet four inches high, had to be removed from this barrow before the hearth was arrived at."

There was no doubt about the kist-vaen, or ancient stone coffin, we saw in an opened barrow on the eastern slope of the Cheesewring, overtopped by great boulders. Creeping into the pit, we peered through an aperture, across which a spider had spun a web, into the dark, damp tomb, roughly made of slabs of granite.

The barrow which contains this kist-vaen was opened about sixty-five years ago. Mr. J. Harris, of Liskeard, who was present, has since published the following account of the operation in the *Cornish Times*:—

"On a fine spring morning I saw a crowd of half-nude men digging ruthlessly into the old grave Barrow that has stood from time immemorial on the eastern slope of the hill between the traditional Hurlers and that towering rock idol, the Cheesewring. Tradition, with her thousand tongues, said this Barrow was the tomb of a Cornish king or Roman general, the Arch-Druid of the day, an Irish saint, etc.; and, moreover, that vast treasures lay buried with the body, and that in the early part of the century a golden boat had been found concealed beneath its surface. It was the prospect of finding gold that induced those excited men to make such frantic efforts to open the Barrow.

"Resting on the floor-stone or bottom of the coffin were the remains of a human skeleton (which crumbled to

dust on being exposed to the air), some small pieces of bronze, bits of greenish glass or pottery, and bits of ivory, which some thought were teeth, whilst others contended that these small pieces of bronze, glass and ivory were small ornaments of dress or armour. Also found in the coffin were a small bronze spear or arrow-head, a short bronze sword, a burial urn of coarse brick-like quality, and a gold goblet or drinking-cup of peculiar workmanship, quite distinct from Saxon, Roman or Phœnician manufacture, shaped like a modern breakfast-cup, some three or four inches deep and the same in diameter at the mouth, and ornamented with a dozen horizontal bands or corrugations. This cup was taken in charge by the late Rev. G. Norris, of Rosecraddock, was afterwards sent to the Queen at Osborne, and placed with other ancient relics at the Swiss Cottage, subsequently deposited in the British Museum, and thence removed to South Kensington, where it now remains.

"We may fairly assume that the coffin contained the remains of a Scandinavian king or chief, as it is well known that their arms and valuables were invariably buried with them for future use in Valhalla. We may also conclude that it was erected during some period of the Bronze Age, and by a people from the North, whilst at the same time it tends to dispose of the various traditions that the Barrow is the tomb of an Arch-Druid, Roman general, Cornish king, saint, etc."

Mr Harris believes that the gold cup is 3,500 years old.

The Cheesewring is a pile of tabular rocks, twenty-four feet high, piled one upon another, after the manner of cheeses. The stones at the base are less than half the size of those they support, some of which are twelve feet in diameter. It is a natural formation, and we smile at Dr. Borlase's suggestion that the Cheeswring was a rock deity, and "might probably be intended to express the stateliness and justice of the Supreme Being". The quarry

which is being worked adjacent to the Cheesewring is forbidden to encroach upon this "far-famed curiosity".

Readers of Hawker's paper on Daniel Gumb search in the rocks around the Cheesewring for the cave dwelling of the Linkinhorne stonecutter who lived there with his family. On the lintel he carved "D. Gumb 1735," with a diagram illustrating Euclid's forty-seventh proposition. I did not seek it after a native had remarked to me, "I've known his cave moved three times". Yet Daniel in the flesh must have been a man well worth knowing—a practical visionary.

"He was a native Cornishman," says Hawker, "born in a cottage that bordered on the moor, and in the lowlier ranks of labouring life. In his father's household he was always accounted a strange and unsocial boy. In his childhood he kept aloof from all pastime and play, and while his companions resorted to their youthful amusements and sports, Daniel was usually seen alone with a book or a slate whereon he worked, at a very early age, the axioms of algebra or the diagrams of Euclid. He had mastered with marvellous rapidity all the books of the countryside, and he had even exhausted the instructions of the schoolmaster of the neighbouring town. Then it became his chosen delight to wander on the moors with some favourite volume in his hand, and a crust from his mother's loaf in his bag; with his inseparable tools also, the chisel and the mallet, wherewithal to chip and gather the geological specimens of his own district. Often he would be absent whole nights, and when he was questioned as to his place of shelter, he would reply, 'Where John the Baptist slept,' or 'At Roche, in the hermit's bed'; for the ruined cell of a Christian anchorite stood, and yet stands, above the scenery of the wanderings of that solitary boy."

Close by are The Hurlers, perhaps the best-known prehistoric survival in the Duchy. The traveller is dis-

appointed at the first sight of The Hurlers, as of most of the ancient monuments, except the cromlechs. He sees merely an irregular group of grey stones rising from the moor, some erect, some fallen, all unhewn monoliths weathered by the centuries. Examining the lines of The Hurlers he finds that once they formed three large intersecting circles, with two monoliths standing apart. Their name, The Hurlers, was current in the time of Hals (1655-1737), who comments seriously on the local legend that they were once men who were turned to stone for playing the game of hurling on the Sabbath.

Copeland Borlase thought that The Hurlers were sepulchral.

Modern antiquarianism inclines strongly to the belief that the purpose of the stone circles was astronomical.

The theory has the support of Sir Norman Lockyer, who, in his *Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments* (Macmillan, 1906), publishes the results of a scientific examination of Cornish and other stone circles. The amateur archæologist will find the volume difficult, but the tables giving the conjectural dates of the erection of the stone circles are as easy to understand as a railway time-table. Every wanderer in Cornwall should possess this book.

Briefly, Sir Norman Lockyer's conclusions amount to this: that the astronomer priest, standing in a stone circle and using outlying monoliths, hills and barrows as sight-lines to the rising and setting of the sun and certain stars, was able to tell the time by day or by night. Thus the priest was able to fix the moment for sacrifice, and to advise the agriculturists when to begin operations. This knowledge may have been handed down from the astronomer priests to the Druids.

In a letter to *The Times* shortly before the issue of his book, Sir Norman Lockyer published some general conclusions at which he had arrived, based on studies he

made in Egypt fifteen years before. I quote two passages:—

"Any one who knows the Egyptian temples and the British stone circles will not at first be inclined to see any resemblance between them, but from the astronomical point of view there is the strongest. In densely populated and rich Egypt a temple was devoted to the rising or setting of one heavenly body, whether star or sun, the place of rising or setting being indicated by the long temple axis, and each sacred place contained many such temples, because there were many heavenly bodies to be watched.

"Now, to carry on this method of observation and worship where the population was scarce, the best and cheapest thing to do would be to build a circle to represent a sanctuary, and from its centre to imitate the various temple axes by sight lines marked out by a stone or barrow. Six such outstanding marks, each of stone set up in a day or two, would then replace, and quite effectually from the astronomical point of view, six majestic temples, taking tens of years to build.

"Now, the upshot of my inquiries, so far as they have gone, strongly suggests—other workers must continue the inquiry and reject or establish the conclusion—that the British stone circles bear precisely the relationship to the Egyptian temples indicated above."

"The story is that astronomer priests familiar with Egyptian methods began work in Cornwall about B.C. 2300. The stars they used as clock-stars were the precise equivalents of the stars in Ursa Major and Draco used by the ancient Egyptians, when we take the difference of latitude between Egypt and Britain and the effect of the processional movement on the declination of the star into account. The same may be said of the 'Morning stars' they employed, and further, they brought the May year with them."

. . . . . .

"If my conclusions are found to be justified on further inquiry, if astronomy was so abundantly studied and utilised —for utility as well as priestcraft was certainly at the bottom of it—in Britain four thousand years ago, the remarkable testimony to the knowledge and wisdom of the 'Druids,' given by Cæsar and Pomponius Mela two thousand years nearer their time is now seen to be amply justified.

Multa praeterea de sideribus et eorum motu, de mundi magnitudine, de rerum natura, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et juventuti tradunt.—Caes., *De Bello Gallico*, vi., c. 14.

Hi terrae mundique magnitudinem et formam, motus coeli ac siderum, ac quod dii velunt scire, profitentur.—Pomp. Mela, ii., c. 2.

"The 'Druids' extant in Cæsar's time were undoubtedly the descendants of the astronomer priests, some of whose daily work has now perhaps at last been revealed."

At the close of chapter iii. of *Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments*, Sir Norman Lockyer writes:—

"To sum up, then, the astronomer priests had (1) to watch the time at night by observing a star rising near the north point of the horizon. This star would act as a warner of sunrise at some time of the year; (2) to watch for the rising or setting of other stars in various azimuths warning sunrise at the other critical times of the May or Solstitial years; (3) to watch the sunrise and sunset; (4) to mark all rising or setting places of the warning stars and sun by sight-lines from the circles."

Later in the volume he arrives at the conclusion that the first circle builders in Britain worshipped the May-year sun, which in Babylon and Egypt was the harvest month, and thus the chief month in the year. Then he continues:—

"I have already shown that it was the practice in ancient times for the astronomer priests not only to watch the clock-stars during the night, but also other stars which rose or set about an hour before sunrise, to give warning of its approach on the days of the principal festivals,

"Each clock-star, if it rose and set very near the north point, might be depended on to herald the sunrise on one of the critical days of the year, but for the others other stars would require to be observed. This practice was fully employed in Britain.

"MAY WARNINGS.—The following table gives the stars I have so far noted which were used as warners for the May festival:—

Monument.	Star.	Date or Dates B.C.
Stonehenge	Pleiades, rising	1950
Merry Maidens	,, ,,	1930
	Antares, setting	1310
The Hurlers	,, ,,	1720
	Pleiades, rising	1610
Merrivale	,, ,,	1610
	,, ,,	1420
Boscawen-un	,, ,,	1480
Tregaseal	,, ,,	1270
Stenness	,, ,,	1230
Longstone (Tregaseal)	,, ,,	1030

So here we have in a table the conjectural dates of the erection of The Hurlers, Stonehenge and other circles.

After a strenuous morning with astronomer priests and men of the Stone Age, it was pleasant to sit in the bar-parlour of the inn over a noonday repast listening to talk on simple matters relating to the present day—the price of rams, and how many nights of the week one can see the Eddystone Lighthouse from the Bodmin Moors.

The afternoon promised to be even more arduous than the morning, as I proposed visiting Trevethy Quoit or Cromlech, the Half Stone and the Other Half Stone, the Well of St. Cleer, the stained-glass windows of St. Neot; then to Bodmin for the night.

The beginning of the journey was as easy as it was delightful—a descent at a pace which would have carried me into Liskeard well under the hour; but as Trevethy Quoit lies to the east, I was obliged to turn into a side

track near an ancient stone, eight feet high, standing by the roadside. Quickly I lost my bearings.

I asked a dame, wrinkled and toothless, who was bearing a bucket to a well, if she could direct me to Trevethy Quoit.

Apparently the name conveyed no meaning to her. Other dames joined us. I described the Quoit, whereupon one of the sisterhood said: "You mean the 'Stones,' my dear. It's over there, quite close," waving her hand to some rising ground, "but 'tisn't much when you see it."

The first sight of Trevethy Quoit is very impressive. One of the largest cromlechs in Cornwall, it stands on a tumulus in a field within a few yards of the road. The west supporting-stone has fallen, so that one may enter the ancient tomb which, until recently, was utilised as a toolhouse by the villagers.

The height from the ground to the table-stone of Trevethy Quoit is thirteen feet six inches. The table-stone, which is fourteen feet three inches by nine feet, has a small circular hole outside the actual kist-vaen, the purpose of which is not known.

None of the prehistoric monuments of Cornwall touch the imagination quite in the same way as do these huge cromlechs. There are so few of them; they are so solitary; they bring to us across the centuries a mute message from a dateless past. To recline in their shade on a summer afternoon, looking up at the huge table-stone, with desolation around, and the arch of the sky overhead, is to be transported on the wings of fancy to that remote day when a king or a chief was here laid to his rest before the Romans conquered Britain, before even the Celts had swarmed to these shores from the east with their gifts to an unborn race of imagination and vision. Can we wonder that the imaginative Celts, when they penetrated into Damnonium (ancient Devon and Cornwall) held these

cromlechs in reverence as the houses or temples of vanished gods? Can we wonder that in Gaul the decrees of Arles, Tours and Nantes in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries ordained that the cromlechs and menhirs in the districts of Gaul where the Church Councils held sway should be destroyed because the Celtic Christians worshipped them? Can we wonder that Cornish peasants, according to the Rev. D. Garth Whitly, have been heard to declare that the dolmen builders may still be seen at break of day moving around the grey stones?

The best account of the cromlechs of the world that I know is in a paper contributed by the Rev. D. Garth Whitly to the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall* (Volume XVI., Part I., 1904). The subject-matter of Mr. Whitly's paper is so interesting that I make no apology for the length of the extracts:—

"So unsatisfactory is the state of archæological nomenclature, that I am compelled to define what I mean by a dolmen. I apply this term to those rude stone structures which are often called cromlechs; but as they are named dolmens on the continent I think it is desirable that a uniform definition should be adopted.

"Now, these dolmens have been under examination for a lengthy period, and what have we done with them? We have measured them and we have mapped them. We have sketched them and we have photographed them. We have classified them according to their form and their size. We have speculated about their origin, whether it were religious or sepulchral, or commemorative or astronomical. We have debated endlessly as to whether they were always, or generally, covered with a tumulus. We have theorised as to the manner of their construction, and above all, we have never failed to laugh at the Druids! But when the vital questions are asked—'Who raised these monuments?'—and 'At what period were they erected?' speculation is hopelessly at sea. The dolmens

have been assigned to every era, from the beginning of the Neolithic Age, down to the eighth century after Christ.

"France contains more dolmens than any other country in Europe, there being nearly 3,500 of these monuments known within its limits. They occur chiefly in Brittany and in the south-east, and run across France in a band from Cape Finisterre to the Gulf of Lyons. Thus if a line be drawn from Morlaix in Brittany to Narbonne, it will run nearly through the centre of the French dolmen district. There are some fine dolmens in Corsica and they abound in Western Spain and also along the coast of Portugal. Then the line of dolmens runs along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Dolmens are found in Morocco and in Algeria, in which country they are even more numerous than in France. They are found also in Tunis and Tripoli. There are none in Egypt, but in Palestine they occur in the land of the Ammonites beyond the Jordan. A few dolmens are reported in Northern Arabia, and many are found in Western and North-Eastern India. Here the dolmen line ends. There are, however, isolated groups in Circassia, the Crimea, and near Odessa.

"As our dolmens are truly prehistoric, they may also be said to be pre-traditional, for not a single tradition can give us any rational account of their origin. By whom do the old traditions of Europe declare that they were erected? By elves, dwarfs, fairies, giants, goblins, and later traditions assign them to the saints, and even to the devil.

"Whoever the dolmen builders were, I believe that their stay in Cornwall was only of brief duration. I am led to this conclusion because our Cornish dolmens are so few in number. How many does Cornwall possess? Mr. W. C. Borlase describes only eleven, and the Rev. W. C. Lukis does not think it necessary to notice more than seven.

"And now we may ask by whom they were erected?

They were not built by the Celts, and it is generally maintained that the Celts introduced the use of bronze into Britain. It follows, therefore, that our dolmens were erected during the Neolithic period, a time when metals were unknown in Britain. Moreover, they must have been built in the early part of the Neolithic Age, for had they been raised at the end of that era the invading Celts would have seen their erection, and would have had some knowledge of their building, but this is not the case. The builders of the dolmens, therefore, must have belonged to the Turanian family, but to which special division of this family, we are quite unable to determine. These Turanian dolmen builders must, as already remarked, have been a maritime and sea-loving people.

"What became of these Turanian dolmen builders? They departed mysteriously, for I do not think that there is any evidence to show that they were amalgamated with later races. Why they disappeared and what happened to them we cannot even imagine. A remarkable parallel to their voyages and disappearance is presented in Polynesia. In many of the groups of the Polynesian Islands, such as the Carolines, the Marquesas, the Sandwich, the Isle of Tinian and Easter Island, gigantic walls, earthworks and rude stone statues and monuments have been discovered. The natives now inhabiting these islands know nothing of the origin of these structures, and regard them with superstitious awe. These wonderful erections were raised by a vanished race, which, possessing vessels, passed from island to island and then mysteriously disappeared. Were these unknown Pacific voyagers connected with the dolmen people? And did the European dolmen builders pass the Southern Ocean, and disappear by dying out in America? We cannot say, and it is useless even to conjecture."

Leaving Trevethy Quoit, I struck due west in search of the Doniert pillar, called "the Half Stone," standing,

according to the ordnance map, about a mile east of Trevethy Quoit, contiguous to the granite shaft of a cross covered with interlacing knot-work, known locally as "the Other Half Stone". The rough, almost obliterated inscription on the Doniert stone is inscribed in Saxon minuscules: *doniert rogavit pro anima* [*sua*] or "Doniert begs [you to pray] for his soul".

Doniert is supposed to be Dungarth, King of Cornwall, who was drowned in the Fowey River about 875.

This inscribed stone seemed worth a visit; but I doubt if I should have sought King Doniert had I foreseen the labour that the quest would entail. Passing through a hamlet, which a child informed me was called "Railway Terrace Village," I pushed my machine up an almost unclimbable track to a moor where I met an old man slowly picking his way over a field of mining refuse. He had not heard of King Doniert; but when I had explained the appearance of the memorial, he chuckled and said: "Sure, it's a Long Tom you mean".

Following his directions I plodded upwards over that miserable moor in a drizzle of rain. It was rough going for a pedestrian, and to a cyclist almost impassable. A colt frisked before me; a herd of cattle rose leisurely, opening a path for my progress through the wet herbage; the drizzle strengthened to a sharp shower. I limped along, propelling the dripping machine, encouraged by the sight, half a mile ahead, of a tall dark stone rising from the moor.

"King Doniert!" I cried, and breaking into a run sent the bicycle bumping along the stony bridle path. Drawing near I decreased my pace, feeling less confident. The country seemed familiar. Surely I had seen Long Tom before. Alas! it did not require a second glance to be assured that this was the eight-foot stone I had passed two hours ago on diverging to Trevethy Quoit.

The greater part of the afternoon was spent in hunting

for the Doniert stone. About the hour of five I was directed by a cottager to a venerable pillar protruding from a meadow. Letters were carved upon it. The first looked a probable "L," if a possible "D"; by no stretch of the imagination could I persuade myself that the second letter was anything but a "W". Tiring of the game I seated myself upon the stone hedge to await the arrival of two youths who were sauntering up the road.

Yes, they knew the Doniert stone. The object I had been examining was an erection of the Liskeard Waterworks. "L. W. is their mark," said the smaller of the two youths, and his mouth widened into a grin.

Together we climbed the hill, scrambled over a wall, and in a meadow near the leafy hedge that borders the road, known locally as the King's Field, were the two ancient monuments. There we remained for a quarter of an hour deciphering the inscription. The youths were silent when I said, "This king, so many centuries dead, has left a message. He entreats you to pray for his soul."

A run of twenty minutes brought me to the Well of St. Cleer, near St. Cleer Church, which is said to have been in olden days a ducking-pool. When Gilbert, author of *A History of Cornwall*, visited the well in 1850, he found it "a very pretty heap of ruins". I found it whole and sound, well tended, surrounded by trim grass and enclosed by a wall—a green and peaceful place bordering on a hilly lane. Near by, also in the green enclosure, is an ancient cross nine feet high. The well is said once to have belonged to a nunnery of one of the three Orders of Poor Clare. It was restored in 1864 as a memorial to a former vicar of St. Cleer.

Pleasant would it have been to linger in that green haven, but the sun was sinking, and I desired to see the famous windows of St. Neot while the light was good.

I cannot think that I took the best road to St. Neot.

Such precipitous lanes! Such mud-ruts! Such deep valleys! It was unsafe to ride down the lanes and impossible to ride up them. They were quite deserted. I encountered nothing but a ramshackle baker's cart which passed me at a crawl. After an hour's hard wayfaring I was beginning to despair of reaching St. Neot that night, when, turning the corner of what I believe is the longest and steepest hill in the world, I espied a policeman. Before I had time to ask him how far it was to St. Neot, I saw the church looming above the terrace where he stood.

The golden yellow light in the interior of St. Neot Church filtering through the historic stained glass was beautiful, and I was content to linger in this dim edifice, every window of which has stained glass originally executed at different periods between the years 1480 and 1533. Nearly half the glass, however, is new, although all the designs are old. They were restored between 1826 and 1829 by the Rev. R. G. Grylls after the windows had suffered neglect and spoliation for three hundred years.

There are seventeen windows called :—

1. The St. George Window.
2. St. Neot's Window.
3. The Young Women's Window.
4. The Wives' Window.
5. The Harris Window.
6. The Callaway Window.
7. The Tubbe and Callaway Window.
8. The Chancel Window.
9. The Creation Window.
10. The Nook Window.
11. The Borlase Window.
12. The Martyn Window.
13. The Mutton Window.
14. The Redemption Window.
15. The Acts' Window.
16. The Armorial Window.
17. The Belfry Window.

Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 are so called from the donors. Beneath the Young Women's Window are twenty kneeling female figures, and below them runs this inscription :—

> At the cost of the young women of the parish of St. Neot, who erected this window A.D. 1529.

The legend of St. Neot has been described as the most fanciful in the whole calendar of the saints. On the window dedicated to him are twelve designs illustrating his legendary and fabulous history.

As each of the seventeen windows has a series of compartments each illustrating a particular incident, it may be imagined that it is a work of no small labour to examine the St. Neot's windows.

It was soothing to stand there in the rosy and golden light, gazing at the Creation window, which is the most beautiful and the least restored of the seventeen. But the well-meaning woman who has the care of the church thinks that the interest of the windows is historic, not æsthetic. She rattled off a description of each incident at an incredible pace; but I escaped before her list was a third part through, and made my way round by the Carlyon Arms to a damp meadow on the verge of which is St. Neot's Well, where the saint was wont to stand daily, chanting the Psalter with the fluid touching his chin. The well has been arched over; it is not in the least picturesque, and I was glad to withdraw from the dreary place.

St. Neot, who died in 877, was a dwarf. He came from Glastonbury Abbey to St. Guevirs, now called St. Neot, where he lived for seven years in seclusion and meditation. The miracles ascribed to him are as numerous as they are absurd: living on a pair of miraculous fishes, confining crows in a pound on Sunday so that the farmers might

attend church without fear of disaster to their crops, and so on. He died of fistula. Many lives of St. Neot have been written; he is commemorated at St. Neot in Huntingdonshire, as well as in Cornwall. I left his shrine without regret. He does not inspire affection.

The postmaster of St. Neot, a large, chatty man, informed me that it was a nice run of ten miles to Bodmin; that the road was good; that I could free-wheel most of the way, but that I should find "a bit of hill" before reaching Bodmin.

For a third of the journey his words were true to the letter. The well-paved, curving road, banked up against a high, wooded hill, with a stream purling far beneath in the valley, recalled past tours in Switzerland. Then, in a rush, I was out on the Liskeard highway; skimming along it I realised the difficulties of railway constuction in Cornwall, and understood why the journey from Saltash to Truro is so tedious. The metals run parallel to the road, but high overhead and hidden from view. I heard a train approach, saw the smoke above the tree-tops half way up the height, but the rails were concealed by foliage; it hardly seemed possible that the engine would find a track round those terrible cliffs.

"A bit of hill" the postmaster had said. I walked my machine for an hour, pausing where the road branches off to Lostwithiel, to examine a four-holed wayside cross, venerable and awesome in the half light.

Soon trees began to arch the road, with gas lamps gleaming at intervals through the shade. I reached the outlying houses, turned the corner by the church, and entered the long street of Bodmin—*Bod-manach*, "the abode of the monks," or perhaps *Bod mynydd*, "the dwelling under the hill," the county town of Cornwall.

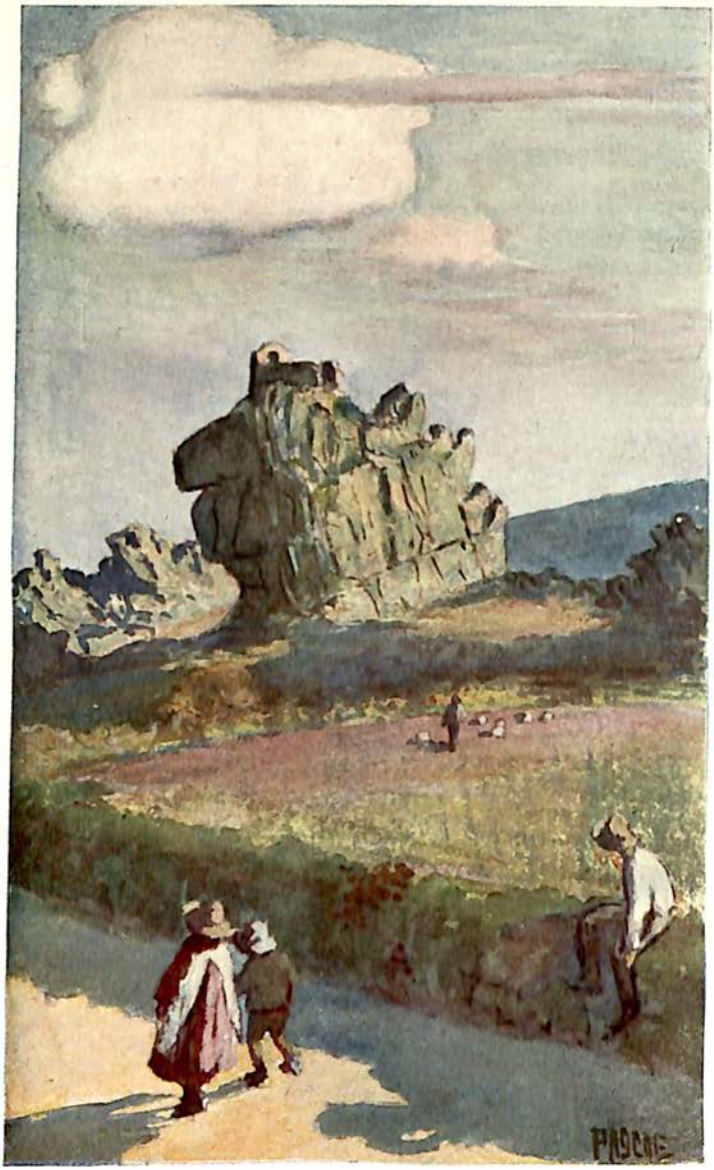
At ten o'clock a goggled and befurred motorist entered the dining-room where I was dozing over a London newspaper.

Having been advised of the delicacies that the hotel could provide in the way of supper, he said:—

"Haven't you any Devonshire cream?"

"We have Cornish cream."

"Cornish cream," he cried. "Then I'm in Cornwall. Didn't know it! Hurrah!"



THE ROCHE ROCKS

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EXPEDITION TO BROWN WILLY

"Out of the World and into Bodmin"—The Bodmin Gospels—The Farm on Hawk's Tor—A Guide to Brown Willy—Life on the Moors—The Farmer Talks—The Danger of Trewartha Marsh—The Stripple Stones, B.C. 1250—The Farmer's View on Education—Dozmere Pool—A Bitter Night on the Moors

BODMIN is situated in the centre of the county about twelve miles equidistant from the English and Bristol Channels. I stood in the sleepy street, a mile in length, and recalled the old saw: "Out of the world and into Bodmin".

When I examined a map it was evident that I had travelled too far west. I must return, but in which direction? North-east, near Blisland, is the largest stone circle in Cornwall, known as the Stripple Stones; south-east, below Liskeard, is the smallest, called the Duloe Circle. If I went south-west, I should travel over Tregoss Moors, the fabled hunting-ground of King Arthur. There I should see rising from the plain the Roche Rocks, boulders piled to a height of a hundred feet, crowned by the remains of a little chapel dedicated to St. Michael. Below is the ruined cell said to have once been used by St. Roche. Some say that the chapel was built by the last male heir of Tregarrick, who, being weary of the world, lived there in solitude. Others, natives of the place, whisper in the ear when you have won their confidence that Tregeagle still flies to Roche on stormy nights to seek sanctuary from his ghostly pursuer.

I decided against that journey, as the Roche Rocks and

the Tregoss Moors were already familiar. Assuredly my route should run north-east over the moors to Brown Willy (*Bron welli*, the highest hill) and Roughtor, which has been called the sacred hill of Cornwall. Yes, I would cycle over the backbone of Cornwall, the white road that runs across the Bodmin Moors, sleep at the desolate Jamaica Inn, in the hamlet of Bolventor, and climb Brown Willy on the morrow.

He who roams the Bodmin Moors, even by the main roads, must provide himself with sustenance. I know no district of England where the inns are so infrequent; so I bought a hunch of saffron cake and some dates, and then spent an hour wandering about Bodmin.

In olden days Bodmin was renowned for its priory, which is said to have been founded by Athelstan. Nothing of the old building now remains except a few fragments of capitals and columns in the grounds of the modern Priory House. Bodmin is called St. Petroc's Stowe in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. In early days the see was indifferently at Bodmin and St. Germans until the foundation of the united sees of Devon and Cornwall at Exeter. One of the treasures of Bodmin is a casket of thin slabs of polished ivory, coloured and decorated with gold, in which the bones of St Petroc are said to have been enclosed. Many years ago a ninth-century copy of the Gospels was discovered, which is believed to have belonged to the priory of Bodmin. It is now in the British Museum. On the blank spaces are forty-six entries of manumissions of slaves between 940 and 1020. The names of the slave owners are mostly Saxon, the names of the freed slaves are mostly Celtic.

The story of the execution of the Mayor of Bodmin by Sir Anthony Kingston, the King's provost-marshal, in 1549, is the same as that related of the Mayor of St. Ives.

The parish church of Bodmin, rebuilt in the fifteenth century, is the largest in Cornwall. It contains a dignified

monument in polished marble to the officers and men who fell in the Egyptian and South African campaigns. The names of the soldiers are given in parallel columns. I read the sad muster-roll, numbering over one hundred and seventy names, from beginning to end, and as I read, Camden's old rhyme came to mind :—

By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Car and Pen
Ye shall know most Cornishmen.

It was curious to note that in all this long list of names there is not one beginning with Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Car or Pen.

From the Beacon Hill, south of the town, Brown Willy and Roughtor are plainly seen on a fine day.

The morning was still early when I began the climb towards the fringe of the Bodmin Moors. Does any one ever feel at home on the Bodmin Moors? Often as I have roamed them, I always meet these rolling plains as a stranger, never conscious of that sensation of intimacy and friendliness that comes at the first glimpse of the moors of Western Cornwall. Brown Willy does not call to the wayfarer, and if it did, the uncharted bogs and the threat of mists deter him from striking across country.

Fortunately the day was perfect for exploration; the clouds scudded across the sky before a brisk south-west wind, the distances were clear; there seemed not the remotest chance of fogs that glorious summer morning.

Before climbing Brown Willy I wished to see the stone circle called the Stripple Stones, which W. C. Lukis, in his book on the *Prehistoric Stone Monuments of Cornwall*, published in 1885, calls the most interesting and remarkable monument in the county. But how was I to find these Stripple Stones? I knew they were on the boggy south slope of Hawk's Tor, beyond the village of Blisland; but where was Hawk's Tor? where was Blisland? There was nobody of whom to inquire, no house in sight, no wayfarer, only a troop of shaggy horses that meandered

down the road, free as the birds. Presently, at the foot of a hill, I espied a stone-breaker and shouted to him. He made no movement. I shouted again and again, but not till I had advanced and touched his arm was he aware of my presence. Even then, although I bawled in his ear, I could not make him understand that I was seeking the Stripple Stones on the boggy south slope of Hawk's Tor. Finally, I wrote the name on a piece of paper. A gleam flashed into his eyes; he clutched my arm, shoved me to the summit of his heap of stones, and pointing to a splash of white on the hillside about two miles away, roared: "That's Hawk's Tor. There's a parish road goes near it, just off the big road."

Onward I went but found no parish road; soon, to my relief, I met a postman who was swinging along at five miles an hour. He advised me to turn to the left when I reached the bridge over a stream which he indicated, and to make for the farmer's house on Hawk's Tor.

Presently, on the right hand side of the road, I passed a lake with a boat on it—the loneliest lake and the loneliest craft that I have ever seen. Here I should have rested for half an hour had not rain begun to fall, so I swept downward to the bridge and there halted. Ahead the Launceston road rose over the hill—a dash of white on the bare moorland. Northward rose Brown Willy, and northwestward, nearer at hand, was Hawk's Tor with the farmer's house and outbuildings perched on the hillside beneath the crags. I pushed my machine up the cart track and knocked at the door.

The farmer's daughter who bade me welcome knew the Stripple Stones well. Men were digging around them last year, she said. People were always asking about these stones. She knew not why. They were merely stones. Yes, she had climbed Brown Willy many times; she and a party of friends hoped to have gone up the previous Sunday but the rain prevented them.

She addressed the bellows to the peat fire to boil the kettle, thinking that I would like a cup of tea while waiting for her father, who was cutting rushes for the haycock with mother at Shallow Water Stream. Father could tell me all about Brown Willy and the stones. No, she was not lonely on Hawk's Tor. "We don't bother about such things," she said.

I determined to make the ascent of Brown Willy from Hawk's Tor if the farmer would be my guide.

In half an hour's time he stalked into the kitchen, a brisk man, looking younger than his years, with blue eyes and fair hair, dramatic in speech, and with a quiet dignity of manner. I recalled the old proverb: "In Cornwall are the best gentlemen". Having expressed his willingness to accompany me, he told his daughter to have the kettle boiling at five o'clock. Then, on the stroke of two, we stepped from his house on to the moor, but not in the direction of Brown Willy.

"There's bog all down that bottom," he said, pointing to the valley. "Bullocks get into it sometimes, and we have to pull 'em out with ropes. You'd never find your way to Brown Willy alone; you couldn't be expected to know the passage over the bog—just a stone causeway. We call it the Hunters Road because the horses go over it in hunting times. Yes, I've been lost in the mist, but I know the moor so well that I could 'most feel my way home."

As we plodded along I was conscious of the water squelching beneath the long grass. I asked if the hunting was good.

"Yes, 'tis a fine huntin' country. The Fowey harriers come here, fifteen miles out and fifteen miles home, besides the run. That's a good day, eh? We have fox-huntin', too, on these commonses. The hares run round and round and in and out, the foxes run straight. I'm a hare man myself. It's a brave sight."

I mentioned the shaggy ponies that roam in herds over the moors.

"When we want a pony, we drive 'em all into the yard, catch one and break he in. That's a brave day too. Shooting? Yes, snipe and golden plover. Fishing? I've caught trout up to a pound in weight."

"That hole there? That's an adit made when they was perspecting for iron. 'Tisn't safe to go into it now," he said, adding with a knowing smile, "some one have taken away the timber. Last month a bullock ran right into the adit, mad to get away from they flies, which pester 'em so that they'll run anywhere to get free of 'em. The men had to go in naked and drag he out with ropes."

An hour's walking brought us to the heart of the moors. All the landmarks had disappeared except Brown Willy, which now loomed in front of us from a scene of the utmost desolation. The only hint of a human habitation was a white blur on distant Catshole Tor, just distinguishable as a stone house, abutting upon an oblong field enclosed by a stone wall.

"Yes, it's a fair lonely house. 'Twere bought last year by a gentleman from Scotland, who took it (he laughed) without sight o' the place. He stayed one winter, that was enough for he. No, he won't come back. He's gone sure enough."

Below Brown Willy, stretching along the valley, we looked down upon the inevitable tin-streaming works; but we soon lost sight of them in ascending Butters Tor, which, to the farmer's surprise, is not marked on the Ordnance Map. "It should be," he kept saying. "It should be."

There we sat awhile, gazing up the barren sides of Brown Willy and over to the shattered crest of Roughtor, which, as we looked, became enveloped in mist.

"We shan't see much if we climb to the top of Brown Willy," I said.

BROWN WILLY AND ROUGHTOR FROM THE BEACON, BODMIN

"Maybe not."

"It's pleasant sitting here on Butters Tor."

"Ay! 'tis pleasant."

We smoked in silence, gazing out over that waste, the few farmhouses making the loneliness more lonely. I counted three small farms, one on Roughtor, one on Garrow, and one on Fernaise.

"They must go miles when they do want a doctor," said the farmer, "and there's no road most of the way. 'Tis lucky the doctor's a huntin' man or he'd never find Garrow."

The whole district, which abounds in prehistoric antiquities, is as lonely as any in Cornwall. I was told of the minister of a parish who erected guide-stones across the moor in order that he might see his way in misty weather. On Trewartha Marsh, between Trewint and the Cheesewring, is an ancient British settlement with oblong huts, some over fifty feet in length, and a so-called Council Hall with stone benches and a seat with arms at one end.

Near Redmire Marsh is a small stone circle. It was in this marsh that in 1891 Mr. Baring-Gould, who had been exploring the Council Hall and the settlements on Trewartha Marsh, nearly lost his life.

"The Ordnance Survey Office had sent down an official to go over and correct the map of this district, and I was with him. When dusk set in we started for Five Lanes, and lost our way. We both got into Redmire and had to trip along warily from one apparently firm spot to another. The winter and summer had been unusually wet, and the marsh was brimming with water. Six bullocks had already been lost in it that year.

"All at once I sank above my waist, and was being sucked further down. I cried to my companion, but in the darkness he could not see me, and had he seen me he could have done nothing for me. The water finally reached my armpits. Happily, I had a stout bamboo,

some six feet long, and I placed this athwart the surface and held it with my arms as far expanded as possible. By jerks I gradually succeeded in lifting myself and throwing my body forward, till finally I was able to cast myself full length on the surface. The suction had been so great as to tear the leather gaiters I wore off my legs. I lay full length gasping for nearly a quarter of an hour before I had breath and strength to advance, and then wormed myself along on my breast till I reached dry land."

The farmer and I sat on Butters Tor for an hour gazing out over the bare country while he retailed the lore of the neighbourhood. We watched the mist settling on the crest of Brown Willy, and I was quite content to forgo the ascent. That idle hour on Butters Tor had not been unprofitable. The spirit of the moors had been nearer to us than if we had toiled up Brown Willy. One can absorb more readily resting and looking than when the body has passed on its fatigue to the mind.

We returned by way of Hawk's Tor. From the summit the farmer pointed out to me, far below on the moor, just visible, the circle known as the Trippet Stones, 105 feet in diameter, with nine stones *in situ*, and the rare addition of a central stone.

"Is there not some ancient lettering on the central stone?" I asked, "a C or a G?"

The farmer smiled. "I mind the time," he said, "when that C was put there by Mrs. Collins, the landlady."

At last on the moor at the foot of Hawk's Tor we came to the Stripple Stones. This circle appears to have been 148 feet in diameter; five stones now stand out of a conjectural thirty-seven. This is one of the circles that Sir Norman Lockyer investigated, deducing the date of erection from its alignment through the north-east bastion to the star Capella, as B.C. 1250.

The Stripple Stones are near the farmhouse. The

younger children, who had just returned from school, a walk of two miles, joined us at tea. The conversation turned to education, upon which the farmer held strong views. Little "book-learning" had he, and he saw no use in it. All he knew he had learned from Nature. He read nothing except a Sunday paper occasionally, and he could not see why the heads of his children should be filled with fancy things.

"What's the use of French and drilling to they? When I was a boy we used to call sums sums; now it's arithmetic they call it. What's the good o' that, say I?"

I listened to his harangue, but did not feel inspired to reply. His companionship had been mine for three hours. I had found him fully equipped for his work in life, and I could not see that education would have made him a better, a wiser or a happier man. His school had been the moor and the heavens—first-hand knowledge; Nature speaking direct to man.

With regret I left this most natural man who knew the soil and lived by working it. Reflecting on his case I made my way slowly to the Jamaica Inn. The hostelry looked as if man had never crossed the grass-grown forecourt. I entered the bare passage, and seeing nobody within, penetrated to the back regions, and there found a woman who eyed my appearance furtively, greeting me with a forbidding frown rather than a welcome. She supposed that I could have a bed; she thought she might be able to procure some eggs for supper. It was plain that she desired no guest that night. I thought of the comfort and plenty at Launceston, and the good south-west wind that would blow me along the ten miles of country without effort. I inspected the comfortless sitting-room, and decided to continue my journey. Should it be to Launceston, or to Liskeard, by a road that runs alongside a trout stream, leading to Dozmere Pool, that dark, legendary lake, a mile in circumference. The

prospect was not tempting. Twilight is not the time to visit alone this "Middle Mere" into which, as local legend claims, Sir Bedivere flung Excalibur, thought by the peasants of former days to be bottomless, and haunted by Tregeagle and other harassed and evil spirits.

Deciding against Dozmere Pool, I was soon speeding over the Launceston road, driven along at a fine pace by the south-west wind. I halted at an inn on the outskirts of Launceston and listened to a story, told by a native, of a farmer, with sixty years' intimate knowledge of the district, who had lost his way one bitter night when returning home over the moors. His body was found two days later.

CHAPTER XXIX

ACROSS COUNTRY: CAMELFORD TO TRURO

Dreary Camelford—The Author misses Damelioc Castle—He Picks Blackberries on Kelly Rounds—Hurling at St. Colomb Major—Lostwithiel—Through Luxulyan Valley—"We're Strangers Here"—From Par to Truro—A Symposium on Bishops—Excitement in Truro

I SUPPOSE no tourist ever visits Camelford for its own sake. It is called by one guide-book a dreary town, by another a dismal place. Even its vicarious glories have been taken away. Modern research does not allow Camelford to be the Camelot of Arthurian romance, nor Slaughter Bridge, which spans the Camel River, to be the locality where Arthur fought his last battle. But Slaughter Bridge was probably the theatre of one battle —between the Britons and Saxons in 823. Near by was found an inscribed stone in debased Latin capitals except the S which is minuscule—LATINI IC IACIT FILIVs MAGARII (The monument of Latinus, here he lies, son of Megarius).

Camelford is merely the starting-off place for Tintagel, and for the two other sites which Dr. Dickinson allows us to associate with King Arthur—Damelioc and Kelly Rounds (Castle Killibury).

Eager to see either Damelioc or Kelly Rounds I took train from Launceston to Camelford. When we had left Camelford, and I had looked for the last time on the gaudy figure of a camel crowning the Town Hall, either a pun or an error, I took the corner seat by the window,

thinking I might be able to see Damelioc Castle and Kelly Rounds from the window.

These Arthurian survivals stand close to the railway line. Noting the spot where Damelioc Castle should be, and stretching my head through the opening, I tried to discover it as the train (it was a Cornish train) crawled past, but I saw only fields and farms. Damelioc Castle, or rather the earthwork bearing that great name, must be sought on foot, with eyes downcast. It once consisted, says Dr. Dickinson, of three concentric ramparts, of which two remain effective if not complete, while portions of a third and outer one are still to be seen. It was here that Gorlois, King of Cornwall, took refuge from Uther Pendragon, having first secreted his wife Igerne within the walls of Tintagel. Pendragon captured the two citadels, killing Gorlois and annexing Igerne. The result was Arthur.

Determining to seek Kelly Rounds or Castle Killibury on foot, I alighted at St. Kew Station and consulted my books. A Welsh triad of the sixth century refers to Arthur as "the chief lord at Kelliwic," and Dr. Dickinson has come to the conclusion that Kelliwic is none other than Kelly Rounds.

"The extravagance of the archer (he observes) who 'shot with a lusty long bow' from Kelliwic to Ireland is not quite without significance, for it may be held to show that Kelliwic, like Kelly Rounds, was opposite the Irish coast."

Neither the stationmaster nor the porter at St. Kew had heard of Castle Killibury or Kelly Rounds, but it seemed plain from the Ordnance Map that if I faced Wadebridge and walked slowly along the road, keenly observant, I could hardly miss the stronghold where Arthur held court.

I walked and walked, but saw no sign of Kelly Rounds. Just when despair was beginning to settle upon me, a waggoner passed along the road.

"Kelly Rounds! Kelly Rounds," he said. "Yonder's Kelly Farm sure. Turn up the lane beyond the field of corn, and walk to the green place where the turnips are! There's some earth heaped up like round about which I've heard called Kelly Rounds."

Following his instructions I soon discovered that I was not the only amateur archæologist who had sought Kelly Rounds that summer. A path had been beaten on the edge of the cornfield, and there were signs of footmarks on the top of the bank showing where archæologists had climbed trying to sight Kelly Rounds. I scrambled upon the wall, but saw nothing that bore the slighest resemblance to a stronghold of King Arthur.

Pursuing my way, presently I perceived beyond the cornfield a huge protuberance of earth covered with undergrowth that seemed to be circular, and might conceivably be a rampart. I perambulated it and found another circular earthwork, with the remains of a third. The fortification, which once covered twelve acres and could, it has been computed, accommodate at least two thousand men, has been cut in two by a lane, but there is no difficulty in tracing the lines of Kelly Rounds. So here I stood on the site of one of King Arthur's fortresses commanding the Camel River, a tidal harbour, whither his men sailed from Wales and Ireland to their chief's Cornish lands. And yonder, on the coast, is Tintagel Castle. I picked blackberries, ripe and sweet, on Kelly Rounds, the date being the 17th August.

Contented, I passed on my way to Wadebridge. Here I again consulted the Ordnance Map, and debated by which of two routes I should approach Truro. One was over St. Breock Downs, 700 feet high, whose bare uplands are scattered with prehistoric remains, and so on through St. Colomb Major, where the ancient Cornish game of hurling is still played yearly. Last Shrove Tuesday the silver ball was contested for in the

street, townsmen against countrymen, from half-past four till six, when one of the townsmen, obtaining possession of the ball, outran his pursuers to the boundary of the parish, and so became possessor of the silver trophy until Shrove Tuesday next year. It is said that in 1664 one hundred Cornish gentlemen, fifty a side, played a hurling match with a silver ball in Hyde Park in the presence of Oliver Cromwell.

As it was not Shrove Tuesday, and as there did not seem to be any advantage in visiting St. Colomb Major on another day of the year, I decided to travel by train to Lostwithiel and then walk through the Luxulyan Valley to Par. After the desolation of the Bodmin Moors it would be a pleasant contrast to dally in the most luxuriant valley in Cornwall—"a paradise of ferns and woodland glades".

Lostwithiel is on the direct line from Plymouth to Truro, and railway travellers, wearied by the long journey, murmur the beautiful name and wish that they had arranged to alight at Lostwithiel and drift lazily down the river in a boat to Fowey.

Errors, if they be attractive, die hard, and there are still some who interpret Lostwithiel as "Lost within the hill," which the situation of this pretty town, lurking within the folds of the hills, certainly suggests. The derivation is entirely fanciful. The latest authority asseverates that it signifies "the principal court," or capital; for strange as it may seem, Lostwithiel was the capital of the Duchy during the earldom of Edmund (1272), who lived at Restormel Castle. Lostwithiel was for a time the sole coinage town in Cornwall; traces of the old Stannary Court may be found in the Duchy House.

The river at Lostwithiel is beautiful, and the little public garden on the banks is a pleasant lounging-place on a sunny day. The octagonal lantern tower of the church is one of the architectural treasures of Western England.

Mr. Street, who was not given to exaggeration, described it as the glory of Cornwall. Restormel Castle is a ruin. Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII., mentions it as "unroofed and sore defaced," and Norden, writing in the time of Elizabeth, said Restormel Castle "beginneth to mourne and to wringe out hard stones for tears; she that was embraced, visited and delighted with great princes, is now desolate, forsaken and forlorne".

Should I have taken this route had I been given prevision of the hill between Lostwithiel and Lanlivery? Probably not. For two miles I pushed my machine laboriously up the steep ascent, then missed the way, and found myself grinding through lanes too narrow to admit a carriage, bordered by hedges on steep banks. Presently the whirr of a reaping machine reached my ears. Climbing the hedge with difficulty I shouted to the harvesters: "Luxulyan, where?" They stared, making no answer. Small wonder they were scared by this apparition of a hot, hatless head, and an open mouth shouting words that they could not distinguish. Unable to cling to the bank any longer, I dropped back into the lane; after wandering another mile I met a gaffer pruning a hedge, who directed me to the Luxulyan road.

Jests about the absence of trees in Cornwall are common, and jesters in the Land's End district walk their friends four miles out from St. Ives to a place where two anæmic trees grow from the bare uplands. "Behold the trees of Cornwall," they say. The victims should retort by arranging an expedition to Luxulyan. Cornwall not wooded? I passed through bowers and groves of trees. There was nothing but trees and undergrowth. It was like walking through a glade in Epping Forest. Musing on the pleasure of strolling through these shady lanes of inland leafy Cornwall, I turned a corner and there, wonder! O wonder! seemingly close at hand, but really some distance off, was the sea. I looked down upon

Par Sands and St. Austell Bay, with Gribbin Head stretching out into the blue water, and behind the headland is Fowey.

In the lane, which descends through pretty sylvan scenery, I met a picnic party, of whom I asked the way to Luxulyan Valley.

"This is Luxulyan Valley," they said.

Monsieur Jourdain had been talking prose all his life without knowing it. I had been wandering through Luxulyan Valley wondering when I should reach it. Saluting the picnic party I passed on down the hill to a gate by a stream—a perfect picture postcard. It was all very pretty and relaxing, but not in the least like Cornwall.

Ascending to the village I was informed at a cottage that I could explore the valley on foot if I cared to push my bicycle; but, added my informant, you can see it quite as well in the train through St. Blazey to Par. So by train I travelled from Bridge Station, now called Luxulyan Station, seeing from the platform on a far hill the huge orderly white mounds marking the site of the famous Carclaze china-clay and tin mines. The excavation, open to the sky, is over a mile in circumference and nearly a hundred and fifty feet deep; it has been worked for china-clay and tin from time immemorial.

The railway to Par runs through the beautiful valley. I spoke in its praise to two men, my companions in the carriage, and asked them whether they had walked it. They made the reply that one usually hears when wandering far from home: "We're strangers here".

The hotel where I stayed at Truro was the house in which Foote the actor was born; but the conversation in the smoking-room at night was of bishops. I should like to be able to report that symposium on bishops from lips moistened by whisky and water; but the real excitement in Truro that night came from a large automobile that

had broken down in the main street. While the repair was in progress its great acetylene lamp illuminated the road as if it were day.

I joined the crowd, and while watching and waiting, wondered where the cathedral might be.

CHAPTER XXX

TRURO TO ST. ERTH VALLEY

Truro Cathedral—Treasures in the Museum—Helston Furry Day—Helston Man who Disdained the Gambol—The Furry Song—Godolphin Manor House—The View from Godolphin Hill—Monuments in St. Hilary Churchyard—The "Noti-Noti" and the Constantine Stones—A Night Ride—St. Erth Church—A Glimpse of Trencrom

ALTHOUGH few travellers to Western Cornwall stop at Truro, many see the cathedral from the window of a railway carriage. They look: their eyes are empty of appreciation, and they ask, "Why was it built in a pit?"

The railway viaduct straddles the valley from hill to hill, the modern houses of "the town on the river" climb up the slopes; surely the summit of a hill is the ideal site for a cathedral. On one of these hills in old days stood the castle of the Earls of Cornwall, mentioned by Leland in the time of Henry VIII. as "now clene down". There I wish that the Prince of Wales had laid the foundation-stone of Pearson's Cathedral in 1880, but it was not to be. The valley had stronger claims, so the cattle market on the site of the castle of the Earls of Cornwall rests undisturbed.

A stranger who had not noticed the cathedral from the railway station could spend a day in Truro and not discover its existence, so ingeniously is the edifice hidden by humble dwellings rising above tortuous lanes. Imagine the stranger's surprise when he had driven out to the quay and embarked on a steamer for Falmouth to see towering

behind him in the hollow of the hills the granite pinnacles and copper dome of Cornwall's new cathedral.

Very new and clean looks Truro Cathedral. Standing o[n] it I understood why a site in the heart of old Truro [was] chosen. The sixteenth-century church of St. Mary's st[ood] here, and the old nave, weathered by the centuries, [has] been preserved and incorporated in the new fabric. [The] granite of yesterday and the granite of the sixteenth cent[ury] meet. Our eyes roam from the old windows to the new lights. From the past emerges the living present.

So have I seen an old seine-boat drawn up above high-water mark in a Cornish porth on the eve of the pilchard season. Generations of boat repairers have worked upon her until the craft all seems new, and you have to search for the few ancient planks.

It is the brown wall of old St Mary's Church that makes me friendly to the new cathedral, leading on to admiration for the baptistery, an architectural jewel, for the May-morning air of the cathedral interior, for the twenty-four canon's stalls, each dedicated to a Cornish saint, kings, princes, princesses, bishops, virgins, martyrs and hermits.

New and old meet in Truro Cathedral. I pass from the simple-hearted saints who walked beneath the spangled heavens over the same moors as their forerunners the astronomer priests; pass from them to the monument to John Couch Adams—an astronomer of yesterday who, "tracing his way by the sure clue of mathematics through the boundless night of space, found the uttermost of the planets"; from him to the nameless moderns who helped to beautify this cathedral. I read and re-read the notifications of their gifts with an emotion that I cannot explain. The donors seem so removed, yet so near—"faithful men and women in the Deanery of East," who gave the East windows; "faithful men and women in the Deaneries of Bodmin and Pydar," who gave the pavement of the sanc-

tuary; "faithful men and women in the Deanery of Stratton," who gave the sanctuary screen. Past and present meet, too, in the windows. One of them shows Bede, dying, dictating his translation of St. John's Gospel; another, George Herbert's last Sunday. I turn from the window illustrating St. Bernard preaching the Crusade, to that showing Wesley, the awakener of religious Cornwall, exhorting the miners in Gwennap Pit.

Sisters of the Community of the Epiphany move silently before the memorial to Cornishmen who died in the Boer War—tattered flags against grey granite; and if the present becomes too insistent, I have but to step down into the south aisle of the old parish church to look upon the old tiles, the old woodwork, the old clergy seats, the old monuments and the old altar.

But the treasures of Truro are not all in the Cathedral. There is a small museum near by, founded and fostered by the Royal Institution of Cornwall, that is very precious to Cornishmen—or to some of them. Yet, I fear, the traveller who has lingered in the museums of the world would not faint from excitement after a visit to the Truro Museum. Nevertheless, there are infinite riches in this little room. What are they? Merely *inter alia* a lump of tin, curiously shaped, a bronze bull, two Celtic lunettes of gold, and three strange cat-like heads, roughly carved in stone. But if you know Cornwall, prehistoric Cornwall, these few poor things become of surpassing interest, and you are prepared to give a ten-pound note for the many volumes of the journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, wherein these survivals are described and discussed, and around which such controversy has raged.

On the floor rests the ingot of tin, shaped like an *astragalus*, or knuckle-bone, weighing one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, which was dredged up near St. Mawes, in Falmouth Harbour, a memorial of ancient days, illustrating how the metal was prepared for transit, as described

by Diodorus at the end of the first century. Its form was handy for carrying on a horse's back, for stowing in the bottom of a boat, or for conveying to the sea by two long, black-coated ancient Cornishmen. When this ingot was accidentally dropped into Falmouth Harbour, there were no roads in Cornwall, only bridle paths, traces of which may still be found leading over the moors from deserted mines to the sea. In the far west these tracks lasted till 1760, when all the roads south and west of Penzance were bridle paths, and the turnpike highway went no further than Falmouth.

Those were the days when men sought for gold in Cornwall. The necklet of Cornish gold in a case in the Museum was obtained from the stream-works in Ladock valley in 1802.

That Phœnician bull of bronze! I expected to see an enormous creature, imposing as an Assyrian winged man-mammoth in the British Museum. After long searching I found it. In stature it is about the size of a tom-tit; possibly a fetish carried by a Phœnician trader, or perhaps a charm thrown away by a Roman soldier in a fit of anger at the fate that kept him in this uncivilised land.

The three cat-like heads are from the sixth-century oratory of St. Piran in Perranzabuloe.

There is no permanent collection of pictures in any Cornish town. Yet there are more pictures painted in Cornwall in the course of the year than in any county in England, save Middlesex. In the Truro Museum there are prints of Cornish worthies; these at least have a sort of official sanction.

Once, in a remote cottage on the wild moors, I picked up a child's writing exercise book—used in all the schools. On the back cover were printed the names and deeds of three Cornish worthies—William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, born at Boconnoc; Sir Humphry Davy, born at Penzance; and Richard Trevithic, of Illogan, claimed by Cornishmen as the inventor of the locomotive, or rather as the genius

who wedded the steam engine to the metals. To these must be added John Opie, the painter, who first saw the light at Harmony Cot, near St. Agnes. There are humble portraits of all at the Truro Museum. And there is one life-size painting of a real giant, that famous Cornishman, Anthony Payne, body servant of Sir Bevil Grenville, whose large face and mighty body were limned by the Court painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, at the Restoration. Charles II. commanded the portrait, and made Anthony Payne Halberdier of the Guns.

Anthony Payne is in his right place in the Truro Museum; but why does the collection include photographs of the United States Yellowstone region, an inscribed stone from Peru, and a mummy of a priest of the god Ammanon?

I wandered round the room searching for the two gold Celtic ornaments that were dug up near the Harlyn prehistoric burial-ground many years ago. Failing to find them I inquired of the Curator. He led me into the Council Room, unlocked a safe, and withdrew a cardboard box bulging with cotton wool. He opened it, and disclosed the two gold lunettes.

Sickle in shape, like the young moon, thinner than a sovereign, pliable as a leaf, they flashed before me, freshly golden as the day, possibly long before the Christian era, when they were lost, or perhaps buried with some wandering chief from Ireland or Brittany, whose body was laid to rest by the Cornish sea. He and his race have vanished with the artificer who made these fairy epaulettes of gold, some lover of beauty, who, thrilled one day by the form of the young moon, fashioned two lovely things in imitation of her beauty.

The treasures of Truro are not as various as those of London, but who shall say that they are commonplace—lunettes of gold, a knuckle-bone of tin, the portrait of a veritable giant, a Phœnician bull, and a brand-new cathedral blossoming from the husk of an old church.

As there was nothing more of interest to detain me in Truro, I studied the map to discover the best way of reaching Godolphin Hill, that lies beyond the uplands extending from Redruth to the Helford River. West of Gweek, which stands at the head of the Helford River, is Helston, a small, busy town, the terminus of a branch railway, and the starting-place by motor omnibus for the Lizard. St. Colomb Major is famous for its hurling, Helston for its Furry or Flora Day, which is celebrated on the 8th of May in each year. The inhabitants deck themselves with flowers and garlands, and dance through the front door and out at the back of the houses singing the Furry Song to a kind of hornpipe tune.

"Furry Day," says a local writer, "is an ancient custom, but probably not so mysterious in origin as is supposed. May 8th is the octave of May 1st (the great May Day of old Britain—whether Saxon or Celtic). My own idea is that the country people of the Meneage, having kept up May Day in their own parishes, assembled on May 8th to keep May Day in Helston. This may be not inconsistent, however, with the legend of the plague at Helston, and the rejoicings of the Helston folk at their deliverance from it in May. The story of St. Michael and the hell stone connected itself with it. The processional dance is very interesting, and is a survival from old Cornu-British days. Furry Day is one of the most interesting survivals of May customs in Western Europe, and I hope Helston folk will be jealous in preserving it. The Furry Song contains evidence of its being of Elizabethan period."

Here are the first verses of the Furry Song:—

Robin Hood and Little John
They both are gone to fair, O!
And we will to the merry greenwood
To see what they do there, O!
And for to chase, O!
To chase the buck and doe.

Refrain—

With Hal-an-tow! Rumbelow!
For we are up as soon as any day, O!
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May, O!
The summer is a-come O!
And winter is a-gone O!

The Furry Day gambols have recently been revived—and the day being now observed as a holiday, the celebration will probably continue. I have never seen the gambols, but last summer I met a Helston man who spoke of the festival disdainfully. His occupation in life was driving a small omnibus from Mullion village to the Helston main road, where he transferred his passengers to the motor vehicle. One night he gave me his views on Furry Day:—

"The gents begin in the morning," he said, "and dance through the houses headed by the Mayor; and we dance in the afternoon. Yes, it's good fun, I suppose, but I've never danced myself. People are so thick in the streets that you could stand upon their heads."

"Does the Mayor dance well?" I asked.

"Yes, he dances pretty well. I once saw a funny sight on Furry Day——"

Just then we reached the cross-roads where other passengers were waiting. As the driver had to busy himself with tickets, he was unable to describe that funny sight on Furry Day. We waited in the darkness while a man, whose face I could not see, told of a great catch of pilchards that day at Cadgwith.

The motor omnibus in Cornwall has not killed romance. Is it not romantic to wait by night at the cross-roads for the lumbering, swift vehicle, brilliantly lamped, that speeds over the moor, flashing past prehistoric monuments, startling animals, stopping by remote villages to pick up stranded travellers, bustling up and rushing down hills, along the ancient white track that leads to Helston?

We sit huddled within, the country dark outside, seeing nothing but the glimmer of lamps in solitary farmhouses, trusting implicitly to the driver who rushes his monster through a land into which the railway has not yet penetrated.

. . . . . .

But I did not visit Helston that day. At Gwinear Road Junction, we were told that our train had missed the connection with Helston; that the station master had gone home to dinner; that there was not another train for two hours. The Great Western Railway Company has no competitor in this part of Cornwall.

I left a score of angry passengers upbraiding the Railway Company, and cycled over Gwinear Downs to Godolphin Hill.

Godolphin Hill claims notice. It is the hill one sees rising eastward when standing upon the top of Trencrom, in Western Cornwall; and on the slope is the old manor house that belonged to the family of Godolphin, which became extinct in 1785. An earlier Godolphin, "the promising and much loved," killed in the Civil War, is commemorated in the following rhyme:—

> The four wheels of Charles' Wain,
> Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning, slain.

Sidney Godolphin, Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, lived at the manor house. Breage Church, which lies midway between Godolphin Hill and Helston, contains the tomb of Margaret, his wife, whose life was written by John Evelyn.

The curious method of claiming a reserved rent for the lords of the manor of Lamburne, mentioned by Hals and Davies Gilbert, is still observed. The following account is from Mr. Thurston Peter's *History of Cornwall*:—

"On Candlemas Day an ancient ceremony is still observed at Godolphin House, which is alleged to have originated

from the fact that about the year 1330, the manor of Godolphin belonged to Sir John Lamburne of Lamburne in Perranzabuloe, whose daughter was married to an Arundell of Lanherne. By a descendant these lands were sold to one Stephens, whose only daughter and heiress married John Knava, who was the first to take the name of Godolphin. The property thus sold was accompanied by the extraordinary condition that serves to perpetuate the ancient rights of the Arundells as lords of the manor of Lamburne: 'That once a year for ever the reeve of the said manor of Lamburne shall come to Godolphin and there boldly enter the hall, jump upon the table or table-board, and stamp or bounce with his feet or club to alarm and give notice to the people of his approach, and then and there make proclamation aloud three times: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! I am the reeve of the manor of Lamburne in Perransand, come here to demand the old rent, duties and customs, due to the lords of (*i.e.* from) the said manor of Godolphin"; upon which notice there is forthwith to be brought him two shillings and eightpence in rent, a large quart of strong beer, a loaf of wheaten bread worth sixpence, and a cheese of like value, which the reeve having received he shall drink of the beer, taste the bread and cheese in the place, and then depart, carrying with him the said rent and the remainder of the viands.'"

The hills of Godolphin and Tregonning rose before me as I passed over Gwinear Downs—Tregonning scarred by old mines and crowned by an ancient earthwork. Skirting the base of Godolphin Hill I searched for the manor house, which is now a farm. I passed a lodge but did not enter the gates: they seemed too imposing for a Cornish farm. But as the road was winding away from the hill, I climbed the hedge and dropped into a park, breast-high in undergrowth, with venerable trees waving overhead. Rabbits abounded; they received my approach with unconcern. Through the trees, about a

quarter of a mile away, I saw the old house, grey with age, a long, sturdy granite building studded with windows.

The present courteous tenants of Godolphin House, who farm the neighbouring lands, allow visitors to see the noble rooms that remain, finely panelled, with spacious windows. Much of the house was either never finished or has been demolished. The front is complete; but the courtyard at the rear has the orderly ruinous aspect of Trecarell House, with a detached hall containing an ancient fireplace reaching to the ceiling. In the grounds are the old fishponds, but the water has been fouled by the mines. Climbing to the summit of Godolphin I saw the sight that is the glory of the heights of Western Cornwall, always new yet so familiar — St. Michael's Mount, rising from the bay, the waters of the two channels, the expanse of rolling uplands and the bare cairn or castle-crowned hills.

Above Marazion rises St. Hilary, the churchyard girt with trees, containing, in one form or other, inscriptions of every date from Constantine to Victoria. Here is the mysterious "Noti-Noti" stone, nearly seven feet in length, inscribed with those two words and six symbols arranged in two lines. J. T. Blight suggested that the symbols represent Masonic tools and implements, which had been adopted as a sign manual by Notus, the builder or architect of some ancient structure which might have stood on the same spot. The inscription would simply mean, "Notus, his mark". Another suggestion connects the stone with the royal Cornish house of Dianoti.

Once I spent a Sunday evening in St. Hilary Churchyard searching for the ancient tombstones, trying to decipher their inscriptions. While I was peering about the gravestones Vespers began; the sounds of prayer and praise soared out and upwards, the painted windows shone from the dark fabric, and when the strains of the Nunc Dimittis wailed with its consolatory message through the

open doors, the eternal kinship of the living with the hallowed dust seemed sanctified. I paused in my search for the Constantine stone, well content with the present moment.

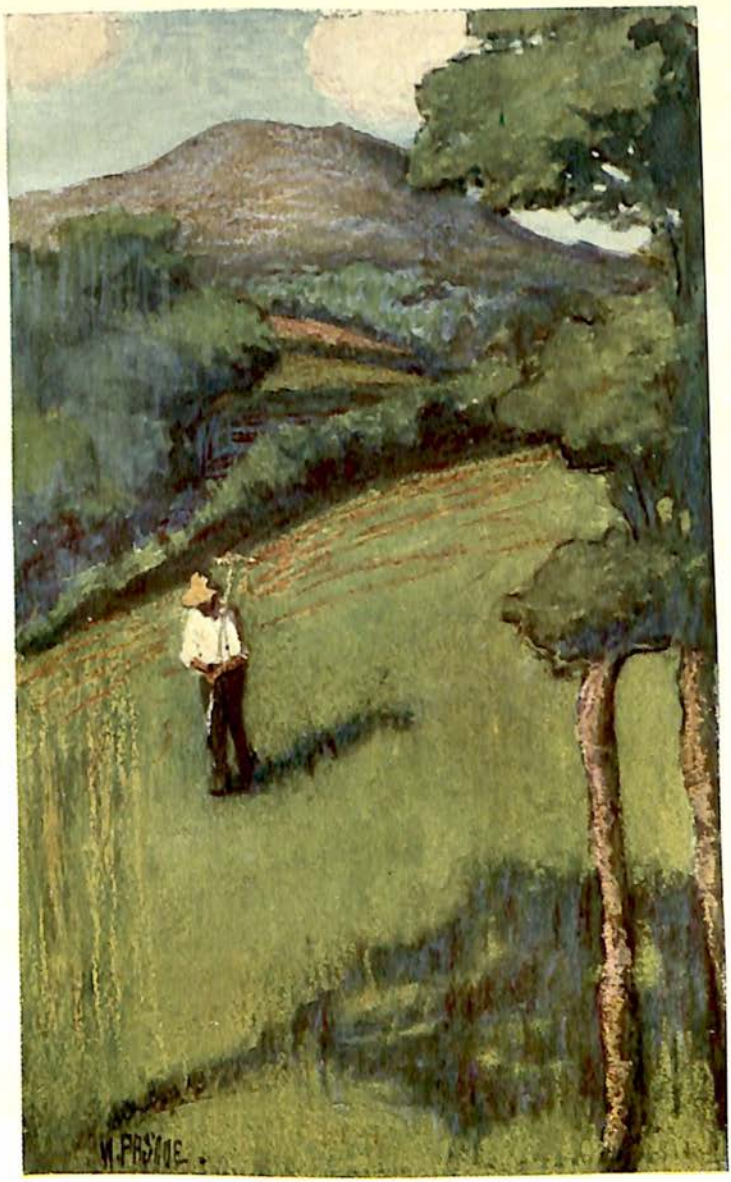
I might have searched all night and not have found the Constantine stone, as it has been removed to the church to prevent further weathering. The following appears to be the correct reading of the Constantine stone, the result of the labours of Mr. W. Iago, made largely from a rubbing and cast.

IMP CAES.
FLAV VAL.
CONSTANTINO.
PIO.
CAES NOB.
DIVI.
CONSTANTI.
PII.
AVG.
FILIO.

Mr. Thurston Peter suggests the following rendering:—"Imperatore Caesare Flavio Valerio Constantino Pio Caesare nobilissimo divi Constantii Pii Augusti Filio". "As Constantine the Great," he adds, "was Cæsar in 306, and became Augustus in 307, this inscription fixes the date of the stone in the first of those years."

Whether or not Constantine ever visited Cornwall is unknown, but it is curious that the names Constantine, Constantius and Constans were common in the reigning Cornish family.

The church of St. Hilary is embowered in trees, and the road from the hill top on which it stands to low-lying Marazion is through a dark avenue of overarching boughs. When I emerged from that glade I saw, far below, the lights glittering on St. Michael's Mount. A night cycle ride from Marazion to St. Ives is not easily forgotten. If the moon be up the village lamps are not lighted. You glide along dark lanes, the gleam of your lamp casting



TRENCROM HILL

a pale illumination on the road; in the village streets church-returning groups linger, the white dresses of the girls luminous in darkness. The groups divide, making a pathway. Silently you glide through these dream figures in a land of shadows to the open country, where there are no more lights, only stars, and the flash from Godrevy lantern.

This digression has carried me far from Godolphin Hill, whence it is a pleasant run into the St. Erth valley and on to the church standing by the river side, a fourteenth-century building of beautiful proportions, which has often been illustrated and described. It contains among other monuments a cenotaph to Davies Gilbert, author of *A Parochial History of the County of Cornwall.* The bridge over the Hayle River is ancient. Leland mentions that it was built two hundred years before his time. It has been suggested that the dedication of St. Erth is to Erc, a royal page at the court of Tara, who was converted and became a bishop. Near by is Trewinnard, a former seat of the Mohuns and Arundells, now a farm. The old house contains some fine tapestry, and in an outhouse the curious may inspect a famous coach that ran in Cornwall.

At St. Erth the fifth stage of my tour ended. The sixth and last, dealing with the interior of Western Cornwall, begins on Trencrom, from whose summit one can survey the wild district of West Penwith, which to me is essential Cornwall, and nearest to the heart.

I left St Erth, and skirting the railway station, ascended the rising ground eager for a glimpse of Trencrom. Boldly rose the hill, its bare, blunt summit dark against the setting sun.

I saw Trencrom again the next morning while waiting at St. Erth Station, London bound. It was a fine day. Trencrom, bathed in sunshine, rose above the trees. I had half a mind to miss the train and climb the outpost hill of Western Cornwall.

STAGE SIX

WESTERN CORNWALL: TRENCROM HILL TO CHAPEL CARN BREA

CHAPTER XXXI

ACROSS THE MOORS: TRENCROM HILL TO CARN ZENNOR

On Trencrom Hill—Walks in Western Cornwall—Tales of Giants—Castle-an-Dinas—The Blurred Outline of a Cottage—The British Village at Chysoyster—The Phœnicians in Mount's Bay—The Ancient Cornish—The Legend of Jews in Cornwall—Mist on the Hills—Lost on Zennor Beacon—Strange Atmospheric Effects—The Simple Life on Carn Zennor

IN September I stood upon Trencrom and gazed over the hills of Western Cornwall, eager for the four days' tramp that would end on Chapel Carn Brea, the ultimate Cornish hill which overlooks Land's End. Western Cornwall is richer in prehistoric remains than any other district of the county. Into this barren land were driven the fierce natives who resisted the conquerors to find asylum only among the farthest hills.

Standing upon Trencrom, following with the eye the depression in the land between the estuary of the Hayle River and Marazion, one can well believe that Western Cornwall was once sea-girt and almost inaccessible.

To-day good roads radiate from Penzance to all points of the district, and, however far one tramps, Penzance always seems to be within easy reach. It is a land for walking. To climb Rosewall or Carn Galva is to see the whole world outstretched, an empty rolling land washed by the sea on either side. The memories I have of

summer afternoons on heights where the yellow gorse mingles with the grey boulders, idly searching for the landmarks—hills, church towers, stone circles and cromlechs of this granite land! Bare it is, but beautiful in its own severe way. To those who have lived by them even the crumbling mining-stacks and engine-houses have their solemn charm; the grey ruins harmonise with the yellow gorse, and with the purple heather on the moors.

Western Cornwall is made for walking. Here are three sample tramps, starting from the top of the Stennack above St. Ives, where wild Western Cornwall begins.

Take the hill that crosses the shoulder of Rosewall, skirting dark Trendrine, climb the slope of Zennor, then descend to Zennor Churchtown and return by the field-path that runs through meadows, over Cornish gridiron stiles, through farmplaces, and so back to the main road, where St. Ives is seen far below clustering on the slopes above the bay. All the way the sea and the hills are your companions.

Or you may take the old road to Penzance by Cripples Ease, which I described in the introductory chapter; or the middle road beyond the Stennack that winds up behind Rosewall leaving on the left Halsetown, symmetrical and ugly, where Irving spent his youth absorbing from the hills legend and romance—passing on down the track he often walked to Towednack, with its lonely church, upwards through a gate enclosing a farm, and you stand upon the fringe of the moor, the beginning of a district, desolate if you like, but glorious with gorse and heather. It is easy to lose the way; but one learns to utilise barrows and boulders as landmarks. The wayfarer must beware of the pits, half concealed by bracken, where the "old men" prospected for tin. Thence the bridle-track leads by Zennor Beacon down to the sea road at the foot of Eagle's Nest.

Or the walk that must be timed by the season of the

year, the moment for starting being one hour before sunset. Ascend Rosewall, pass over the crest of that noble hill, decline to the shoulder and climb out to the summit of Travalgan Hill that rears its rocky forehead above the sea. If you have walked well, you will be in time to see the sun setting over the waste of water beyond Pendeen, and, after the orb has dipped, the light in Godrevy flash out in the east. Then the Huers on the cliff above St. Ives, who have been watching the sea since sunrise for pilchards, say one to another, nodding towards Godrevy, "He's in," and at the first flash of the lantern the black seine-boats that have been rocking through the long hours in the bay waiting for the cry of "Heva" row back to harbour. Another day is over.

The lonely farms in the patches of cultivated land, snatched from the waste, grow dim; lights appear in the windows; the vast ocean, if it be a calm day, looks like a sea of glass through which toy vessels, dots in the mighty expanse, glide to their haven. You see no movement in the plain except a few roaming horses, a painter returning with his canvas, or the doctor's gig moving along the ribbon of road.

Of these walks and sights I thought as I stood upon Trencrom that golden afternoon in September counting a hundred dark sails clustering out of Newlyn Harbour to pass the night drifting for pilchards. Far away, beyond St. Erth Church, nestling in the trees, rose Godolphin Hill, and inland, across the valley, Castle-an-Dinas, whither I was soon to walk.

Trencrom or Trecoben Hill (Tre-crum-ben, the crooked hill) is 550 feet high. The castle, perhaps once a Roman encampment, is now a single wall of boulder stones and earth, with gateways enclosing the plateau on the summit. Legends of giants abound in Western Cornwall. This castle of Trencrom, we are told, was their work: and, perhaps, the villagers still believe that the giant of Trencrom

once played at "bob-button" with the giant of St. Michael's Mount. The Mount was the "bob" upon which flat masses of granite were placed to serve as buttons, and Trencrom Hill was the "mit" or the spot from which the throw was made. Let us listen to Robert Hunt on the subject of giants.

"There is scarcely a pile of rocks around our Western shore," he remarks, "upon which the giants have not left their impress.

"Trecrobben Hill was well chosen by the giants as the site of their castle. From it they surveyed the country on every side, and friend or enemy was seen for a considerable distance as he approached the guarded spot. It is as clear as tradition can make it that Trecrobben was the centre of a region full of giants. On Lescudjack Hill, close to Penzance, there is 'The Giant's Round,' evidently the scene of many a sanguinary conflict, since the Cornish antiquarian authority Borlase informs us that Legudzhek signifies the 'Castle of the Bloody Field'. On the cairn at Gulval are several impressions on the rocks, all referable to the giants. In Madron there is the celebrated 'Giant's Cave'; and the well-known Lanyon Cromlech is reported by some to be the 'Giant's Coit,' while others declare it to be the 'Giant's Table'. Carn Galva, again, is celebrated for its giant; and, indeed, every hill within sight has some monument preserving the memory of those 'Titans fierce'."

There is no actual evidence that the Romans ever encamped on Trencrom, but one likes to think so, and to see in imagination the helmeted figure of some unfortunate centurion standing on the battlement gazing ruefully over the inhospitable land of his exile.

Trencrom being an easy walk from St. Ives, in summer time the philosopher cannot count upon finding it solitary. On this day a party of holiday-makers, concealed by a huddle of boulders, were singing a hymn, "For all Thy

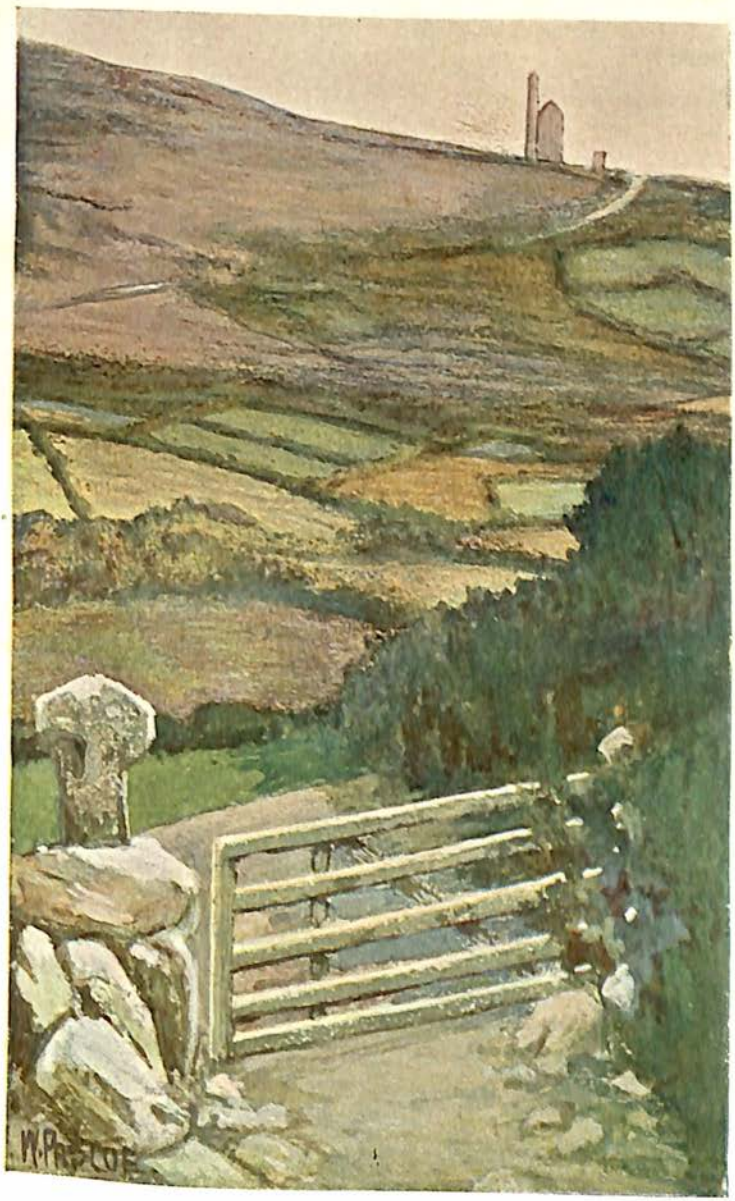
Saints who from their Labours rest". The melody came faintly to my ears as I descended to the valley until it was battered out of hearing by the noise of stamps crushing tin ore. Climbing up through cornfields and crofts I reached the summit of Castle-an-Dinas, which signifies in Cornwall, as in Wales, the castle of the stronghold or earthwork. Only a few fragments of the ancient hill castle remain. The small pretentious stone building on the summit, a landmark for miles around, is a modern erection. Far away to the north-west, on a bee-line over the moors, I discerned the blurred outline of a cottage beneath Carn Zennor where I proposed to pass the night. Here were staying for a week—or so long as they could endure the amusing discomfort, sans servants, sans orthodox beds, sans baths, with water half a mile down the hill in a well—a Highlander and his wife, now sophisticated and living in London, who had invited me to sleep in the kitchen, which was also parlour, drawing-room and scullery.

But there was something to seek before I started across the moor for Zennor; it was imperative to find on the slopes of Castle-an-Dinas, near the farm called Chysoyster, the most remarkable and the best preserved ancient British village in Cornwall.

An hour I spent on that hillside peering in the undergrowth for the British village. Having failed I returned to the farmhouse, hailed a diminutive boy, and asked him if he knew where the Beehive Huts stood. When he shook his head I described them, or rather the appearance they suggested to my imagination. Enlightenment dawned in his eyes, and he said, "Why, you mean the British village". We struck a bargain, and my small guide toddled off before me on a little path that wound through the brilliant gorse.

"Is the British village old?" I asked.

"Father says it was there before there were any houses on the earth."



IN WESTERN CORNWALL

For half an hour we walked over the moor, gradually descending, then filed through a gully that ran parallel to a hedge, climbed a gate, and plunged deeper through the bracken of a trackless croft. My guide ran ahead, scrambled on to a massive wall made of rough stones, and, pointing downwards, cried, "Here's one of them". Joining him on the wall I looked down into a rude enclosure, with an entrance passage-way many feet in length, admitting to a central oval court, around which seven small apartments are grouped, all in a ruinous state.

The *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall* is a mine of information for those who wish to study Cornish antiquities. In this book I can only scratch the surface, and quote a few authorities whose conclusions may interest the general reader. Among them is the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, author of *A Short History of Penzance*, etc. (1878), a writer with an eye for the picturesque, a keen student of old Cornwall, who has made a special study of the Mount's Bay district. Writing of the Chysoyster British village, he says :—

"It is not easy to realise Mount's Bay as it was in those primeval days. Probably the hills were covered, to a great degree, save in the rockiest places, with a virgin forest. Here and there, about where Gulval and Marazion now stand, would be the clearings of the Damnonii (the ancient inhabitants) around their behive huts—of which Chysoyster may be a type, suffered to remain through long ages—circular wigwams on granite foundations, with now and then a chief's hut with its central court. The Mount was a mere granite pile—the Dinsul, the Castle of the Sun—more of a peninsula than now; but about Gwavas Head (near Newlyn) probably, one would then see a low-lying woodland, which at every great storm the ocean threatened to submerge, as it at last did."

"Lo, to the south, ships are coming—strange, quaint, beaked galleys, with bronzed Jewish-looking crews in

long Asiatic robes! They enter the bay and make for the Mount, the appointed emporium of their trade with the natives, who are jealous of the foreigners landing on the mainland. Out of the beehive huts now stream to the shore little crowds of natives. They are a fair-skinned, bright-coloured people, and talk in a quaint Celtic language. Their dress is very queer—'long black cloaks and tunics reaching to the feet, girt about the breast,' and they are 'walking with staves' in their hands. They make for the Mount, and lead with them their hardy little horses, laden with blocks of tin. These they barter with the Jewish-looking merchants for money, clothes and pottery."

It will never be known if the Mount was really the ancient Ictis, the "appointed emporium" for the sale of tin to the Phœnicians. Some think the Cassiterides were off the coast of Spain: others favour the Scilly Isles and the Isle of Wight. Posidonius (first century B.C.), after referring to the tin mines in the "little islands called Cassiterides, lying off Iberia," adds, "much tin is also carried across from Britain to the opposite shore of Gaul, and thence on horseback to Marseilles".

It is through a passage in Diodorus, who based his narrative on the accounts of the traveller, Posidonius, that St. Michael's Mount has been supposed to be the Ictis of the ancients.

"The inhabitants of that extremity of Britain which is called Belerion [Cornwall] both excel in hospitality and also, by reason of their intercourse with foreign merchants, are civilised in their mode of life. These people prepare the tin, working very skilfully the earth which produces it. The ground is rocky, but has in it earthy veins, the produce of which is wrought down, and melted, and purified. Then, when they have cast it in the form of dice-shaped cubes, they carry it into a certain island adjoining Britain, and called Ictis. For, during the recess

of the tide, the intervening space is left dry, and they carry over abundance of tin to this place in their carts. And there is something peculiar in the islands of these parts lying between Europe and Britain, for at the full tide, the intervening passage being overflowed, they appear islands, but when the sea retires a large space is left dry, and they are seen as peninsulas. From them then the merchants purchase the tin of the natives, and transport it into Gaul, and finally, travelling through Gaul on foot, in about thirty days they bring their burdens on horses to the mouth of the river Rhone" (Diodorus, v. 2).

Of course the Chysoyster huts may have been built and used long before the Phœnicians visited Cornwall. Close by are the remains of a cave, and as caves were probably the earliest habitations of man there must have been some sort of a settlement at Chysoyster from primeval times. After the cave, at a long interval, came the hut circles of rough uncemented stones bulging from earth walls, with the trunk of a tree rising from the centre supporting a covering of bushes or hides.

These hut circles may have been contemporaneous with the beehive dwellings; they may even have outlasted them, extending to a period when the coverings of hides and bushes developed into rough planks lashed with thongs, but it seems to me that the beehive hut, with the overlapping stones gradually meeting at the top, argues a knowledge of architecture that the makers of the primitive hut circles did not possess.

An interesting and credible explanation of the legends of Jews in Cornwall, about which Professor Max Müller and other writers have written learnedly, is given by Mr. Lach-Szyrma.

"One very natural mode of accounting for the strong Cornish legend springing up in so many forms and places is that, after all, this story of the Jews may mean the Phœnicians. The vitality of tradition is remarkable. In

Greece, to this day, legends linger of the siege of Troy. In Cornwall we have customs plainly handed down from Druidism. If the Phœnicians did frequent these shores, as there is reason to think they did for three centuries, *i.e.*, some ten generations, why need we assume that all tradition of their coming must be totally extinct? The event was very important to the people. The coming of the Phœnician traders meant to the ancient Cornish people the renewal of their little comforts of civilised life which they did not know how to make for themselves, but which they bought from these Syrian traders. A Phœnician ship arriving in Mount's Bay must have been a happy event to the old Cornish. May not the 'old men' have talked about it by the hut fires to their children, and their children's children, and so by degrees from mouth to mouth the story of those Asiatic traders, bronzed strange men coming to deal in tin, have been handed down from age to age, until, in mediæval times, when the dispersion of the Jews and the Crusades represented the Hebrews and Saracens as the only Orientals familiar to Western Europe, the tradition passed from the Phœnicians to their Arabic and Israelitish brethren, and gathered fixity in date around the destruction of Jerusalem (familiar from Biblical references and the Guâre), and King John the centre of English legend? No one who has lived for years in the county, and noticed how widespread the tradition is, can suppose it a mere offspring of a false derivation. There may be historical truth in it (in spite of all destructive criticism can say), but if not, in all probability it is a hazy legend from the remotest past of the Semitic traders who came to the Cassiterides for tin."

My ruminations were interrupted by the small boy saying, "There's another British village".

"Lead on, my friend," I said. Whereupon he conducted me a few yards along a path to a similar enclosure

with a large terminal chamber, supposed to have been a kitchen as there is a small depression in the stone floor which was probably used as a corn mill.

Doubtless if the hillside was explored other enclosures would be revealed. So crowded is it with stone remains that the slope is never ploughed; wherever one scrambles there are remnants of walls and enclosures in the thick undergrowth.

When I left Chysoyster to make my way across the moor to Zennor I noticed ominous signs of a change in the weather. Although the sun still shone brightly, a mist was slowly creeping up from the east, the land between St. Ives and Mount's Bay was already hidden, the thin, moist-enfolding fog forming a curious contrast to the brilliant expanse of gorse that stretched away towards Zennor. The mist advanced quickly, one moment I could see the vast mounds of silvery sand marking the site of the china clay mines, in another minute those banks of silver sand had gone.

Although I walked quickly my progress was not rapid, as the bridle-paths have an annoying way of ceasing, or of playing at hide-and-seek in the furze, giving one a deal of trouble to recover them.

Then came a moment when rounding an outcrop of rock I saw half a mile across the moor beyond a cromlech, beneath the rugged summit of Carn Zennor, a small grey cottage. That glimpse of the shelter where I hoped to pass the night was vouchsafed me; then the mist descended, blotting out the land. I wandered on, stumbling, ignorant of the direction my steps were taking, horridly conscious that Carn Zennor, with its legends of apparitions and uncanny sights, is not the place where one would choose to be benighted. I thought as I blundered on of the experience of an acquaintance who had left the cottage one night at ten o'clock in a storm of wind and rain, intending to find his way down the hill and to walk into

St. Ives. Three hours later one of the occupants of the cottage was aroused by feeble knocks on the door. A pitiable object was admitted. He had been wandering in the storm for three hours apparently in a circle.

I endeavoured not to walk in a circle, tried to keep a mathematical line which eventually bumped me against a boulder, apparently the foundation-stone of a pile of rocks. "This," I said, "is Carn Zennor and the cottage is near"; but it was Zennor Beacon, not Carn Zennor, and I knew it was impossible to find my way over the mile or so of moor to the cottage. The wiser course was to descend to the sea road, walk to Zennor Church, and thence reach the cottage by a familiar path. The mist was less opaque on the sea side of Zennor Beacon, it lifted as I scrambled down the hill, revealing the lights in Eagle's Nest which is said to be the highest inhabited house in Cornwall. It certainly is the loneliest.

Here the rays of the sinking sun, powerful enough to pierce the mist, bathed land and sea in a hovering purple vapour, illuminating the water in places with a play of prismatic colour, and immersing everything in a shroud of light, through which dazzling beams shone, but without heat. At intervals, through the golden haze, I heard the hooting of sirens from hidden ships, the only sound as I descended to Zennor Churchtown. Turning, I began to climb the hill by the familiar path. As I did so the sun dipped behind a bank of heavy purple cloud that stretched along the horizon, and with the disappearance of the orb, darkness came in a stride, and the path lost itself in the dim undergrowth. Near the summit the sound of singing reached my ears, a part song for three voices:—

When lambkins sleep, and apples are growing,
Grass is green, and roses ablow,
When pigeons coo, and cattle are lowing,
Mist lies white in valleys below.
Why should we be all the day toiling,
Lads and lasses along with me.

Done with drudgery, dust and moilery,
Haste away to the greenwood tree.
The cows are milked, the teams in the stable,
Work is over and play begun.

Drawing near, I discerned the singers reclining on a spur of Carn Zennor—the Highlander and his wife, with four others, youthful painters who were staying at Zennor. There we sat for an hour—a magical hour. The sun, barred like a grille, breaking suddenly through the dense purple cloud, outspread before us a strange and beautiful panorama of atmospheric effect. We seemed to be seated high above the clouds looking down upon the creation of a world; along the valley swept the hurrying mist above which the jagged crest of Gurnard's Head rose like rock from ocean. The zenith sky was of a cold and intense blue, the evening star hung over Gurnard's Head, and in the west recurred the pale flash from Pendeen Lighthouse. The ocean, beyond the mist which enshrouded it shorewards, was smooth as a mere, and on the horizon rose wreaths of cloud looking exactly like icebergs and snow-capped mountains; and the sea at their base resembled an ice floe. We looked, so it seemed, upon the Polar regions, flushed by rosy light. We sat awed, silent; one, in whom the ruling passion was stronger than ecstasy, painted feverishly on a small panel. Suddenly the rosy light faded from the sky, and the air became piercingly cold. We rose hurriedly, the painters descended to the village, and the Highlander, his wife and I, picked our way in silence to the cottage.

Have you ever cooked your supper over a peat fire? It is amusing, with this disadvantage: it takes the whole evening. The peat must be encouraged continually with brambles: the bellows must be used incessantly. An enormous saucepan hung from a chain over the hearth and in this we cooked in turn tomato soup, potatoes and beans, partaking of each when it was ready. As each deli-

cacy took forty minutes to prepare, our supper lasted until eleven o'clock. Then the saucepan had to be refilled, and the water again boiled for cleansing the dishes. That operation ended, my bed—a mattress and rug placed on wooden packing-cases—had to be arranged against the kitchen wall. The Highlander and his wife slept in hammocks in the upper chamber of the cottage, which was reached by a ladder from a small store chiefly filled with experimental paintings.

The turf fire smouldered, and I fell asleep thinking of a man who, staying here alone one night, had been startled by seeing the eyes of a fox gleaming at him through the window.

The curtainless window faced east, and the rising sun awoke me. I went out. The clear and fragrant morning was breaking over an unpeopled land of moor, hills and sea.

CHAPTER XXXII

PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS: CARN ZENNOR TO ST. JUST

Zennor Quoit—We start forth to Explore Eight Prehistoric Monuments —Seeking the Bosporthennis Huts—Mulfra Hill—The Nine Maidens —A Communicative Stranger—The Mên Scryfa and the Mên-an-tol —Local Legends—Sir Norman Lockyer's Theory—Chûn Castle and Cromlech—The Road to St. Just—The Cornish Fox

AT seven o'clock the Highlander and his wife appeared, announcing that they were about to descend the hill to a farm for the morning milk. Having watched them on their way I crossed the moor to inspect Zennor Quoit, probably the largest cromlech in the British Islands. It is a vast grey object, a few yards from the bridle path. The covering slab, eighteen feet in length, has fallen, and one end of the massive stone now rests upon the ground.

In 1738, when Dr. Borlase examined it, a stone barrow was heaped round almost reaching to the edge of the Quoit.

C. T. Stevens, the Zennor poet-postman, gave Robert Hunt the following account of local superstitions regarding Zennor Quoit:—

"I was in the neighbourhood in 1859, and by accident came across the Zennor cromlech, and was struck with the mode of its construction (not having heard of its existence before), and thinking it bore some resemblance to the Druidical altars I had read of, I inquired of a group of persons who were gathered round the village smithery whether any one could tell me anything respecting the heap of stones on the top of the hill. Several were in total ignorance of their existence. One said: 'Tes caal'd

the gient's kite; thas all I knaw'. At last, one more thoughtful, and one who, I found out, was considered the wiseacre and oracle of the village, looked up and gave me this important piece of information: 'Them ere rocks were put there afore you or me was boern or thoft ov; but who don it es a puzler to everybody in Sunnur (Zennor). I de bleve theze put up theer wen thes ere wurld wus maade; but wether they wus or no don't very much mattur by hal akounts. Thes I'd knaw, that nobody caant take car 'em awa; if anybody was too, they'd be brot there agin. Hees an ef they wus tyk'd awa wone nite, theys shur to be hal rite up top o' th' hil fust thing in morenin. But I caant tel ee s' much as Passen can; ef you'd zea he, he'd tel he hal about et'."

After breakfast, prepared with difficulty, we studied the Ordnance Map, and settled the route of the exploration walk which we proposed to make that day. Our itinerary included the following prehistoric monuments—the Bee-hive Huts at Bosporthennis, Mulfra Quoit, the Nine Maidens, the Mên Scryfa or Inscribed Stone, the Mên-an-tol or Holed Stone, Chun Castle and Chun Cromlech.

In romping spirits we descended to Zennor village and followed the telegraph wires towards Gurnard's Head. The farm called Bosporthennis, where the beehive huts lie, is near the road that runs from Gurnard's Head to Penzance; but the Highlander, with his one-inch Ordnance Map fluttering in the breeze, argued that we could reach it better by walking on for half a mile and crossing the croft by a bridle path. In half an hour we were hopelessly lost in an impenetrable jungle. Vainly we scanned the hillside for those beehive huts. We pushed through clumps of prickly gorse, and tried to ascend dwarf trees squirrel-like. We forded streams and tumbled over stiles, sometimes obliged to retrace our steps through the impossibility of forcing a passage through the dense undergrowth. In the end I rebelled, and declaimed,

with some warmth, that if we wished to see eight prehistoric things before nightfall we must be humble and seek a guide.

"Where do you propose to find a guide?" asked the Highlander.

I indicated a farmhouse about half a mile away on the hill. Thither, having first made a detour to a sensible path, we went and explained our needs to the farmer. Turning to his wife, whose face was sunburnt the colour of a nut, he said, "You take 'em to the huts".

As we tramped over the moor I solicited her opinion of Cornish antiquities.

"Bless you, my dear," she said, "people talk a lot about 'em, but they 'aint nothing at all, just old stones and things."

My advice to those who seek the Bosporthennis Huts is this: pass through Bosporthennis farmplace to the iron gate, and then walk straight ahead, keeping Hannibal's Carn, 700 feet high, in a line.

In about a quarter of an hour our guide pointed to some small ivy-grown protruberances abutting from a massive stone wall enclosing a meadow.

"That's they," she said. "They's the beehive huts in they're corner," and smilingly withdrew.

Doubtless this was once a large settlement like Chysoyster, but all the huts except two have disappeared, the stones having been requisitioned by unwitting Vandals for hedges. The two huts which remain are probably the most perfect beehive specimens in England; but the Highlander assured us that he knew of some in the Hebrides and in Ireland quite as fine.

The Bosporthennis huts consist of two chambers, the inner circular, the outer, which is approached by a low doorway, rectangular. In the wall of the rectangular chamber is a window about a foot high. We climbed to the top, looked down upon those dwellings of primitive

man, and saw how ingeniously they had been formed, each course of stones overlapping that beneath, until only a small aperture remained which was covered by the roofstone.

Copeland Borlase assigns the beehive huts and hut circles to Romano-British times, and his theory is supported by the discovery of Romano-British remains at Chysoyster; but it is obvious that the type of huts used by the Romano-British may have persisted for hundreds of years. There are remains of other huts in the neighbourhood, and it did not require much imagination to believe that the meadow in which we stood was once a cattle-pound.

Our next exploration was Mulfra Quoit on Mulfra Hill. We struck into a cart track, which appeared to lead round the base of the eminence which justifies its name of Mulfra, *i.e.*, the bald hill. Bare and treeless, it loomed up on our left, and on the summit is the fallen Quoit. No other cromlech in Cornwall stands in such a commanding situation. Perhaps an astronomer priest was here buried as near as might be to the stars which he had watched so patiently through his earth-life; perhaps some roving chief, guardian for a little while of these hills, was here laid in his stone bed. In the time of Dr. Borlase Mulfra Quoit was surrounded by a barrow about two feet high and thirty-seven in diameter.

The view from Mulfra Hill is superb. We saw beyond the valley the scarred mass of Carn Zennor, the dark splash marking Zennor Cromlech, distant Castle-an-Dinas, and the whole Land's End district rolling upward between the two channels. We gazed at Mulfra Quoit, dark and solitary, with a vast shadow resting on one of the upright stones. We wondered how primitive man, without appliances, moved these enormous slabs; we continued to wonder, gazing out over that magnificent panorama while we lunched, and still wondering we fell asleep, for the day

MULFRA QUOIT

was hot, and pathless Mulfra Hill, although not steep, is tiring.

When we awoke we attuned our thoughts to the third of the survivals arranged for the day. From our couch beneath the Quoit we could see on a westward hill the heads of the Nine Maidens, or Boskedna Circle, a better appellation, as three or four circles in Cornwall bear the name of Maidens. Those blobs of stone, rising above the crest of the hill, did not look far distant, perhaps two miles; but the journey took an hour, a rough climb over the uncultivated Ding Dong Mine country, the oldest mine in Cornwall, long shut down. Very solitary are the Nine Maidens; if the astronomer priests, aided by some outlying landmark, did use this circle as a primeval calendar, telling the time at day or night, the site on a bare, windswept hill, open to all heaven, was a perfect choice. There are no longer nine standing Maidens: seven are erect, two are prostrate. Dr. Borlase counted thirteen stones in the Circle, which probably consisted originally of twenty-two.

We reposed in the shade of one of the upright Maidens, eight feet high, and looked towards the sun shining on the crags of Carn Galva. No house, no person was in sight; it was strange that in this summer month when the watering-places on the Cornish coast are crowded with visitors, not one should be climbing the hills of Western Cornwall.

We were well content to be alone, and lazily hoped that the high price of tin will not tempt adventurers to reopen Ding Dong Mine, and again transform this lonely country into a hive of activity. But even as we were congratulating ourselves upon this segregation from the world we became aware of the approach of a figure—the fat, friendly figure of an elderly man carrying his hat in his hand, and his coat over his arm, gliding over the moor towards us as if he were running on wheels. Who he was and where he dwelt I know not; manifestly he wel-

comed our intrusion on the moor, and in the space of ten minutes asked a score of questions as to our coming, going and identity.

By way of quieting his volubility, I proffered a cigar, which he refused.

"Then you are not a smoker?" I said.

He smiled benignantly, gave his large, warm head an oblique turn, and answered: "I like to serve the Lord with a clean lip".

He expatiated on the joy of working in the service of Christ, making no effort at proselytism, just thinking his thoughts aloud, casting them forth on the breeze. Then, no doubt feeling dry himself, he offered us his water-bottle, praised the beauty of the day, indicated the land-marks, showed us the exact situation of the Mên Scryfa and the Mên-an-tol, and with a large obeisance sailed away in the direction of Carn Galva. I hope to meet him again.

We descended to the valley, passed down a grassy lane and struck across to Mên Scryfa, which means "*the* inscribed stone" standing solitary in the middle of a croft. With difficulty we made out the inscription, which reads downwards:—

RIALO BRAN
CUNOVAL FIL

It is supposed to be the monument of a British chief, son of Cunoval, *i.e.*, Cymbeline. Dr. Borlase believed the Mên Scryfa to be one of the most ancient inscribed monuments in Cornwall, dating from a period antecedent to the departure of the Romans from the country. "It was written," he says, "before the alphabet was corrupted, that is, before the letters were joined together by a natural link and the down strokes of one made to serve for two. It is nine feet ten inches high, one foot wide, and one foot seven inches thick."

We found the Mên-an-tol, or holed stone, without diffi-

culty. Proceed in a straight line from the west peak of Carn Galva to Lanyon Farmhouse and you cannot miss this curious monument, which consists of three stones, the Mên-an-tol standing in the middle between two uprights. It is a granite block, roughly circular, the hole, which is bevelled at the edge, being tweny-one inches by eighteen. Locally it is called the Crick Stone, through its legendary power to cure a crick in the back if the sufferer crawls through the hole nine times. Robert Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, has the following on the Mên-an-tol :—

"Beyond the village of Lanyon, on a 'furzy down,' stands the Mên-an-tol, or the 'holed stone.' For some purposes—it is vain to speculate upon it now—the bardic priesthood employed this stone, and probably the superstition which attaches to it may indicate its ancient uses. If scrofulous children are passed *naked* through the Mên-an-tol three times, and then drawn on the grass three times against the sun, it is felt by the faithful that much has been done towards ensuring a speedy cure. Even men and women who have been afflicted with spinal diseases, or who have suffered from scrofulous taint, have been drawn through this magic stone, which all declare still retains its ancient virtues. If two brass pins are carefully laid across each other on the top edge of this stone, any question put to the rock will be answered, by the pins acquiring, through some unknown agency, a peculiar motion."

The above is confirmed by Dr. Borlase.

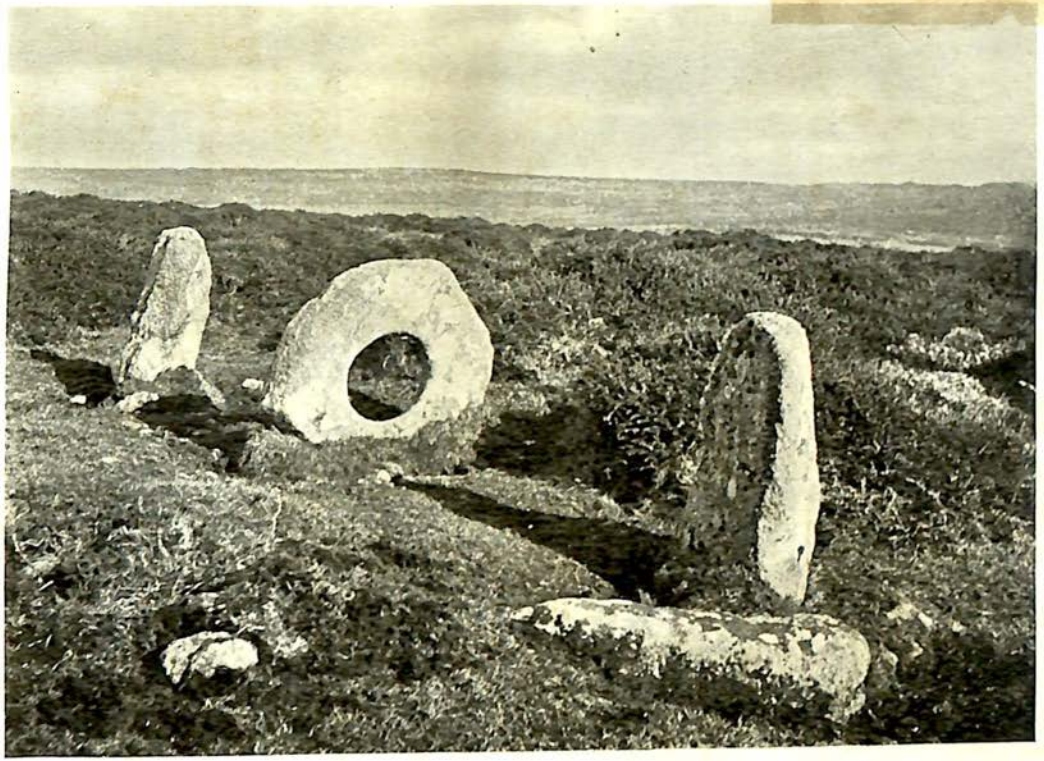
"When I was last at this monument, in the year 1749, a very intelligent farmer of the neighbourhood assured me that he had known many persons who had crept through this holed stone for pains in their back and limbs, and that fanciful parents at certain times of the year do customarily draw their young children through in order to cure them of the rickets. He showed me also two brass

pins, carefully laid across each other, on the top edge of the holed stone. This is the way of the over-curious, even at this time; and by recurring to these pins and observing their direction to be the same, or different from what they left them in, or by their being lost or gone, they are informed of some material incident of love or fortune, which they could not know soon enough in a natural way, and immediately take such resolutions as their informations from these prophetical stones suggest."

It is a far cry from Dr. Borlase to Sir Norman Lockyer, from 1749 to 1906. The Director of the Solar Physics Observatory has studied the holed stone and its two outlying menhirs, and ascribes to them, as to the stone circles, an astronomical significance. He suggests that the Mên-an-tol was an apparatus for observing the sunrise in May and August in one direction, and the sunset in February and November in the other. He is of opinion that holed stones, like the Mên-an-tol and the famous stone of Odin at Stenness, were not curative or slaughter stones, or posts at which to tie the victim before sacrifice, although, of course, such purposes may have come later, but that they were "sighting-stones to enable an alignment to be easily picked up".

"The astronomical origin of the Mên-an-tol, which obviously has never been disturbed, is quite obvious. It was arranged along the May year alignment, the advent of May and August, February and November being indicated by the shadows cast by the stones through the aperture on to the opposite ones. To the south-west the alignment for the February and November sunsets passes exactly over Chûn Castle."

I must again refer the reader to Sir Norman Lockyer's *Stonehenge and other British Stone Monuments* for fuller information. It is impossible to attempt to explain in scientific terms how Sir Norman Lockyer obtains his data. It took me a quarter of an hour to understand



THE MÉN-AN-TOL, OR HOLED STONE

the word azimuth, and even now I could not assert that I do not sometimes mean a troglodyte when I say theodolite.

Leaving the Mên-an-tol we crossed the Morvah-Penzance ròad, hoping to find some wayfarer who would direct us to Chun Hill, for the vicissitudes of the day had quite broken the Highlander's pioneering spirit. Now he was content to ask and to obey. His wife could only be persuaded to climb Chun Hill by the promise of a siesta on the summit. After an hour's walking we debouched upon the fringe of a common, where we were so fortunate as to meet a coachman waiting for two ladies whom he had driven out from Penzance. From him we learned that the hill rising before us was Chun.

Near the summit our fatigue vanished at the sight that met our eyes—a gigantic hill castle in ruins, but a splendid ruin. Standing within this vast, oval encampment I was transported to prehistoric days, and saw, in imagination, the signals flashing from Chun, the most easterly of the seven cliff castles that commanded the coast from here to the Land's End. We made out the lines of the triple walls, one hundred and fifty-five by one hundred and forty feet, the ditch forty feet wide, the double entrance gate, the remains of huts or chambers, and the steps that descended to the well. A hawk was poised overhead: there was no other sign of life except a vessel far below in full sail slowly rounding the Land's End.

Two hundred yards away is Chun Cromlech, which, compared with Zennor and Lanyon, may be called a baby cromlech, as its table-stone is but twelve and a half feet in length.

Below us, about hálf an hour's scramble down the hillside, we could see the tower of Morvah Church, with the welcome word Inn marked on the Ordance Map. On Morvah Hill Copeland Borlase opened a barrow and found within the kist-vaen an urn containing bones so

thoroughly calcined that they adhered like white cement to the interior of the vessel, and several coins. On the obverse of one of these coins was a laureated head with the legend "Constan" plainly marked upon it. It was first believed to be a Constantius, but a closer examination proved it to be Constantine the Great (A.D. 274-337). Commenting on this discovery Copeland Borlase says:—

"Here was an instance of an interment in a cairn, where the body had been burnt on a central natural rock, surrounded by the usual ring of stones, the ashes placed in an urn of the usual chevron pattern, accompanied by the usual limpet and flint, protected by the usual kist-vaen, and finally covered in by the usual pile of stones. The whole arrangement, in short, being one of the most typical examples of the generality of barrows opened in the district. But here, in the very kist itself, what should appear but late Roman coins of the third century.

"What is the most natural inference then? That the coins must be thrown out of the question, because of the flint chip, or the whole structure referred at once to the Stone Age, thousands of years B.C., because it is encircled by large stones, or because the pottery is rude, and its ornamentation not curvilinear? Is it not rather the only fair course to admit at once that this interment, although possessing every characteristic of the so-called Stone Age, was placed here not earlier than the end of the third century A.D.; that is, at the time when the coin was struck."

This question of the age of the monuments is endless. It may be, as Mr. Freeman said, that "the sepulchre can neither err nor lie," but doubts arise when we consider the men of different centuries who have lived near them, used them, examined them and rifled them. The discovery of a Roman coin in a barrow may simply mean that a Roman dropped it there when searching for treasure perhaps thousands of years after its erection. A kist-

vaen may have been used again and again as a place of sepulture. Suppose one of the archæologists of the twentieth century who dug a trench last year round the Stripple Stones dropped by chance or design a penny in the cavity; suppose that coin was found a thousand years hence by some burrowing archæologist. Can you not foresee the articles that he would write in the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, arguing from the presence of this Edwardian penny that the Stripple Stones were erected in the reign of Edward VII.

We played with the subject as we descended to insignificant Morvah, where we discovered that the wayfarer must not place implicit trust in the Ordnance Map. The word "inn" is marked upon it, but the inn had long been closed, and we could find no house of refreshment. Presently we spied a farmer swinging down from the hills, a tall slim man with black hair and blue eyes, carrying his years well, who was willing to give us tea; but his daughters must be consulted first. So we waited. All was well. But the tea had to be purchased, which seemed strange.

At Morvah I parted from the Highlander and his wife, they to go eastward to their cottage at Zennor, I westward along the somewhat dreary road to St. Just. It was twilight when I started, and I was soon longing for a lift into St. Just.

A cart was standing by a wayside inn, and as it bore the name St. Just upon it, I penetrated to the bar-parlour. The owner, an exceptionally jolly old gentleman, was drinking stout from a bottle. After submitting to his fire of questions, and after he had told me his age, which was eighty next birthday, I asked him gently why he drank stout from a bottle.

"Why, can't you see?" he said, "I don't want to lose anything of its strength. Stands to reason, don't it, that if you pour stout out all its strength goes into the glass."

This communicative waggoner was of a more jovial type than most Cornishmen I have met. He was no traveller, and did not wish to travel; had never been farther east than Truro or farther west than Land's End. Of Land's End he thought nothing.

"'Tis the end of the land," he cried, "nothing more. How far is London from the sea?"

"About fifty miles!"

"Then it can't be healthy," he shouted, "it can't be healthy."

That knowledge seemed to trouble him. Through that dark crawl to St. Just he returned again and again to the topic. "Fifty mile? It can't be healthy — can't be healthy."

St. Just in Penwith is not the place to spend a summer holiday. I think it is the dreariest town in Cornwall; yet St. Just has claims. It is but a mile from the sea, and within reach of the moors and the hills.

I spent a pleasant evening there with a new book that had been forwarded to me from London — Mr. Tregarthen's *The Life-Story of a Fox*. The author does not admit that it is a Cornish fox, but Mr. Tregarthen is a Cornishman, author of *Wild Life at the Land's End*, who knows West Cornwall through and through; and I would bet a sovereign to a saffron cake that in a short morning I could find the earth where this fox was born, "far down the face of a steep cliff and opening on a sloping shelf of turf, from the edge of which the under cliff falls clear to the sea".

CHAPTER XXXIII

CARN, QUOIT AND HOLY WELL: KENIDZHEK, GALVA AND LANYON TO MADRON

St. Just *Plan-an-Guare*—The Haunted Moor—Tregaseal Circles—Carn Kenidzhek—Stories of Superstition—A British Village on Bosullow Hill—Yellow Gorse on Carn Galva—Lanyon Quoit—Madron Baptistery and Holy Well—Idling in Madron

IN the heart of drear St. Just are the remains of the ancient *plan-an-guare*, or place of play, where the miracle dramas were performed. This amphitheatre or round, like those at Perranzabuloe and Newlyn East, is now used for public meetings; it has also served for wrestling matches and other competitions.

The St. Just *plan-an-guare* is within a stone's throw of the Commercial Inn. Before starting forth I tried to recall a Cornish miracle play that I once sampled in a frayed volume loaned to me by a collector of ancient Cornish literature. I had found it entirely unreadable, yet these plays continued for hours at a time, and were highly esteemed by the religious. The most important Cornish miracle plays are the *Origo Mundi*, the *Passio Domini Nostri* and the *Resurrectio Domini Nostri*, which were edited and translated by Edwin Norris in 1859 from MSS. in the Bodleian. They are usually spoken of as the *Ordinalia*, meaning the orders of the church service. *Gwreans an bys*, or the *Origin of The World*, founded on the *Origo Mundi*, was apparently composed by William Jordan of Wendron in 1611. To these must be added *Beunans Meriasek* or *The Life of Meriasek*, of which an account is given in Mr. Thurston Peter's useful work on *The Old*

Cornish Drama (Elliot Stock, 1906), into which are woven many Cornish legends. The makers of the Cornish miracle plays were quite indifferent to chronology or to fact; St. George and Henry V. become contemporaries, and the latter captures Quebec.

Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall* (1602) speaks thus of the "Cornish Guary":—

"'The Guary Miracle' is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history. For representing it they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, leaving the diameter of the enclosed plain some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all sides to see and hear it, for they have therein devils and devices to delight the eye as well as the ear. The players speak not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud. The dramas were acted at one time for several days together, and were similar in character to the English mysteries of the same period."

The *plan-an-guare* of St. Just is 126 feet in diameter, and had originally six tiers of stone steps, but they have disappeared, and the amphitheatre is now much encumbered with earth. Surrounded by mean houses, noisy with the shouts of children, with an old charity-eager man leaning on the gate watching my investigations, I found it difficult to picture the scene as described by Norris in his *Ancient Cornish Drama.*

"The mighty gathering of people from many miles round, hardly showing like a crowd in that extended region, where nothing ever grows to limit the view on any side, with their booths or tents, absolutely necessary when so many people had to remain three days on the spot, would give a character to the assembly probably more like what we hear of the so-called religious revivals in America than of anything witnessed in sober Europe."

Here, probably, was performed the miracle play *Beunans Meriasek*, or *The Life of Meriasek*, which Mr. Thurston Peter thinks the most interesting of all. In his work on *The Old Cornish Drama*, he says :—

"It is far fuller of English loan-words than the *Ordinalia*, and competent students of the language pronounce its date to be between them and *Gwreans an bys*. It is considered to be of the late fifteenth century, but the only manuscript of it known to exist was written by one Dom Hadton in 1504. The subject was the patron saint of Camborne Church, and the places named in it are, with very few exceptions, either around Camborne or around Penryn. This makes one look for the author (or perhaps translator and adaptor from a Breton play) among the canons of Glasney Church, Penryn, and it is worth noting that in 1501 Alexander Penhylle exchanged the rectory of Camborne with John Nans for the provostship of Glasney. Either of these men may well have had a hand in the composition. One of the reasons that make me think it was a translation and not an original composition is that the saint's name appears both in its Breton form Meriadoc and in its Cornish form Meriasek. Moreover, it is clear that the translator had only an imperfect vocabulary of Cornish, as he is often reduced to use an English word. Scraps of French, too, occur, but that was a fashion elsewhere as well."

In the centre of the St. Just *plan-an-guare* are some large cubes of stone partly embedded in the earth. On their sides I noticed grooves, and wondered what their mediæval significance might be. Here the old man leaning over the gate proffered information, and earned his twopence. The grooves are modern. The miners hold competitions in the *plan-an-guare*, and prizes are given to those who excel in drilling holes with their jumpers.

Leaving St. Just I descended to the valley and climbed upwards to the moor, a barren storm-swept place, domin-

ated by the haunted huddle of rocks known as Carn Kenidzhek, "the carn of the howling wind," that towers above this remote district where for ages superstition has been rife. Carn Kenidzhek, through which the wind whistles and hoots, is a landmark nearly always visible, jutting to the sky, in form like a castle, but it is not often visited, and although, during my days in Cornwall, I had steered my course many a time by the hooting carn, I had not yet ascended it. The Carn Kenidzhek country has always been regarded as a sort of outcast land. Blight speaks of it as a track of ill repute, frequented by old, half-starved horses, their hides grown rusty brown, like dried and withered grass. He remarks further that these Cornish Rosinantes are ridden by the archfiend at night hunting the lost souls. Stories are told of a stile where these unhappy souls are caught trying to climb over, of midnight fights between demons, and of a shadowy form holding a lantern to the combatants. There are queer legends, too, of serpents, and in an old map of the district, which I once found in an inn at St. Just, there are representations of preposterous serpents sporting in the sea and crawling over the land.

Robert Hunt's prose takes on a solemn note when writing of Carn Kenidzhek.

"Carn Kenidzhek, pronounced Kenidjack, signifying Hooting Cairn, is on the north road from St. Just to Penzance, and is strikingly distinguished from other hills by its rugged character. Hoary stones, bleached by the sunshine of ages, are reared in fantastic confusion. The spirits of the Celts, possibly the spirits of a yet older people, dwell amidst those rocks. Within the shadow of this hill are mounds and barrows, and mystic circles, and holed stones, and rude altars, still telling of the past. The dead hold undisputed possession of all around; no ploughshare has dared to invade this sacred spot, and every effort made by modern man to mark his sway is indicated by its ruin. Nothing but what the Briton planted remains, and, if tales

tell true, it is probable long years must pass before the Englishman can banish the Celtic powers who here hold sovereign sway."

I should not choose to walk this moor at night; but a neurotic modern would have had nothing to fear on that sunny September morning. Nevertheless, it was with a sensation, not entirely pleasant, of passing from the land of humans to the land of shades that I left the last farm behind and crossed the moor, near the barrow where the famous Tregaseal urn was found, now in the British Museum, in search of the Tregaseal stone circles—two circles seventy-five feet apart. In one, sixty-nine feet in diameter, eight stones are erect and five prostrate; in the other two only are standing, but three more may be found upright in a hedge.

The outlying landmarks or sighting-lines from the eastern Tregaseal circle, probably used by the astronomer priests, are, Sir Norman Lockyer suggests, the Longstone, a monolith ten feet high, on a hillside one and a half miles to the north-east, the apex of Carn Kenidzhek, barrows and holed stones.

He gives the following table as "the meanings of the various alignments":—

	Decl. N.			Star.	Date.
Apex of Carn . . .	42°	33′	0″	Arcturus	2330 B.C.
Barrow 800′ distant .	40°	29′	0″	Arcturus	1970 B.C.
Two barrows 900′ distant	25°	20′	21″	Solstitial ?	
Holed Stones . . .	23°	2′	20″	Solstitial ?	
Longstone . . .	16°	2′	0″	May Sun	
Stone	9°	15′	0″	Pleiades	1270 B.C.

The tract about Carn Kenidzhek, which is known as the Gump, has many minute footpaths that twist and turn through the undergrowth, ending and reviving themselves at will. I climbed to the summit of Carn Kenidzhek, a somewhat dizzy height, and gazed out over this haunted land. On the moor the air was still, here the wind whistled and hooted, and I could well imagine that on

a winter night the farmer or miner plodding over the Gump might fancy it was the voice of the archfiend shrieking for lost souls.

From the top of the Carn my route was plain—to walk between Chun Castle and the Longstone to the slope of Carn Galva, the rugged crest of which I could see peeping above Bosporthennis.

There was no road, nothing but that vast expanse of gorse and boulder; but with the aid of the Longstone and Chun Castle the route was as straight as from Holborn to the Marble Arch.

Near the farm called Bosullow, on the slope of the hill, I made a short detour and found without much difficulty the remains of a British village, enclosures and beehive huts, in a ruinous state, which would have impressed me mightily had I not already seen the encampment on Chysoyster.

Twin-crested Galva, which rises near the sea, west of Gurnard's Head, has been described, and I think with justice, as the finest carn in the Land's End district. It is topped with great boulders of granite, and commands a magnificent view of sea and land. Blight says that here the botanist may find *Polypodium Phegopteris*, *Hymenophyllum Wilsoni* and *Tunbridgense*, and *Sticta crocata*. Maybe: to me, Carn Gavla that day was the embodiment of those two things that with the mining-stacks stand for Inland Cornwall—yellow gorse and grey stones. The stack on Kit Hill is her sign-mark; but her garment that she wears for so many months, radiant in the sunshine, is the gorse that decks the grey boulders. I have never seen it in such profusion, almost hiding the rocks, as I scrambled that day over the shoulder of Carn Galva. On a distant hill were the Nine Maidens, whom I had already visited; behind me rose Carn Kenidzhek looking, at that distance, the image of a fortified castle; towards Penzance, against the sky, stood a mining-stack marking

the waste country around Ding Dong Mine; and below, hidden from view, is Lanyon Quoit, standing in a meadow near a high road.

After some search I found an old bridle-path, descended to Lanyon Farm and knocked at one of the cottage doors, but met with no response. It was harvest time, everybody was in the fields, so I had to trust to my own intelligence to find Lanyon Quoit.

The task was easy; only a blind man could have missed it. Walking along the road beyond the farm, Lanyon Quoit suddenly sprang into view over the hedge between two cornstacks. A hundred yards farther I came into full view of it, rising from an upland, a mysterious object, likely to frighten an imaginative child seeing it at twilight for the first time. The table-stone, eighteen and a half feet in length, is supported by three rough pillars, looking as if they had remained undisturbed since the beginning of the world. As a matter of fact, Lanyon Quoit, as we see it now, dates only from 1824. Nine years earlier it was upset, and was re-erected in its present form by Lieutenant Goldsmith, with the machinery with which he replaced the Logan Rock. Unfortunately it was not re-erected in the form in which it originally stood. Copeland Borlase prints the following in *Nænia Cornubiæ*:—

"This monument consisted, until its fall in the year 1815, of three slim pillars of unhewn granite, supporting on their summits a horizontal stone, at a sufficient height from the ground to permit a man mounted on horseback to sit under it. The cap stone, or 'quoit,' as it is termed in Cornwall, measured (before a piece was broken off it), forty-seven feet in circumference, and averaged twenty inches thick. Viewed from the opposite hill, for it stands on high ground, the whole structure may not, even in its present stunted form, be inaptly compared to a three-legged milking-stool. About the middle of the last cen-

tury a dream induced the owner of the property to dig beneath it, and directly under the 'quoit' a simple grave was discovered, cut in the natural soil, without side stones or covering. At the depth of six feet the explorers reached the bottom; but unfortunately the other dimensions are not recorded. Although this pit was carefully searched on that occasion, and subsequently rifled more than once, Dr. Borlase assures us that nothing was found 'more than ordinary'. From this discovery it seems quite clear that inhumation was the mode of burial practised in this case; for had cremation taken place, ashes, or at all events strata of burnt earth would have been found; and it is only on the supposition that the corpse was laid unprotected in the porous ground, without any imperishable articles accompanying it, that the total absence of relics in the grave can be at all accounted for. Had the length of the cavity been recorded, some inference might have been formed as to the position in which the body was placed; that is, whether it was extended at full length, or contracted, with the knees bent up towards the chin. Trivial as such a distinction may at first sight appear, it is just one of those points which, if carefully followed up, may one day become valuable to the ethnologist in distinguishing the lines of demarcation to be drawn between the various races or tribes inhabiting this country in the primitive era."

Continuing my journey towards Madron I saw rising above the village, which is situated on a hill, Penzance Workhouse, a monstrous white erection, a landmark quite as insistent as Carn Kenidzhek.

The two most prominent buildings in Western Cornwall are St. Michael's Mount and Penzance Workhouse.

But Penzance Workhouse, in Madron village, soon ceased to trouble me, owing to the necessity of finding Madron Baptistery and Holy Well before nightfall. Success seemed extremely doubtful, as the only clue I had was that those

ancient relics are three-quarters of a mile from Madron Churchtown, on the Lanyon side, in a north-easterly direction, and that the way thither is through fields and down into a swamp. I met one wayfarer, but he was, of course, "a stranger in these parts". On the outskirts of the marsh I discovered a track beaten through the bracken and long grass, for Madron Baptistery is easy of access from Penzance, and some visitors are eager to see the old monuments. I descended lower and lower to the swampy valley along the beaten path. It ended at the roofless oratory, which is in a state of great disrepair, neglected, I imagine, since Major Cicely, a Cromwellian soldier, devastated the harmless oratory. The four rough walls still remain, together with the stone benches, and the altar in which is a socket to hold a crucifix or image of the saint. In the south-west corner of the nave is the well or basin, domed over, into which the water trickled through an opening; but, unlike Dupath Well, the water has long ceased to flow, diverted by modern conduits. Nothing is known of St. Madron; even the sex of the saint is doubtful; but one fact stands out, that he lived in the hermitage which bears his name. A chapter might be filled with instances of the cures which are said to have been worked. Let Bishop Hall suffice, who visited St. Madron Well in 1640, and wrote thus in his treatise on *The Invisible World*:—

"The trade we have with good spirits is not now drawn by the eye, but is like to themselves, spiritual; yet not so but that even in bodily occasions we have many times insensible helps from them in such manner, as that, by the effects, we can boldly say, 'Here hath been an angel, though we saw him not'. Of this kind was that no less than miraculous cure, which at St. Maderne's (S. Maternus), in Cornwall, was wrought on a poor cripple, one John Trelille; whereof, besides the many attestations of many hundreds of the neighbours, I took a strict and personal

examination in that last visitation (at Whitsuntide), which I either did or shall hold. This man, that for sixteen years together was fain to walk upon his hands, by reason of the close contraction of the sinews of his limbs, was, upon three monitions in his dream to wash in that well, suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able both to walk and to get his own maintenance. I found here neither art nor collusion; the thing done, the Author invisible."

Children used to be taken to St. Madron's Well on the first three Sundays in May to cure them of disorders.

It was chilly in the marsh, and as I pottered about a horrible scream, repeated three or four times, startled me. It probably came from some poor lunatic confined in the Workhouse, but I was glad to ascend to the high ground and leave the messy solitude behind.

There is nothing in Madron to note except the church, which is the mother-church of Penzance. Of the building, which was given in the thirteenth century to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John only the Norman font remains. The present church has a fine situation overlooking Penzance and Mount's Bay. In the churchyard is an epitaph to George Daniell which is neat and sufficient:—

> Belgia me birth, Britaine me breeding gave;
> Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

It was the eve following three intensely hot days; the sea was still, and Penzance, struggling up the hillside, seemed already to have gone bedward. A mist hung over the town: there was no sign of life. The sky was of a dusky purple, and high over St. Michael's Mount hung the harvest moon, a round of delicate yellow.

It was pleasant to lean idly over the churchyard wall after the fatigue of the day; pleasant to linger in the warm

air and see the lights start out in the last town in England. Indeed, so pleasant was it that I determined to stay the night in Madron. On the morrow I would strike across to Sancreed Beacon, and from that height begin my last day in Cornwall.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE LAST DAY: BY BOSCAWEN-UN TO CHAPEL UNY AND CHAPEL CARN BREA

Boscawen-Un Circle Mentioned in a Welsh Triad—The Farmer and the Murderer—A Prehistoric Tomb in a Meadow—In Chapel Uny Cave—Two Real Giants—A Pagan Sepulchre—The Quakers' Burial Ground—The Last Cornish Hill—Finis—Penzance to Paddington

SANCREED BEACON was golden in the morning sun: against it the thin grove of fir-trees on the slope made a dark cool note. Descending, I took to the road, and between Hendra and Crows-an-Wra (the cross by the wayside) I climbed the hedge and pushed south through a croft in search of Boscawen-Un Circle, distinguished above other stone circles of Cornwall as being, conjecturally, one of the three Gorsedds or places of poetic contest and judgment mentioned in a Welsh triad. I do not suppose for a moment that the harmonious Celts erected this circle. They utilised it, as the parliamentary candidate uses the St. Just *plan-an-guare*, to address the electors.

In this Welsh triad we read: "The three conventions of perfect song of the Isle of Britain; the convention of Beiscawen in Dyvnwal, the convention of Caer Caradawg in Lloegria, and the convention of Brynn Gwyddon in Cymmru (Wales)". It is suggested that Dyvnwal is the kingdom of Damnonium, and that Beiscawen is Boscawen. Here periodically the bards would perhaps meet from all parts of the island for a "convention of perfect song," or Eisteddfodd; but Mr. Thurston Peter considers that

BOSCAWEN-UN CIRCLE

these triads are of so late a date as to be of no value as evidence.

I had considerable difficulty in finding Boscawen-Un Circle, as the slope and common were covered with tangled bracken. Through it I fought my way, peering about in all directions, and fearing that I should have to seek a guide at one of the distant farms. Before doing so I climbed a wall that looked centuries old, and scanned the wilderness, examining it acre by acre. Eureka! In a corner, near a gate, half a mile away, I saw a circle of weather-beaten stones in a bare plot. I took the bearings. Between two farms the circle lay, and thither I made a bee-line, crushing through the undergrowth, and finally climbing some rough steps to the meadow where the stones stand.

Boscawen-Un Circle has a monolith in the centre, and some peculiarities which Sir Norman Lockyer noted.

He gives the following outstanding sighting-marks:—

Marks.	Star.	Date B.C.
Stone Cross	Capella	2250
Fine Menhir	Solstitial Sun	—
Blind Fiddler	,,	—
Two Large Menhirs	May Sun	—
Stone Cross	Pleiades (May)	1480
Stone	November Sun	—
,,	Pleiades (September)	2120

From Boscawen-Un Circle I returned to the road, and struck north-west, hoping to find certain antiquities in Chapel Uny. The route through the croft to Boscawen-Un had been hard: this hillside leading to Chapel Uny was worse. Again and again I found it impossible to force a path through the undergrowth, and had to return and seek another track. Finally I renounced the attempt to find the beehive hut, the cave and the well by my own efforts, and steered for a farmhouse where I could see an

Adam on a ladder tucking a rick. Hailing him, I asked if he could direct me to Chapel Uny Cave.

"The gentleman on the other side of the rick will tell you," he answered.

The gentleman on the other side of the rick promptly descended and placed himself at my service.

One of the delights of wandering in remote Cornwall is the pleasure of foregathering with the farmers. This fine old Cornish gentleman gave up his afternoon to my needs, prepared to take any trouble to gratify a stranger's curiosity.

I think he was pleased to meet me, as it gave him an opportunity of relating a quarter of a century old episode, the dramatic event of his lonely days. It was the story of a murder in which he had played a prominent part, and he narrated it with dramatic intensity on the exact tragical spot. A farm hand, seized with homicidal mania, had cut his brother's throat. He ran to the murderer, and led him to his cottage there to await the arrival of the police.

"There was no rope handy so I got a pair of reins and twisted them round one of his hands. He kept the other in his pocket. I told him to take it out. He wouldn't. He knew, and I knew, that he had a knife in it. So there we sat, I watching him, waiting for the police. When they came he said he would go quietly if he could change his clothes and have some tea first."

As we walked down the valley I asked the farmer if it pleased him to be taken from his work to show antiquities to strangers.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "If they go alone they trample down the crop and do damage. I take them by the path."

There was no danger of damaging the corn that day as it had all been cut, which was fortunate, as the bare field afforded a fine view of the Chapel Uny hut or barrow,

BARROW AT CHAPEL UNY

standing alone in the middle of the meadow, beehive in shape, the roof and sides covered with prickly undergrowth, looking like a gigantic hedgehog. The circumscribed interior is filled with a kist-vaen made of large stones. This tomb seems to have been discovered by Copeland Borlase when he was exploring a subterranean structure about a quarter of a mile distant. He was told by a native that it had been preserved because it made a convenient piggery. It may fairly be considered, adds Copeland Borlase, to be the most perfect of its kind in the west of England.

"The peculiarity of this tumulus is, that it combines within itself the features of the stone grave, the ring barrow, the cromlech and the passage chamber, and it seems indeed to supply a connecting link between them all in the chain of the megalithic series. The valley in which it stands is surrounded on all sides by ancient remains. Tredinney, where part of a gold bracelet of the ring-money type was found, and where also a barrow containing an urn has been explored, lies to the west. More to the north are the circles of Bartinney, mentioned in Borlase's *Cornwall;* between these and Brane Castle lie the Chapel Euny huts and cave, while to the east the 'Castellum Brenni,' or Caer Bran, crowns the summit of a rising ground.

"The sepulchral chamber is concealed in a tumulus of a conical form, the base being encircled and supported by large granite stones set on edge, the highest of which is four feet above the ground. The height of the tumulus is eight feet, and the circumference fifty."

From this curious survival we walked up the valley, now overgrown with herbage, but still bearing marks of the ancient mine workings. "The old men streamed it," said the farmer. This term "the old men," often used by the natives, generally means the miners, who delved some fifty years ago; but "the old men" may also signify

those who lived in Cornwall any time between the middle of the nineteenth century and B.C. 2000 or 3000.

We ascended the hill, clambered over boulders, and while I was still struggling for a foothold, my companion's long body began to slide downwards through an aperture in the rocks. I followed, and found myself in the famous subterranean passage known as Chapel Uny Cave, walled and roofed with flat stones of granite. It is thirty-five feet long, and leads to a circular domed chamber twelve feet in diameter, now open to the sky.

I remarked upon the size of the slabs of granite that form the roof, and asked the farmer how these heavy weights, that a football team could hardly lift, were placed in position.

"The giants put them there," he answered.

I pricked my ears. Was I, on my last day, to stand face to face with a man who believed in the giants? Alas no! He did not refer to the fabulous Bolster, nor to the giants of Trencrom and St. Michael's Mount, who played at bob-button, but to mortals, Cornishmen of vast strength and stature, like Anthony Payne, who seem at one time to have been common in Cornwall.

He spoke of John and Richard Row, brothers, who could lift enormous stones with the greatest ease. Once the wheel of a heavily laden waggon came off. John raised the waggon with his mighty shoulder, while Richard replaced the wheel.

From Chapel Uny Cave we walked to the site of the Baptistery and Holy Well. Seventy years ago Dr. Paris noted the ruins of the Baptistery, but they have long disappeared. The steps remain, but the Baptistery is no more, with the exception of two stones which have been embedded in the ground above the steps. The water had the reputation of "drying humours as well as healing wounds". On the first three Sundays in May, says Robert Hunt, "children suffering from mesenteric diseases

were dipped three times, against the sun, and dragged three times round the well on the grass, in the same direction".

At Chapel Uny Well the farmer and I parted, he to his cornstack, I to climb the last hills.

Skirting Caer Bran, which is crowned with the remains of an ancient castle, I ascended Bartinney, but did not survey the country, reserving my last long look over Western Cornwall for Chapel Carn Brea, which rose before me across the valley. I could see the grass-grown track winding between stone hedges and passing over the shoulder of the hill.

Half an hour's good walking brought me to the cairn on the summit of Chapel Carn Brea, with a passage-way large enough to admit a man at the base; but the other ancient remains have disappeared. "They were," says Copeland Borlase, "second to none in Cornwall in antiquarian interest." Each "age" was represented: the Stone Age, with its "giant's grave" and slender, hard-packed envelope of clay; the Bronze Age, with its kist or dŏlmen covered by its cairn of loose stones; the Iron Age, working up into the period of Roman provincial civilisation, and, surmounting all, in due order a Christian sanctuary, crowning the deep-lying grave of some prehistoric pagan chief.

Far below on the Penzance Land's End road is a Quakers' burial-ground—a forlorn little place, an intake from the moor. On the wall is a tablet with this inscription: "Friends Burial Ground. In which Thirty-six interments took place between the years 1659 and 1789." Within the enclosure is a solitary tomb, the name obliterated, bearing the date 1617. I know no more of this Cornish Quaker buried in the wilds than of the pagan chief who was carried by his men to the top of Chapel Carn Brea.

He may have been one of those ocean rovers whom

their people buried on a height in sight of the sea. Of such we read in the Beowulf epic. Chapel Carn Brea is the place to declaim aloud the last request he made to his kinsmen.

Command the war chiefs
to make a mound,
bright after the funeral pyre,
upon the nose of the promontory;
which shall for a memorial
to my people
rise high aloft
on Heronsness;
that the sea sailors
may afterwards call it
Beowulf's barrow
when the Brentings
over the darkness of the floods
shall sail afar.

. . . . . .

A mound over the sea;
it was high and broad,
by the sailors over the waves
to be seen afar.
And they built up
during ten days
the beacon of the war-renowned.
They surrounded it with a wall
in the most honourable manner
that wise men
could desire.

I lingered on Chapel Carn Brea, saw the Lizard, saw Cape Cornwall; saw St. Michael's Mount on the southern side looking like an island in a still, sunlit lake, while, to the north, the waves lashed and foamed on the Brisson Rocks. There was Carn Kenidzhek, and yonder rose Castle-an-Dinas. I saw the gap in the coast where the flower gardens of Lamorna descend to the sea, the ultimate houses at Land's End, the Longships Lighthouse beyond, and far away, across the region of fabled Lyonesse, a blur in the drear expanse of ocean marking the isles of Scilly. Finis!

I descended Chapel Carn Brea, walked along the road, and waited at the Cross by the wayside for the Penzance [illegible]or omnibus.

. . . . . .

A storm arose in the night: it was still raging in the [illegible]ning when I left Penzance by the mail train, known [illegible]he Cornishman, for Paddington. Waves were boiling [illegible]Mount's Bay as we steamed across the low viaduct on [illegible]ich the metals are carried to Marazion. At high tide [illegible]e water foams beneath, and imaginative passengers pretend that the train is loth to leave the element that all true sons of Cornwall love.

It was a long train drawn by two engines. I wondered why. When we had passed St. Ives Bay, losing the sea, and had entered the mining district I understood. Camborne platform was dense with passengers and their relatives. The ascent leading to the town was thronged with men, women and children waving handkerchiefs and shouting adieux. I leaned from the window, watched the hand-grasps and the tears, then returned to my newspaper.

At Redruth there was a similiar crowd. Travelling second class, I was spared an inrush of passengers, but was obliged to accommodate myself to the entry of a man and woman, elderly, encumbered with rugs and handbags, and a youth. The impedimenta of the man and woman did not engross them overmuch. They were more attentive to a bird-cage, encased in cretonne. Had not their baggage been plastered with the torn and fading labels of South African hotels, it would have been apparent at a glance that they were Africa bound. You cannot mistake a Johannesburg hat. The youth was obviously a mining student.

Him I addressed when the train had moved from the station, and the cheers had died away.

I learnt that these scenes are enacted at Camborne and

Redruth stations every Friday throughout the year, when the Cornish miners leave home to catch the South African boat from Southampton. Each week an average of about thirty men migrate from West Cornwall to South Africa; the post-office sacks of each inland mail are crammed with letters containing postal orders for the women left at home, and the heart of each exiled Cornish miner is set on that day when he will return, build a little granite house in the environs of Camborne or Redruth, enclose his trim garden with a trim wall, and be his own master, under the grey, moist skies, within sound of the familiar thump, thump of the mining stamps, and near some Wesleyan Methodist chapel, where occasionally (red-letter day!) he may be asked to preach. Johannesburg is but a suburb of Cornwall.

A strange race these Cornish Celts, in whom the spirit of Wesley still moves freshly and newly, as when one hundred and fifty years ago, after much tribulation, he finally conquered the emotional Duchy and, so it is said, frightened the fairies away.

When the miners' train had left Truro and was passing Liskeard, whence the land rolls upward to the desolation of the Bodmin Moors, I thought of a Cornish voice I once heard, a voice that I shall always hear. The house I sought was on a lonely path, unlighted, and the moon was young. It was the third house past the chapel that I was seeking. All the way I followed the light that streamed from the windows of that gaunt granite chapel, and when I reached it I paused in the darkness, for a voice was audible, a harsh, pitiful voice, as of a man prostrate and broken, and it cried, repeating the petition again and again, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom". I could not see his face. It was a voice only that broke through the gloom.

Does the passenger who travels so comfortably and easily from Plymouth to Paddington often give a thought to the engine and the driver? The night I first saw "La

France" comes back to me. The long journey was almost over. The train glided into Paddington gently as a gondola; the faces of the porters—lined up on the platform to receive her—merged into a composite portrait of grimy expectancy with a glimmer of astonishment and gratification. No wonder. We were two minutes before the scheduled time. The warning bell had disturbed the porters at their tea, and they had scurried to meet the Cornishman, some still munching bread and butter.

I alighted and was beginning to worry about luggage when I noticed a crowd of men around the engine.

What an engine! She seemed to be twice the size of an ordinary locomotive, and in spite of her massive proportions had an air of dandyism—of coquetry even—as if her designer was artist as well as engineer.

The crowd peeped and peered. I looked for her name, and found it inscribed in bronze letters, "La France," and underneath on a tablet was this: "Société Alsacienne de Constructions Mécaniques".

A voice at my elbow was talking of "La France". There was six feet of him and he was dark-featured. I listened eagerly, for the voice of this haunter of the London end of the metals that stretch away to the Duchy had the Cornish intonation, and his face had the look that you see beyond Tamar.

"It's not as bad as it seems," he said. "She's here only on trial, and the company are trying her against two of their own new engines. She's seen the snow on Dartmoor."

I looked at him. Here, on the Paddington platform, was a man after my own heart.

"And beyond Dawlish are Saltash and Lostwithiel," he went on dreamily, speaking the names as if they were flowers; "and the little railway that runs down to Fowey, and the white clay of St. Austell, and further out in the

beyond are the violets of Lelant and the foam breaking over Godrevy, and the mackerel-boats waiting in St. Ives Harbour, and the gulls calling over Porthemor. I saw a shag perched on a rock by Lelant sands two years ago. Those sands are very yellow, but on a tender day I've seen them grey and purple, and I've sometimes half shut my eyes and tried to think that the lake in Battersea Park is like the pools of blue water that the tide leaves on the sands. Is the wreck still there?"

"No; the tidal wave finished her."

"I'm tied to London till Christmas."

He was taking the journey with the inner eye, and I followed it with him.

There would be a little fog in the outskirts of London, and the home counties would be in flood, with trees growing out of lakes and cattle munching high on the hillsides. He would see Bath looking greyer than grey, with her distant window panes, here and there, fired into jewels by the sun. "La France" would race him through Taunton, and at Exeter dignitaries of the Church would be waiting upon the platform. Then he would see the good red earth of Devonshire, a sight for tired eyes, and the ships upon the sea.

And last of all, the Tamar! I could see him entering Cornwall at sunset by Brunel's Bridge, with Plymouth Sound far below, dotted with battleships and torpedo-boats, and the flotilla of steamers that crept up the Nile to Khartoum now at rest; above him the sky, those waters beneath, and he with his head half out of the window straining for the first sight of Saltash and Cornwall.

"La France" would have been left behind at Plymouth: she was not made for Cornish gradients. He would not see Cornwall that night, for the dusk would have fallen. But that would not matter. He would feel her in his heart, and sit there in the darkness listening for the stations, and

near the end of his journey he would, if he were lucky, see the lights of the fishing fleet spangled over the bay. Stars in the sky, stars in the sea, the blue shimmer all around, and Godrevy Lighthouse shining out beyond the bay—home.

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